

SMASH

10¢



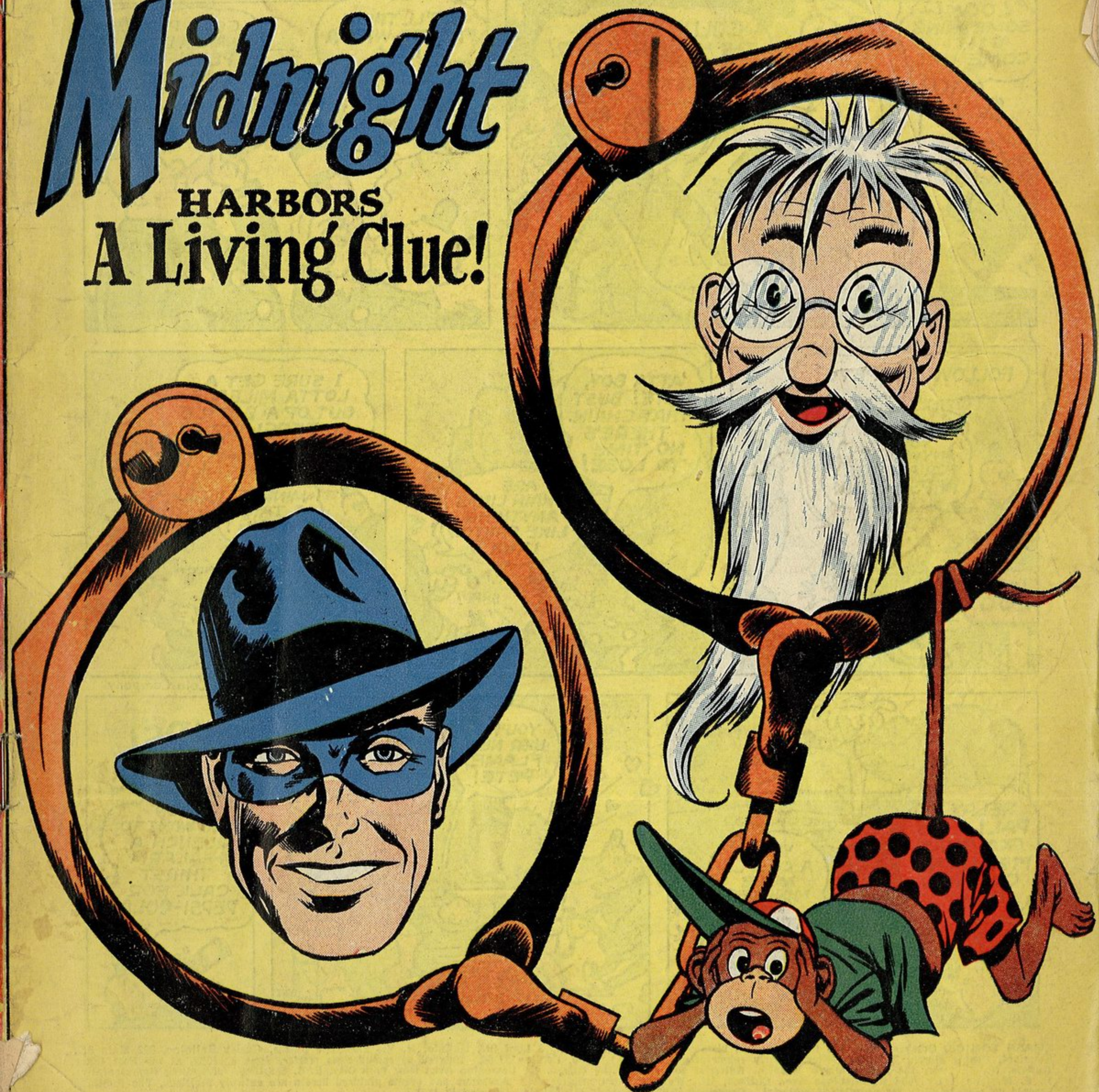
SM
★
10

OCTOBER
No. 67

COMICS

Midnight

HARBORS
A Living Clue!



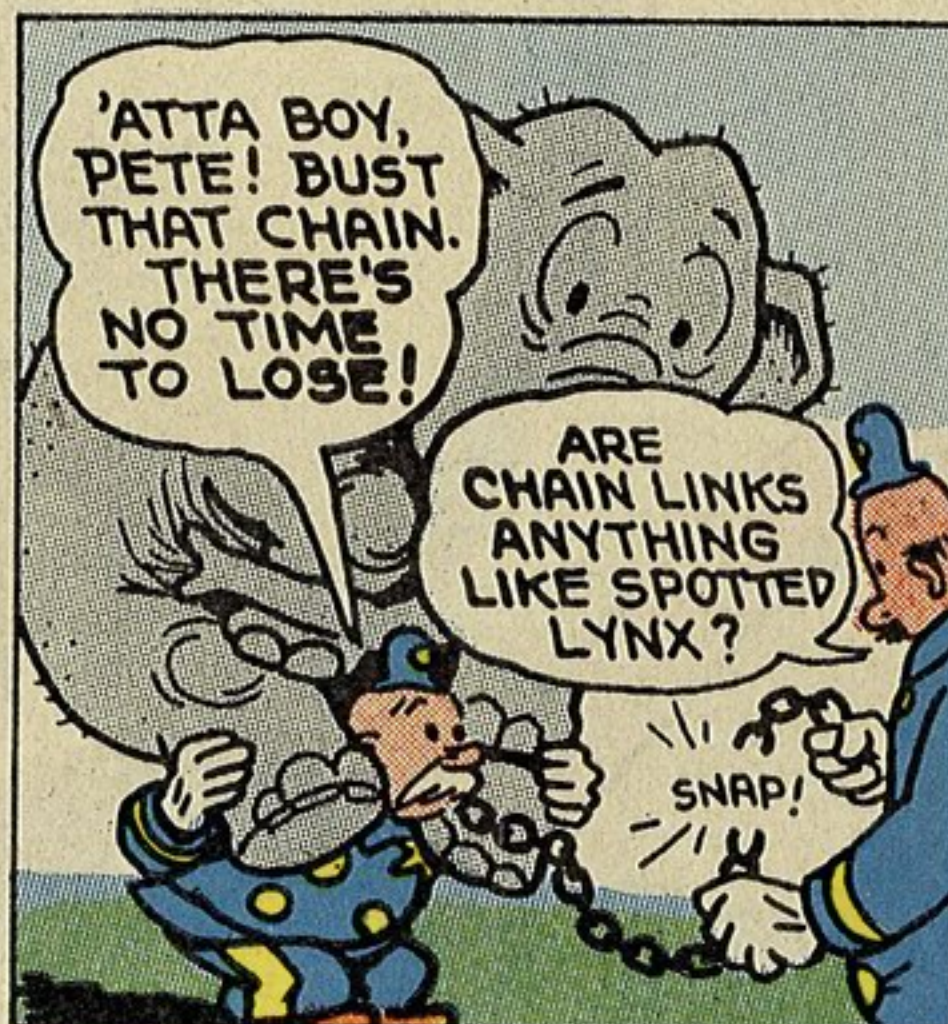
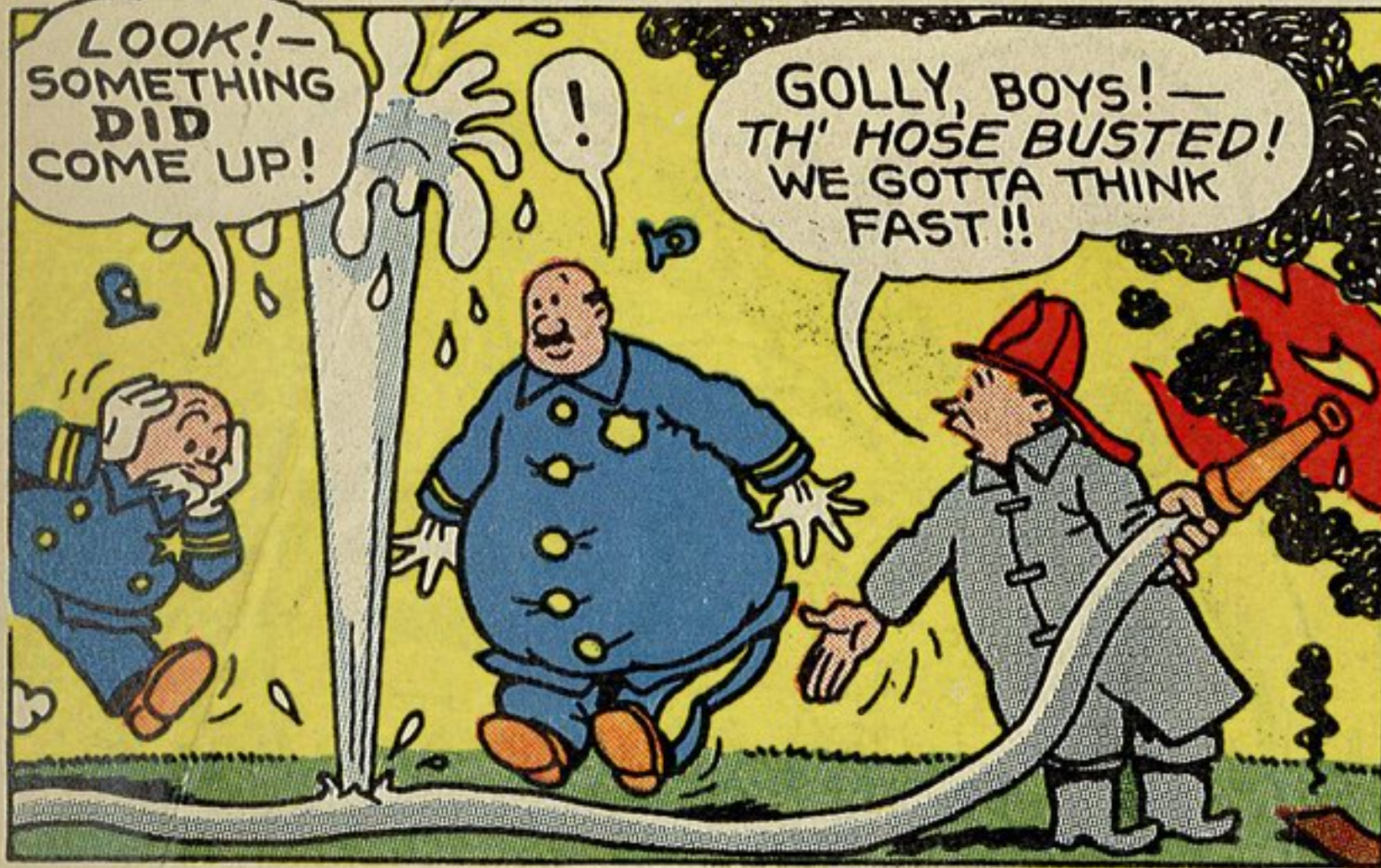


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

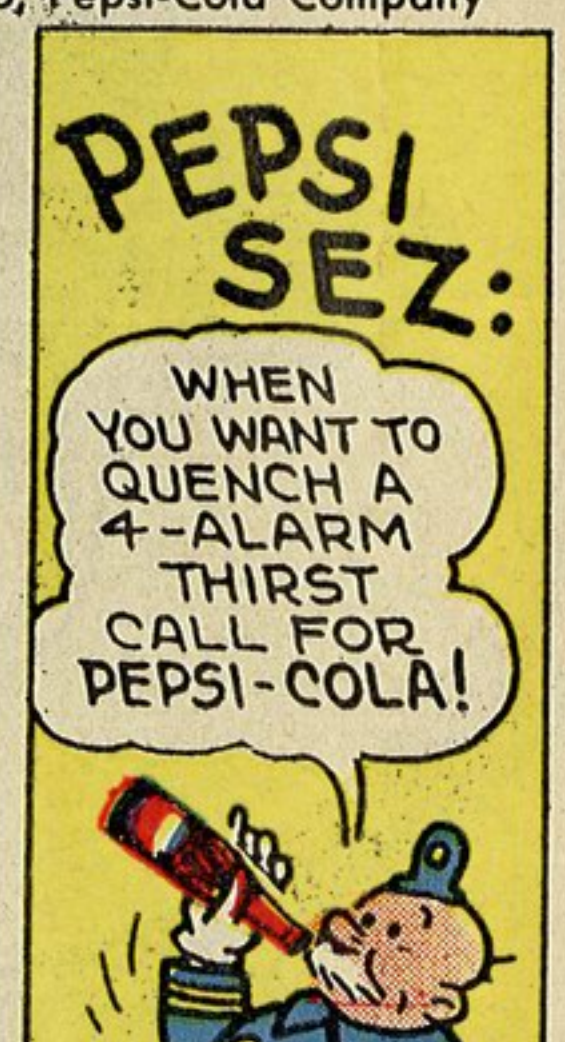
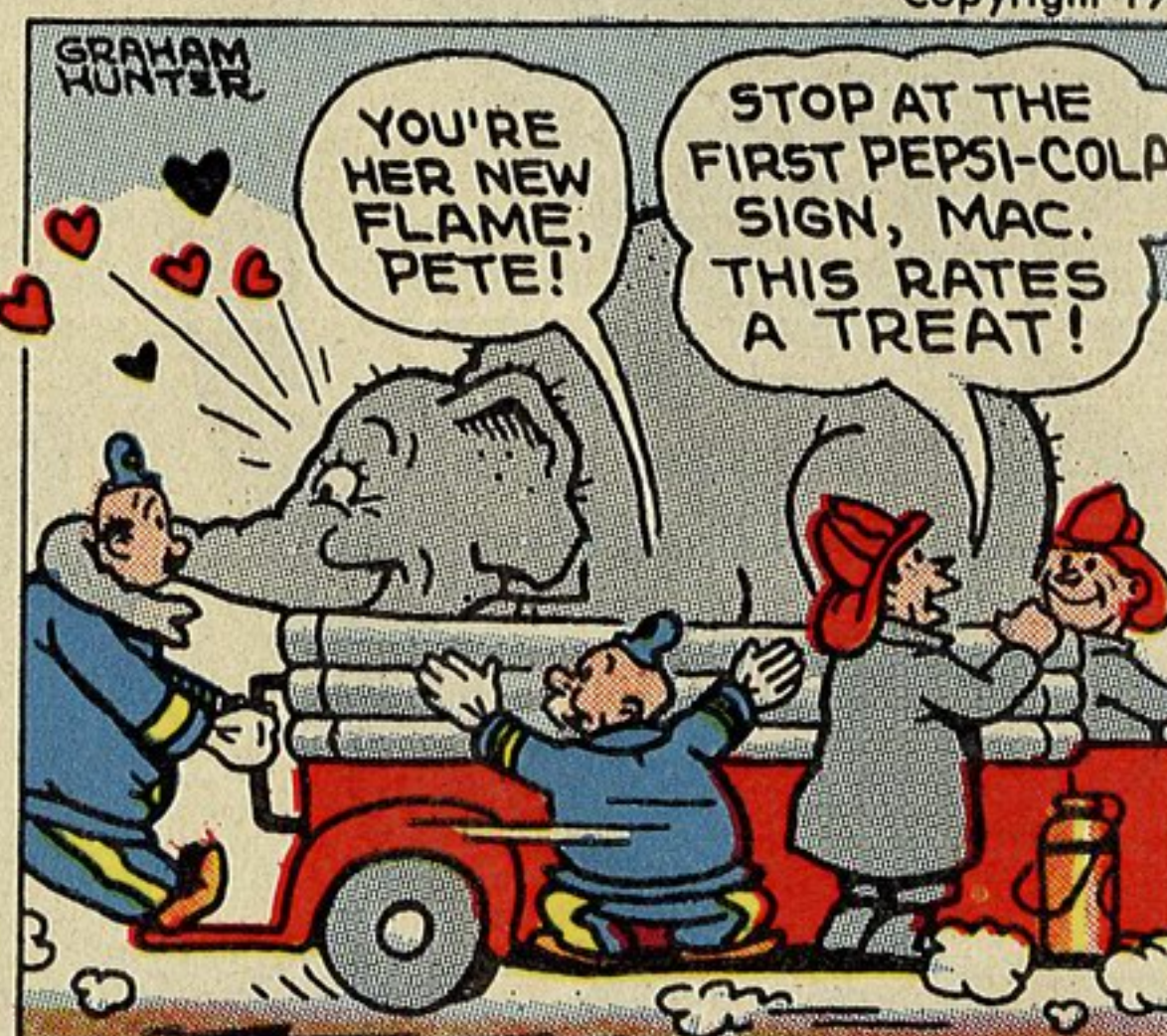
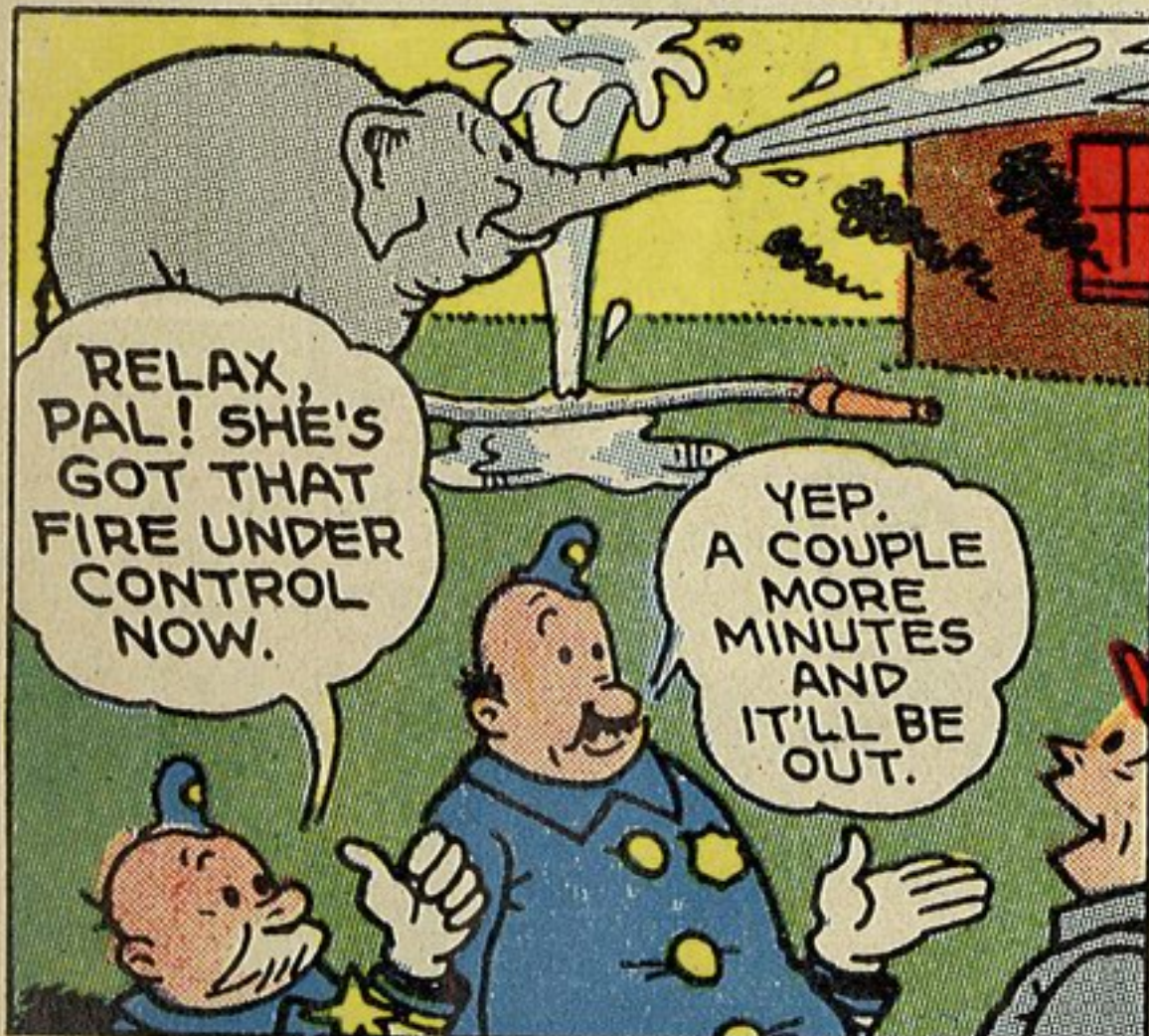
"PEPSI!"

The PEPSI-COLA

COP



Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company



SMASH COMICS

MIDNIGHT

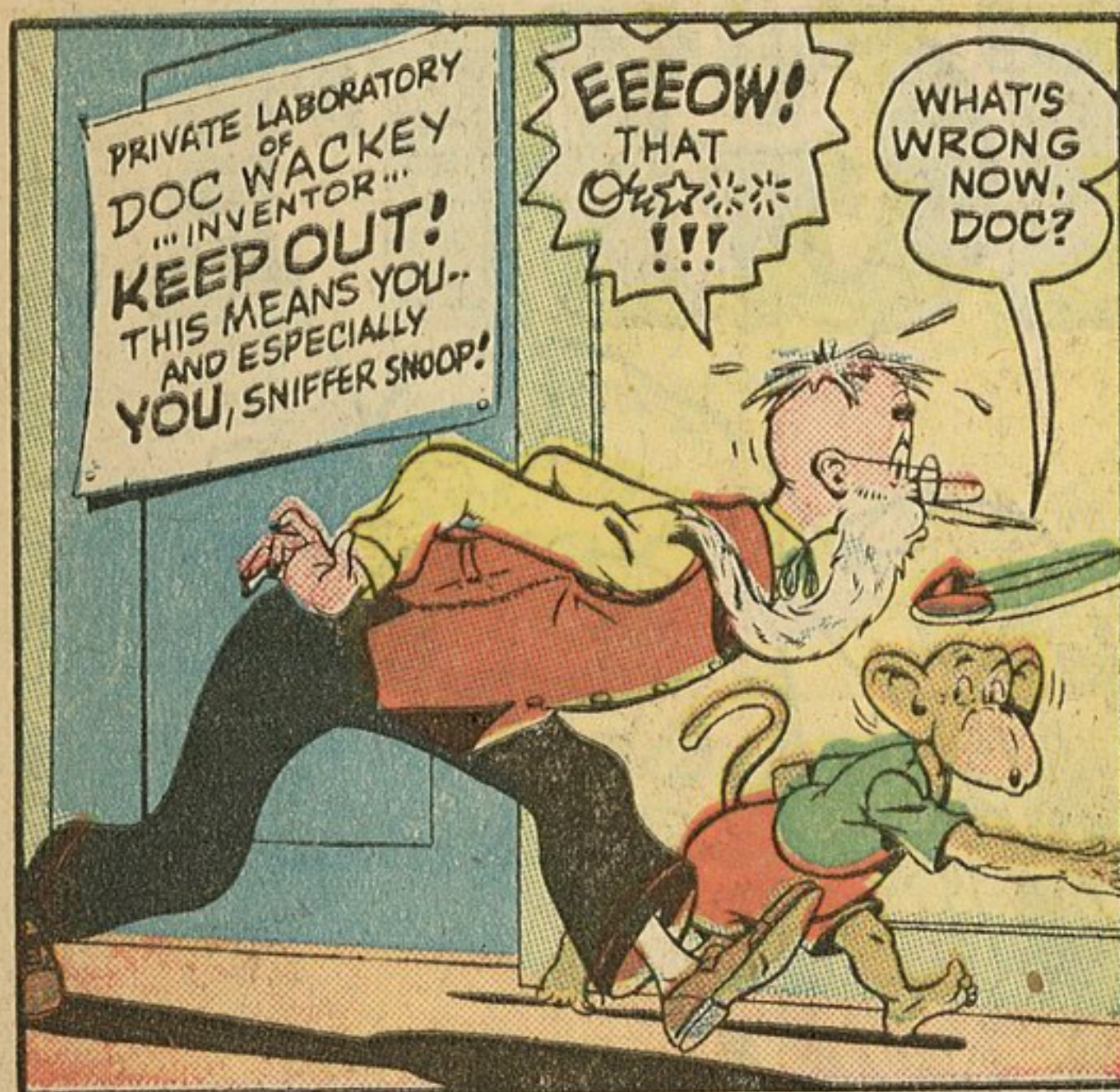
**IT WAS
MURDER...**

AREN'T
THEY
CUTE?

...The one witness
to the crime, Miss
ANNABELLE SWEETE,
might have felt more
secure in the hands
of the killer than at
the mercy of

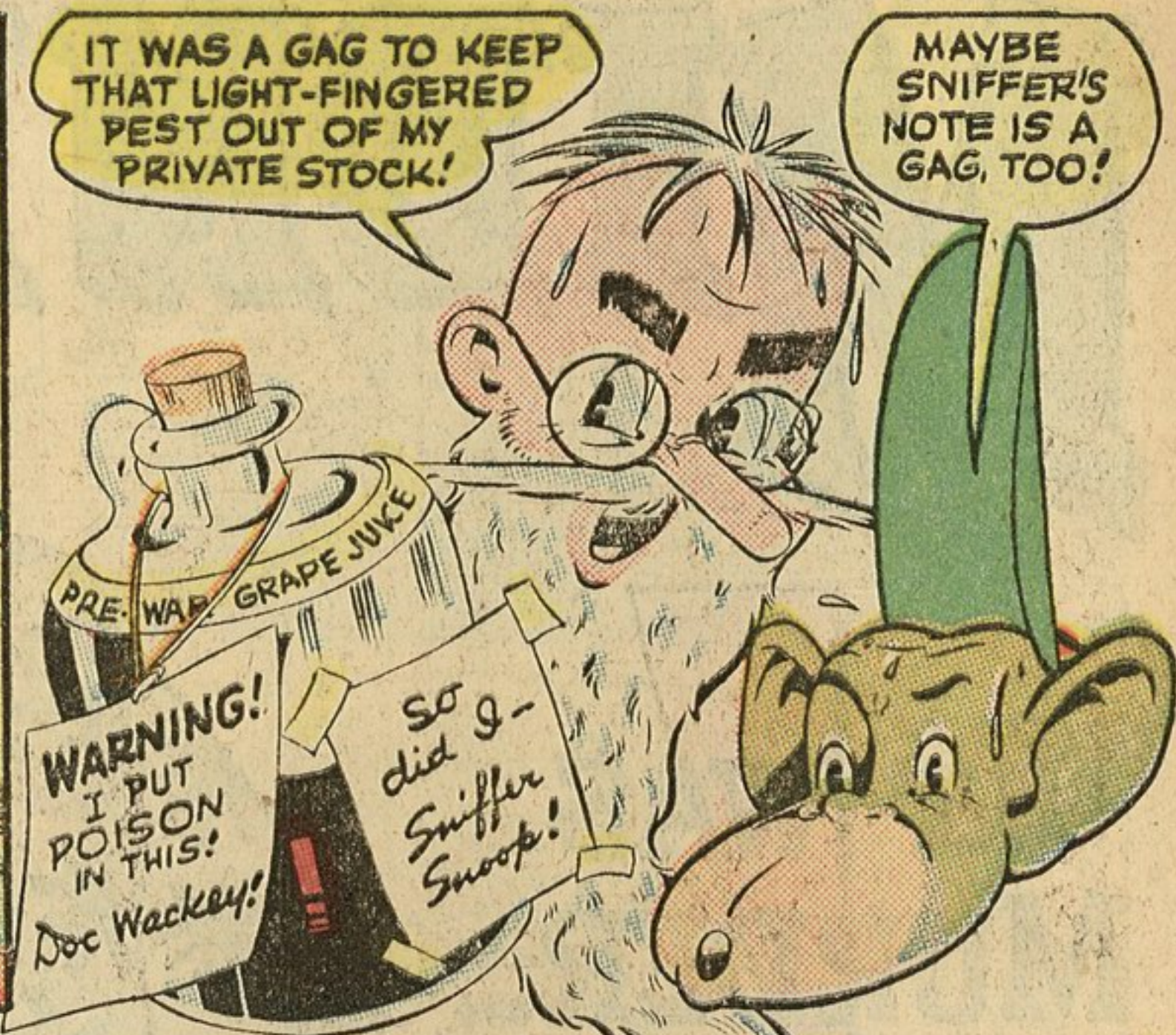
Midnight's
**WHACKY
PALS!**



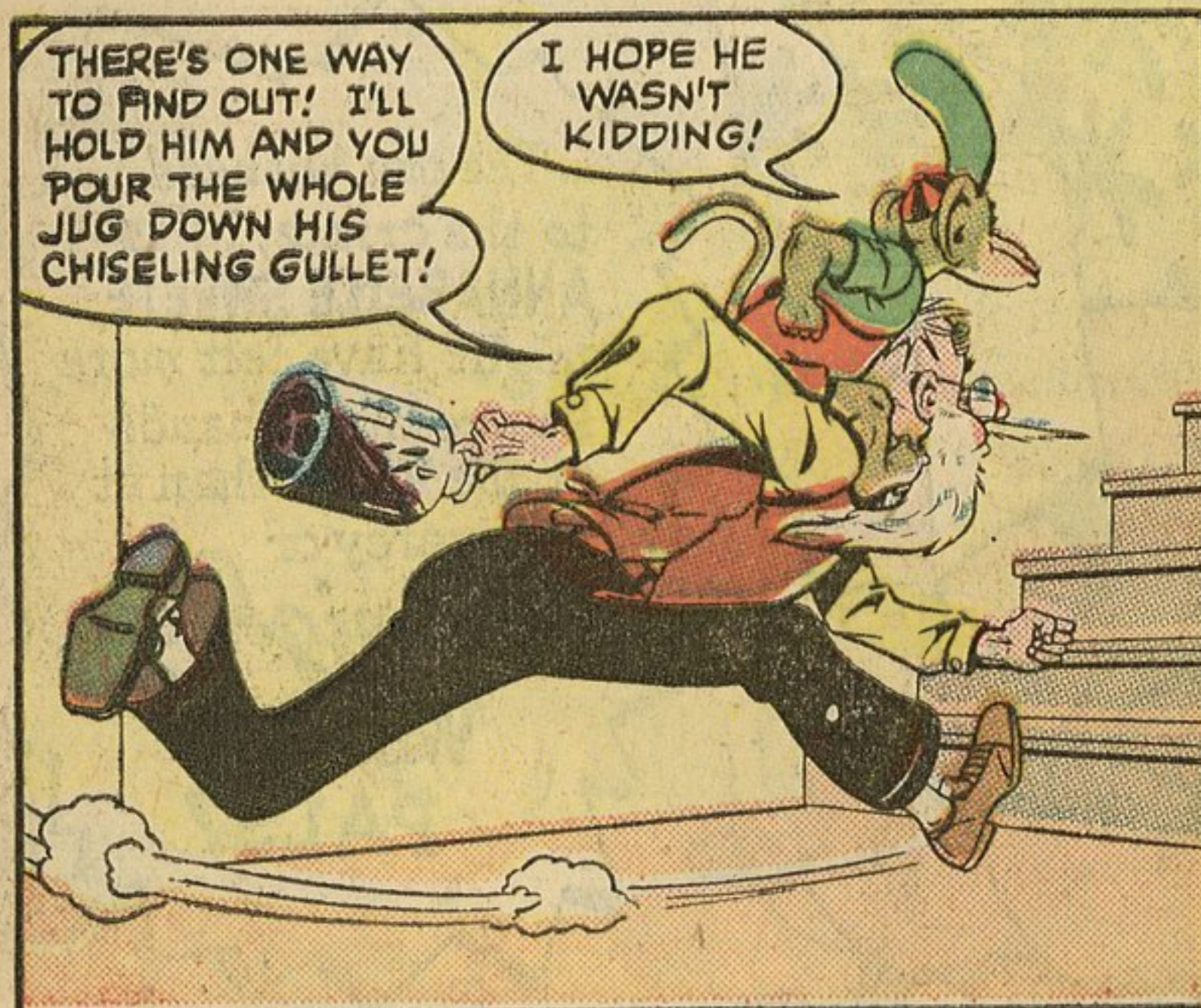


EEEOW!
THAT
O☆☆☆☆
!!!

WHAT'S
WRONG
NOW,
DOC?



MAYBE
SNIFFER'S
NOTE IS A
GAG, TOO!



I HOPE HE
WASN'T
KIDDING!



GET BACK OR
I'LL LET YOU
HAVE BOTH
BARRELS, RIGHT
THROUGH THE
DOOR!



YEAH! AND THE
HOUSING
SHORTAGE CAN'T
GET ACUTE TOO
QUICK TO
SUIT ME!



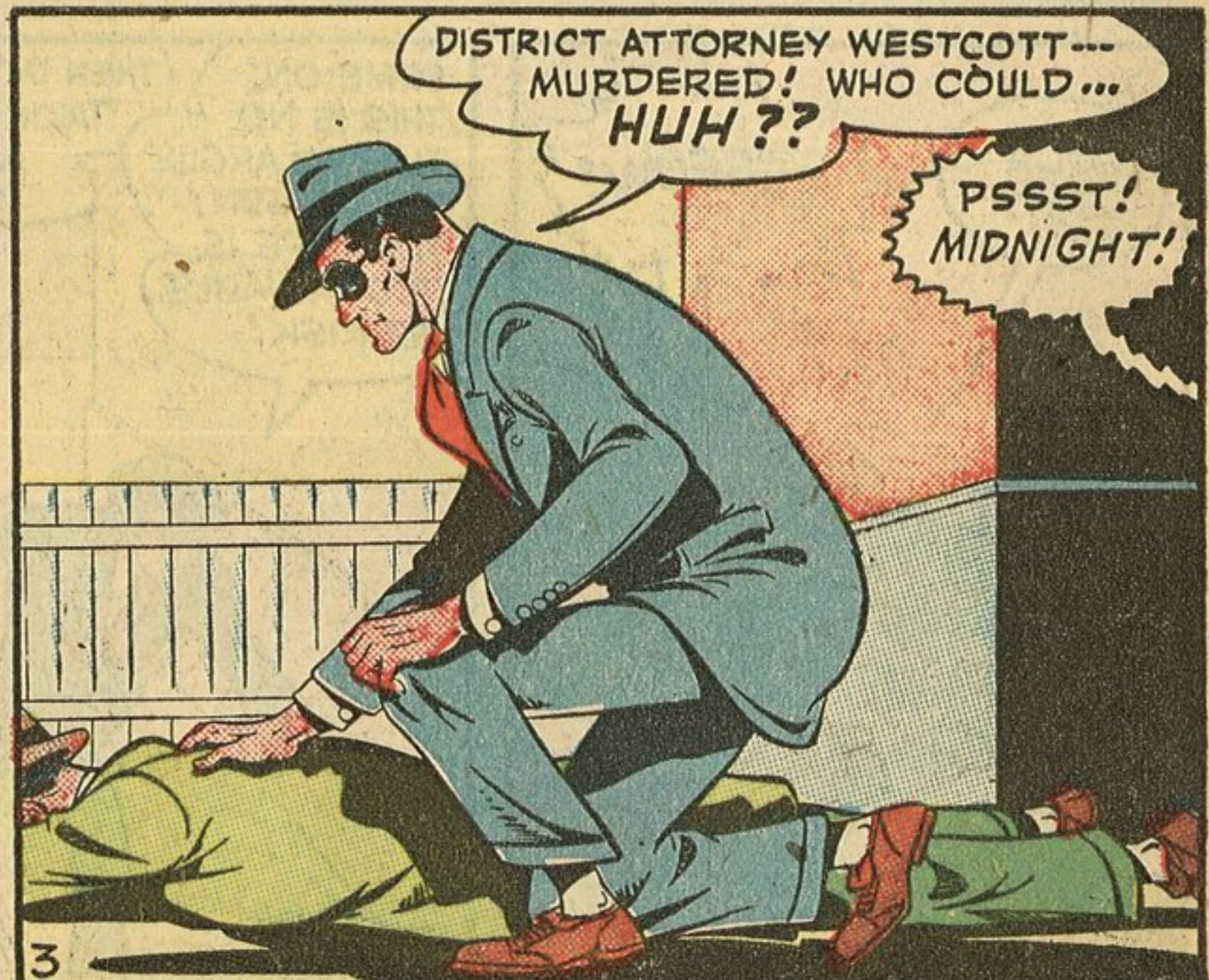
At that moment... some blocks away....



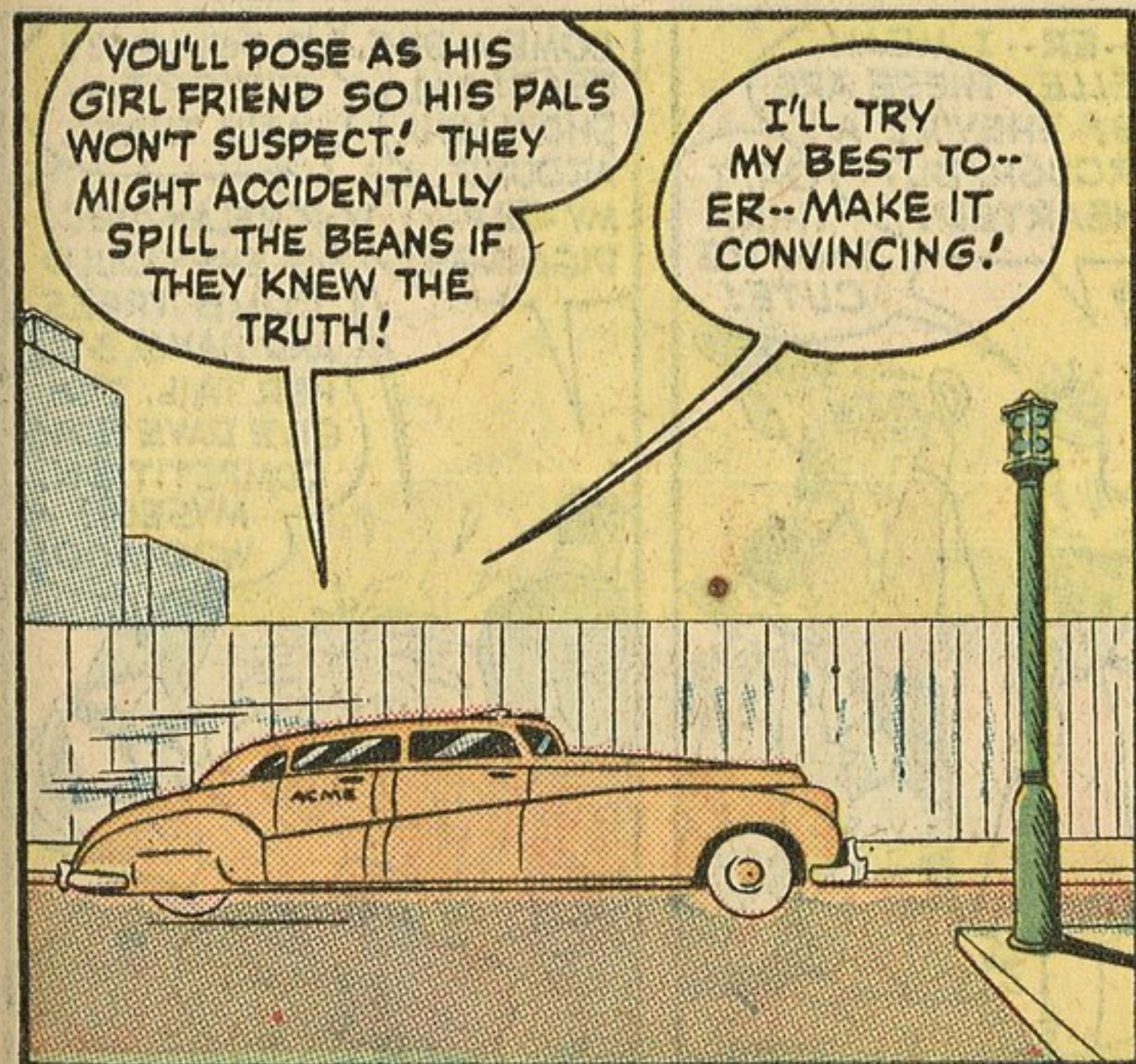
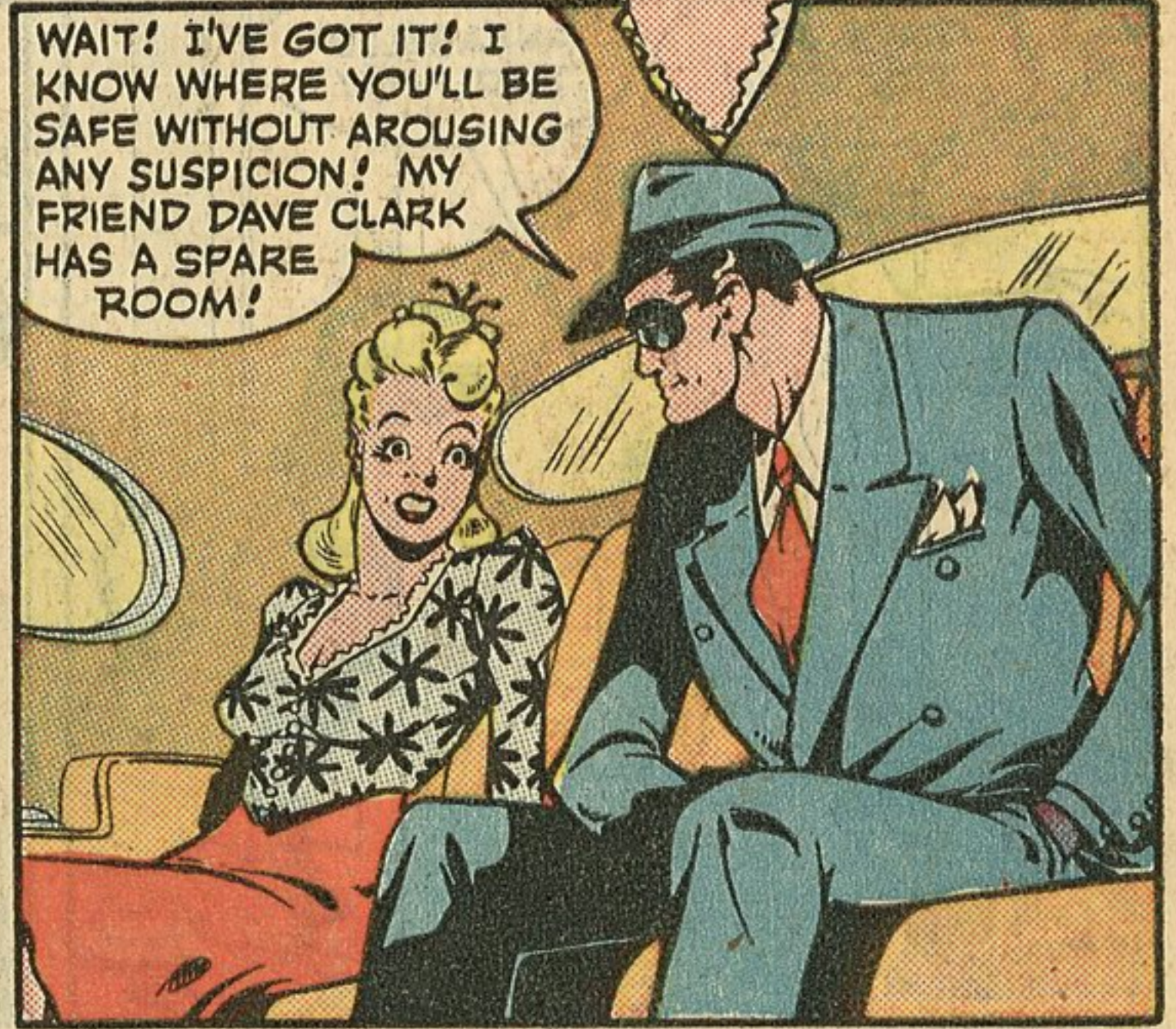
A block away, as Radio Announcer **Dave Clark** leaves the station ...

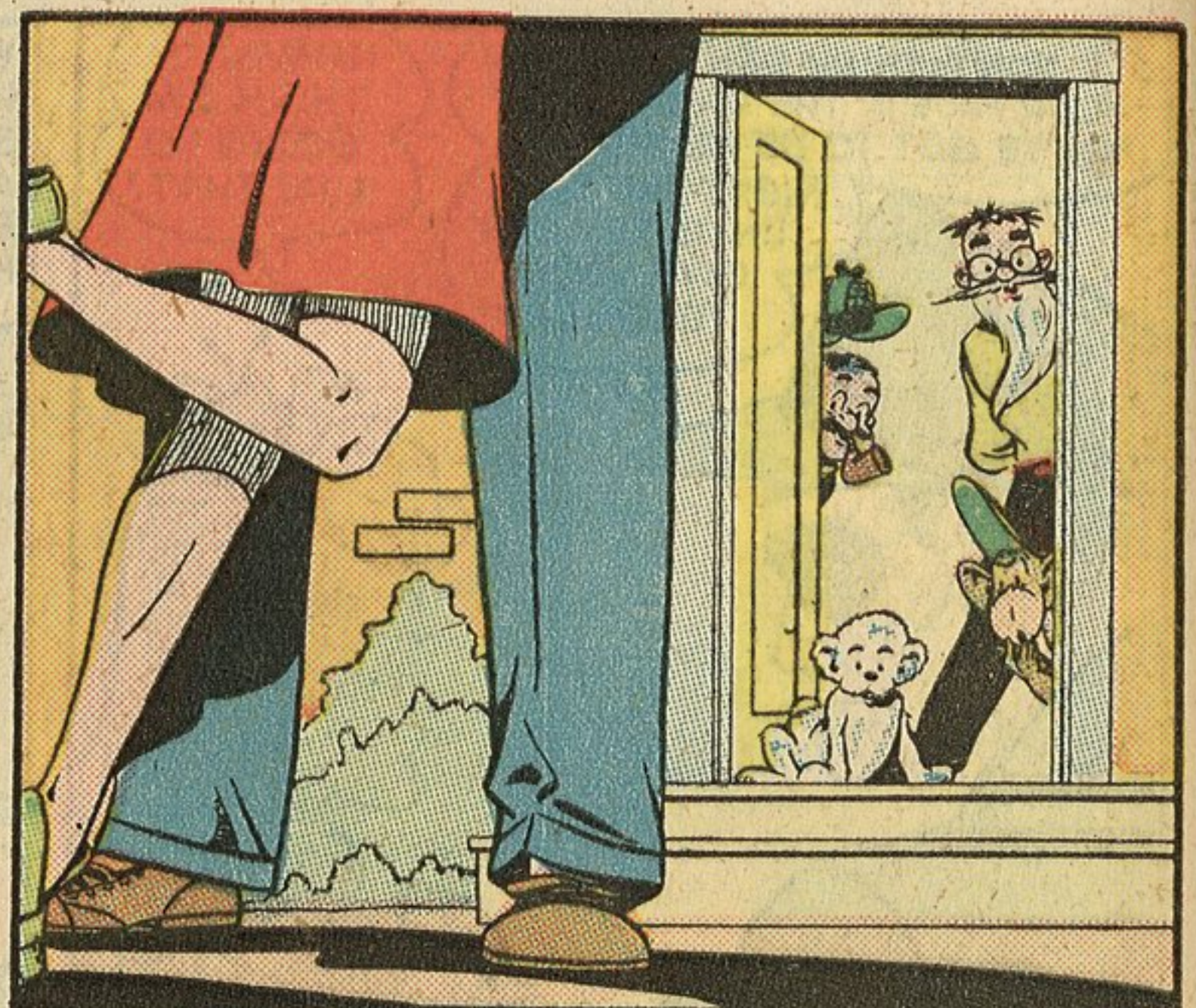
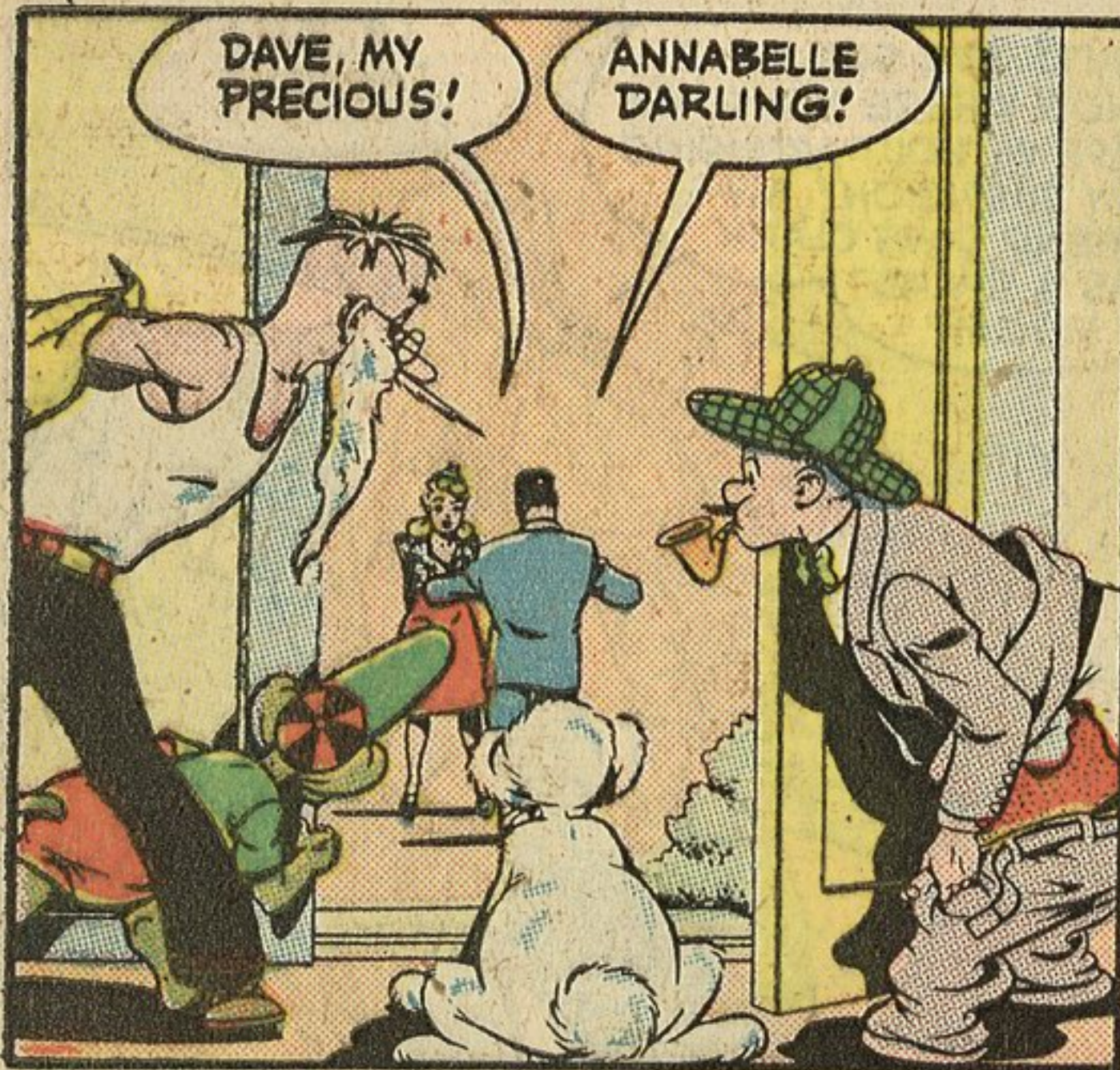
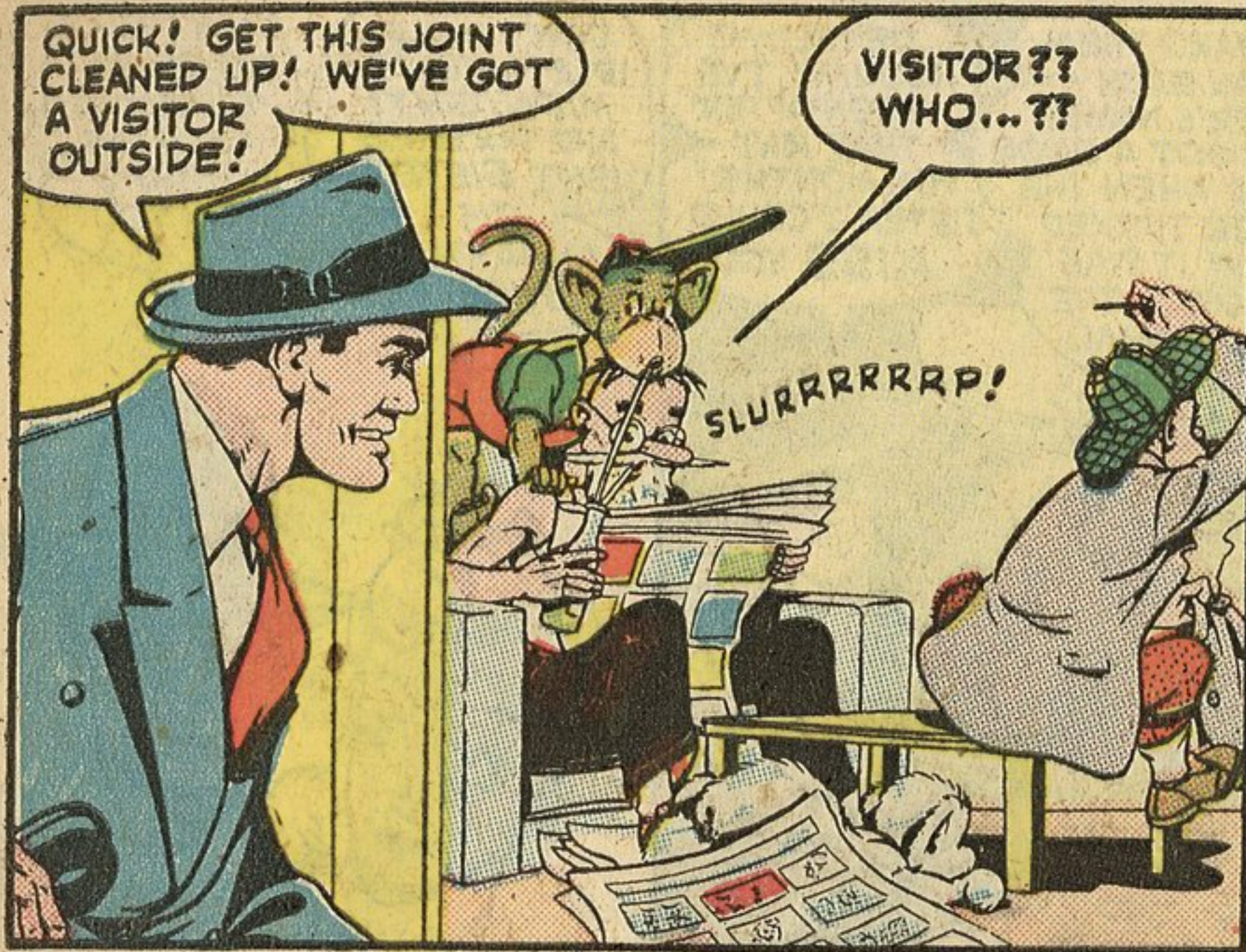


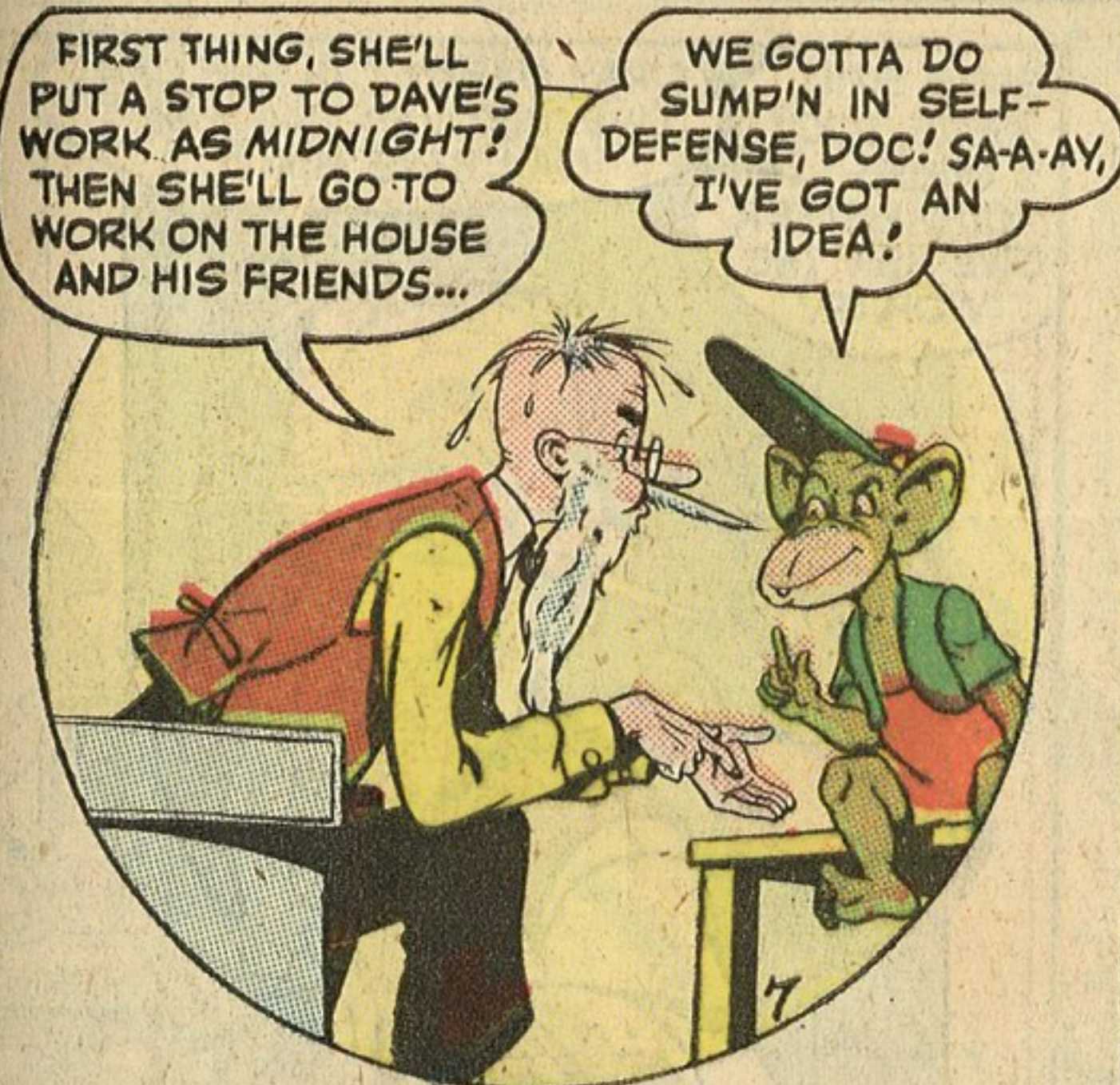
... and he meets the danger in the guise of **MIDNIGHT!**

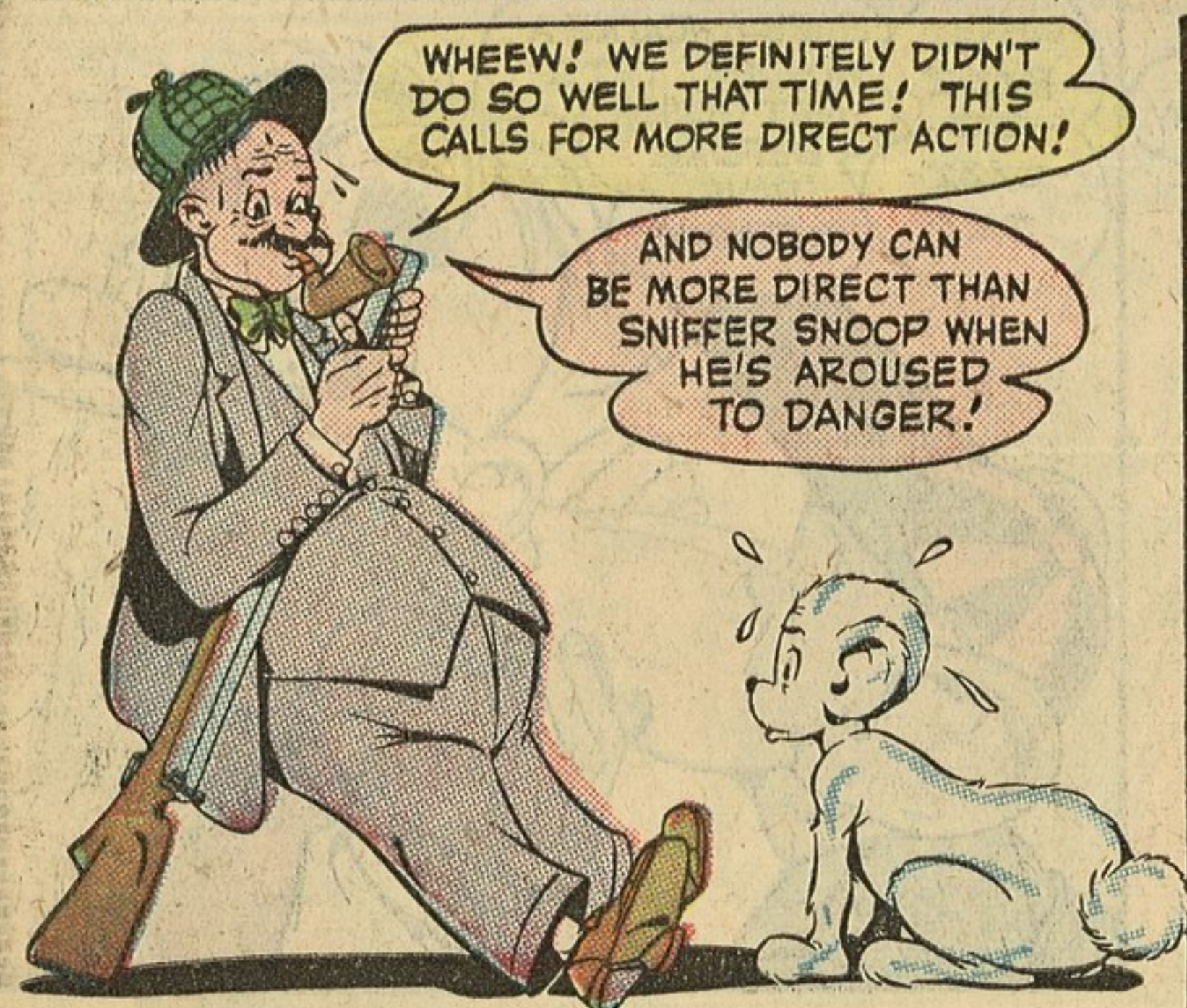
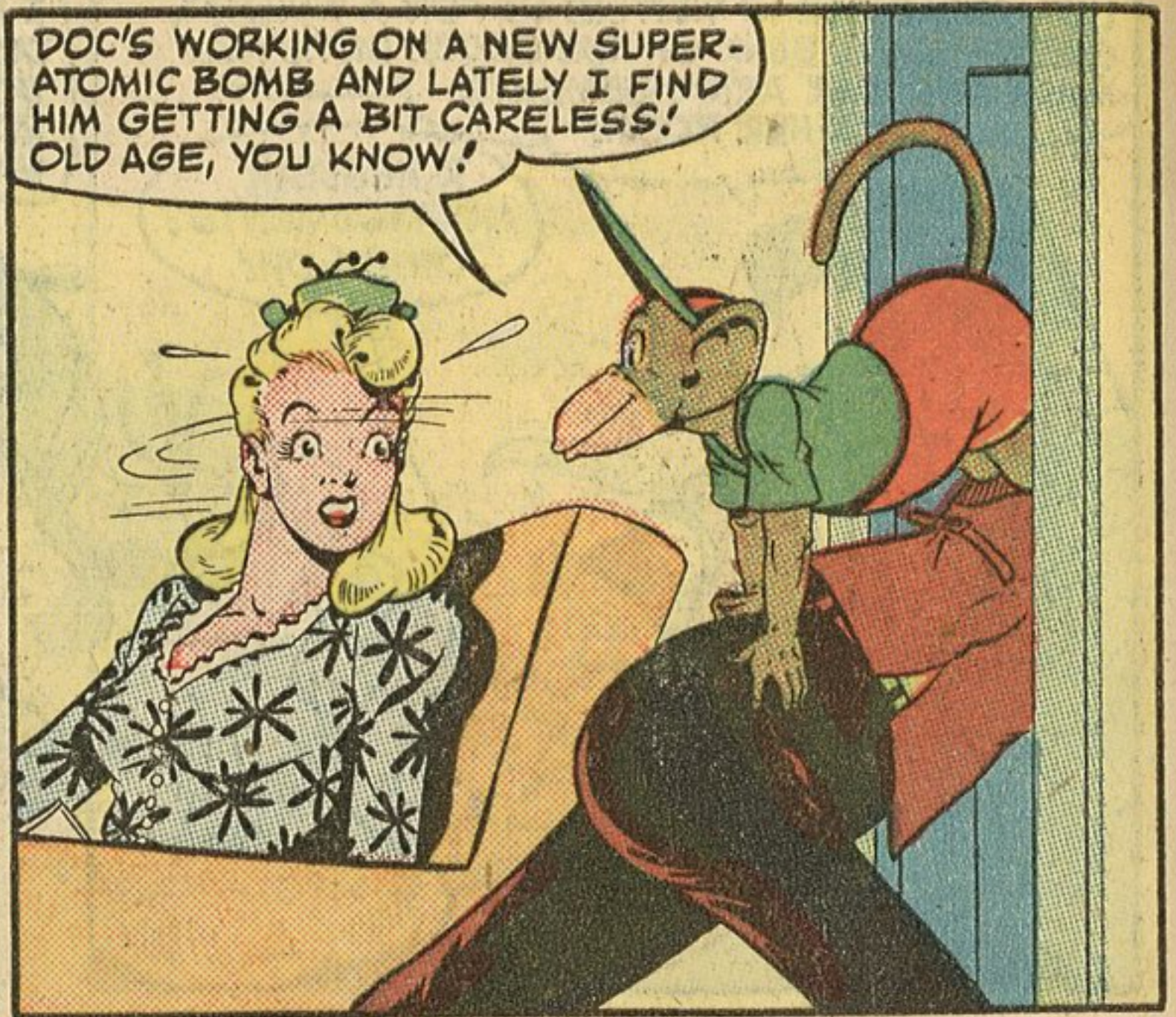


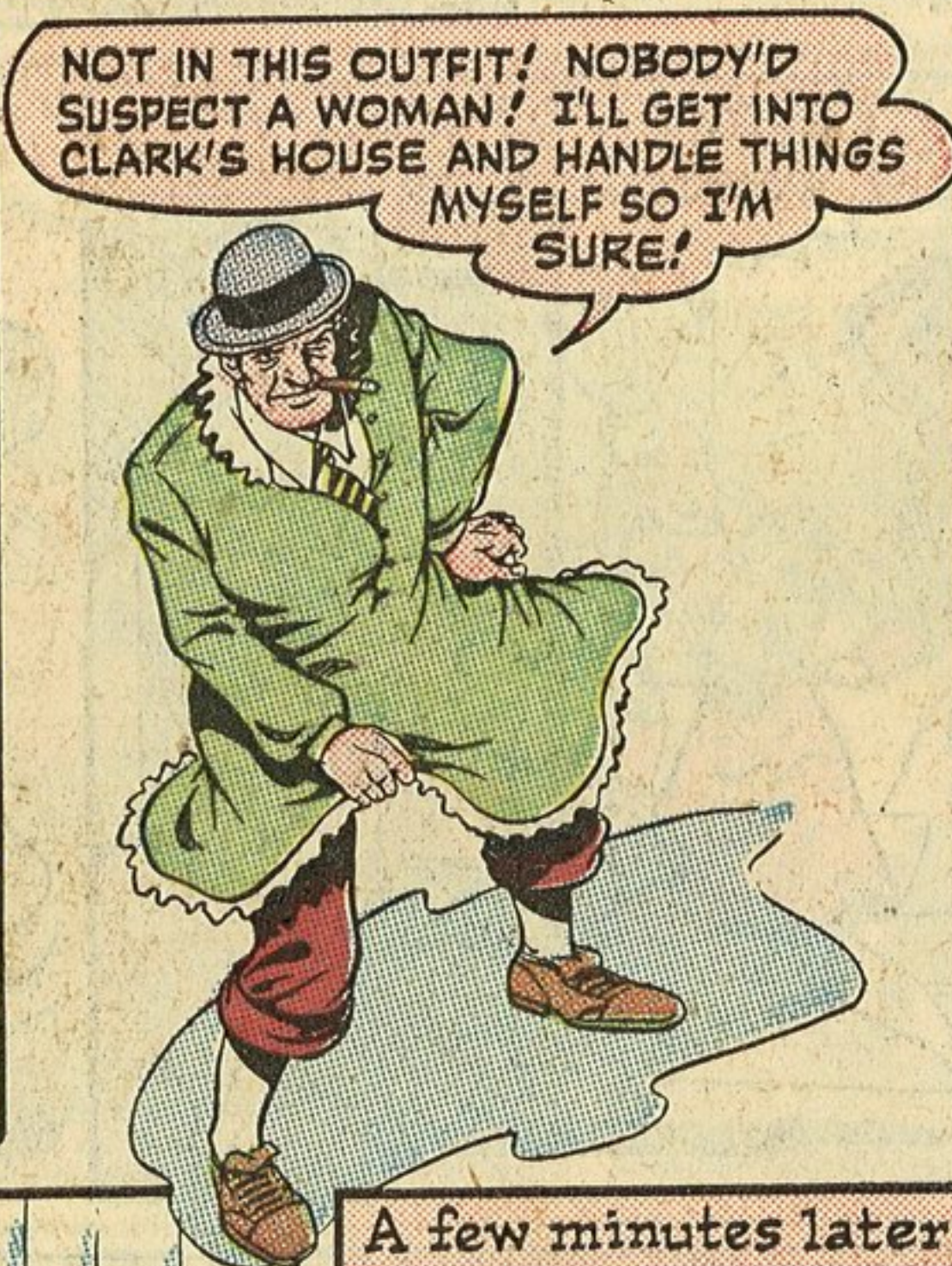
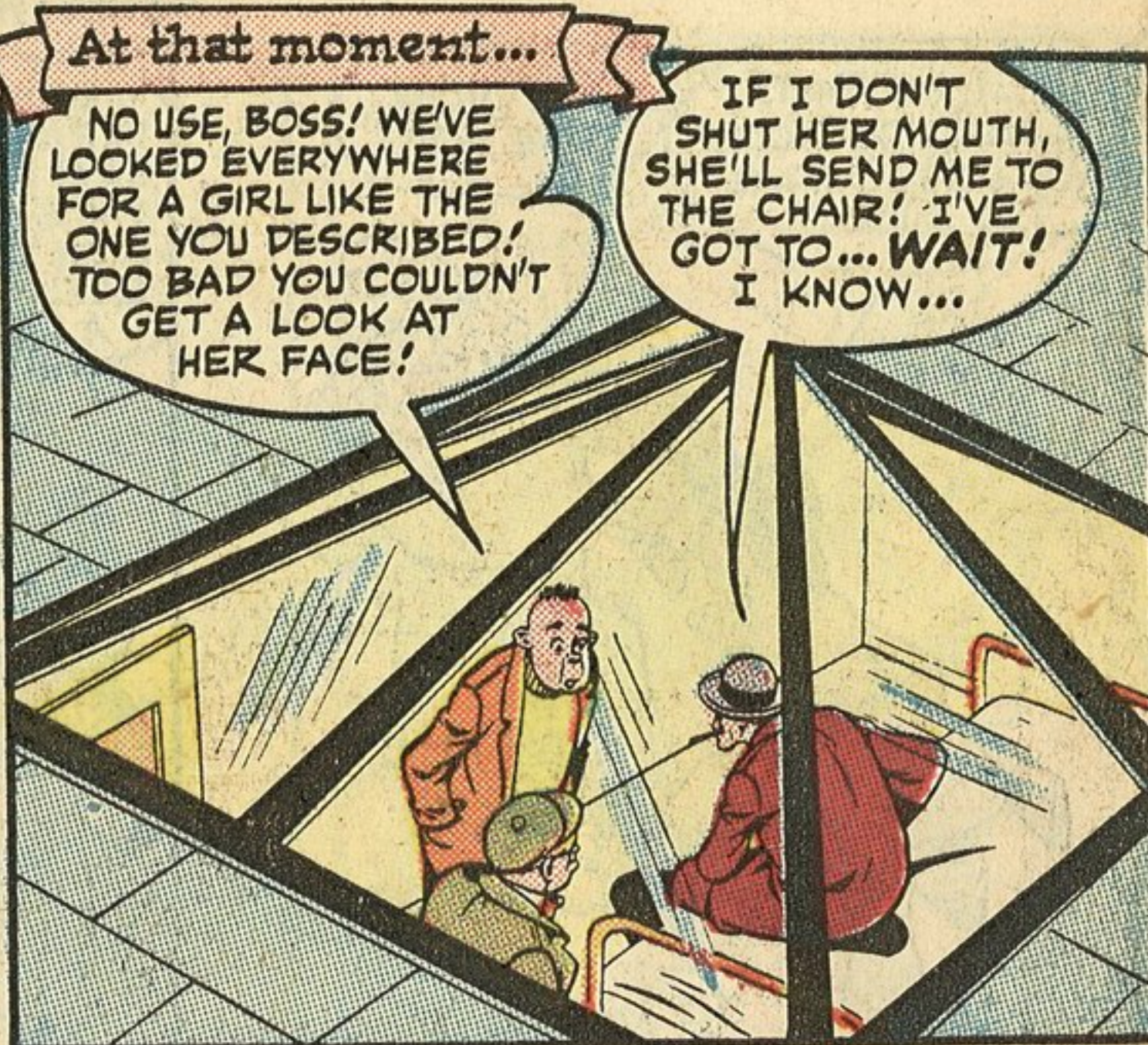
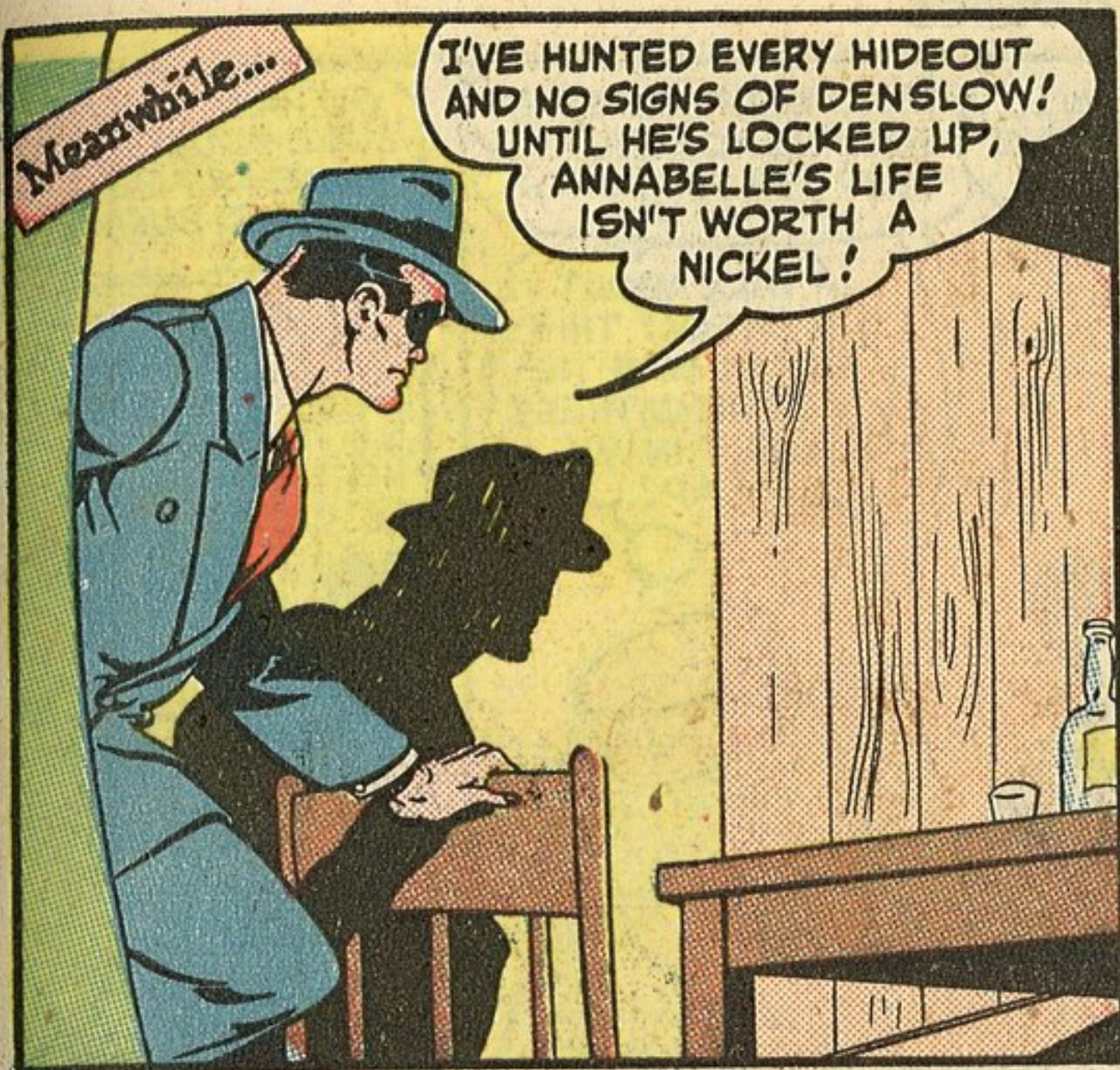


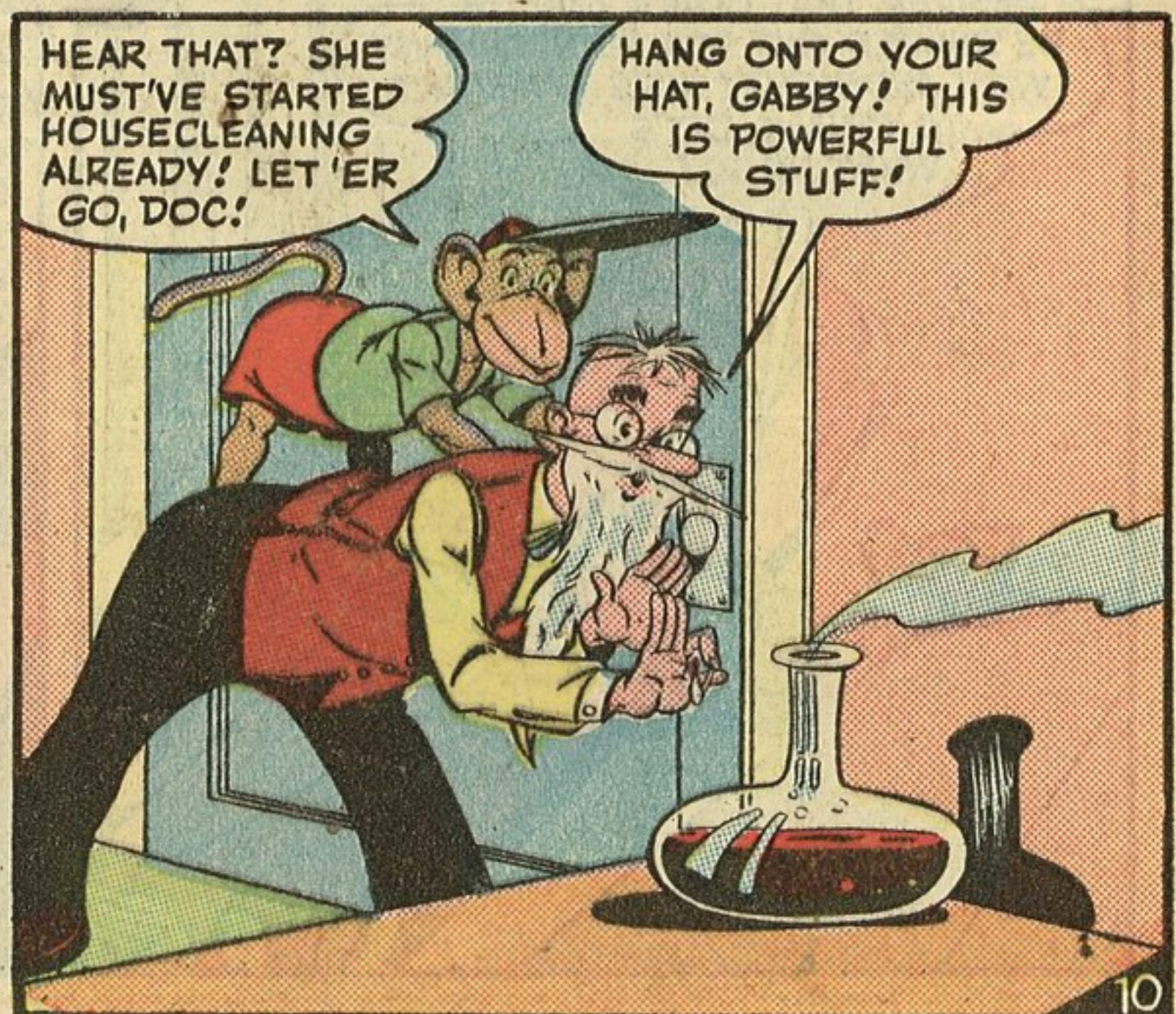
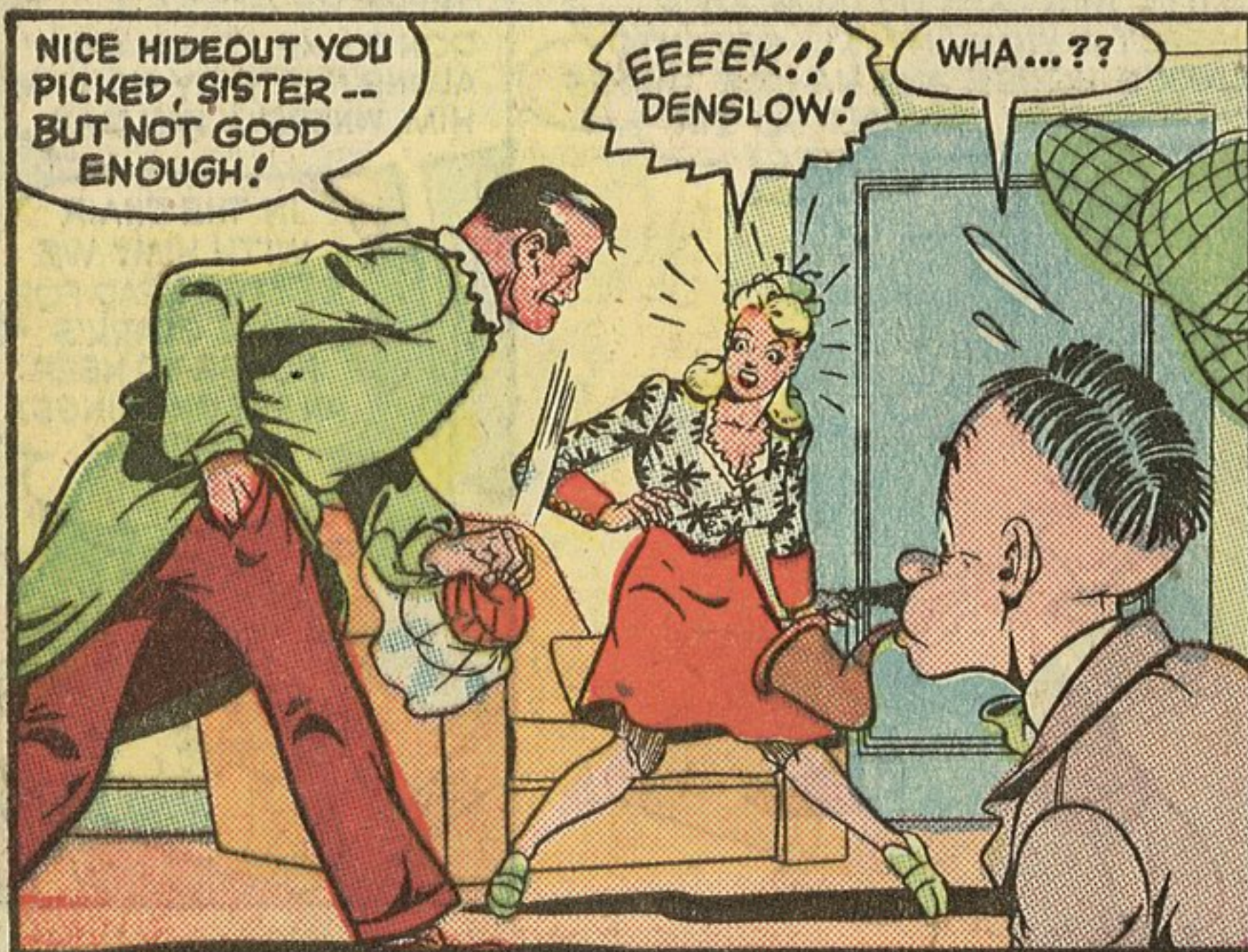
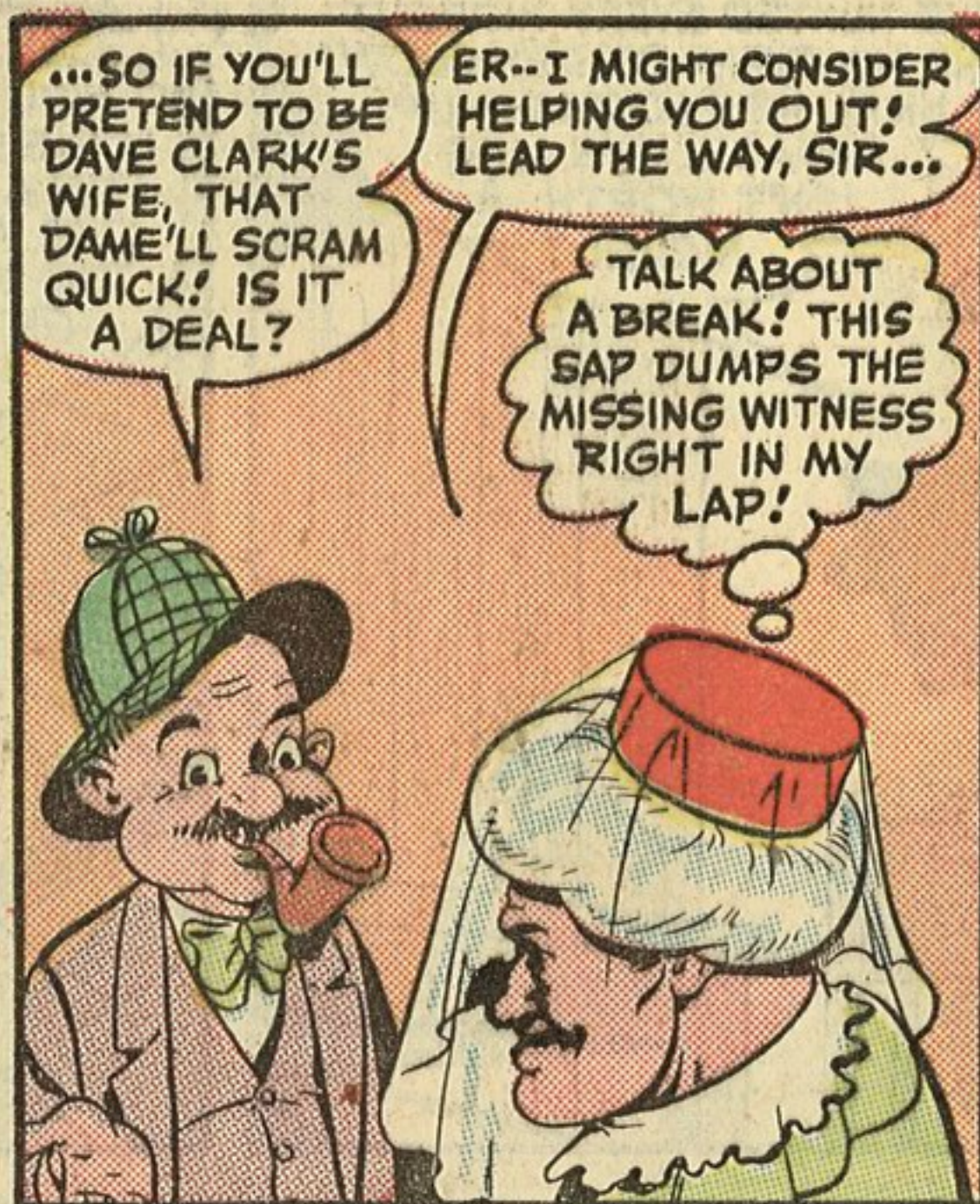




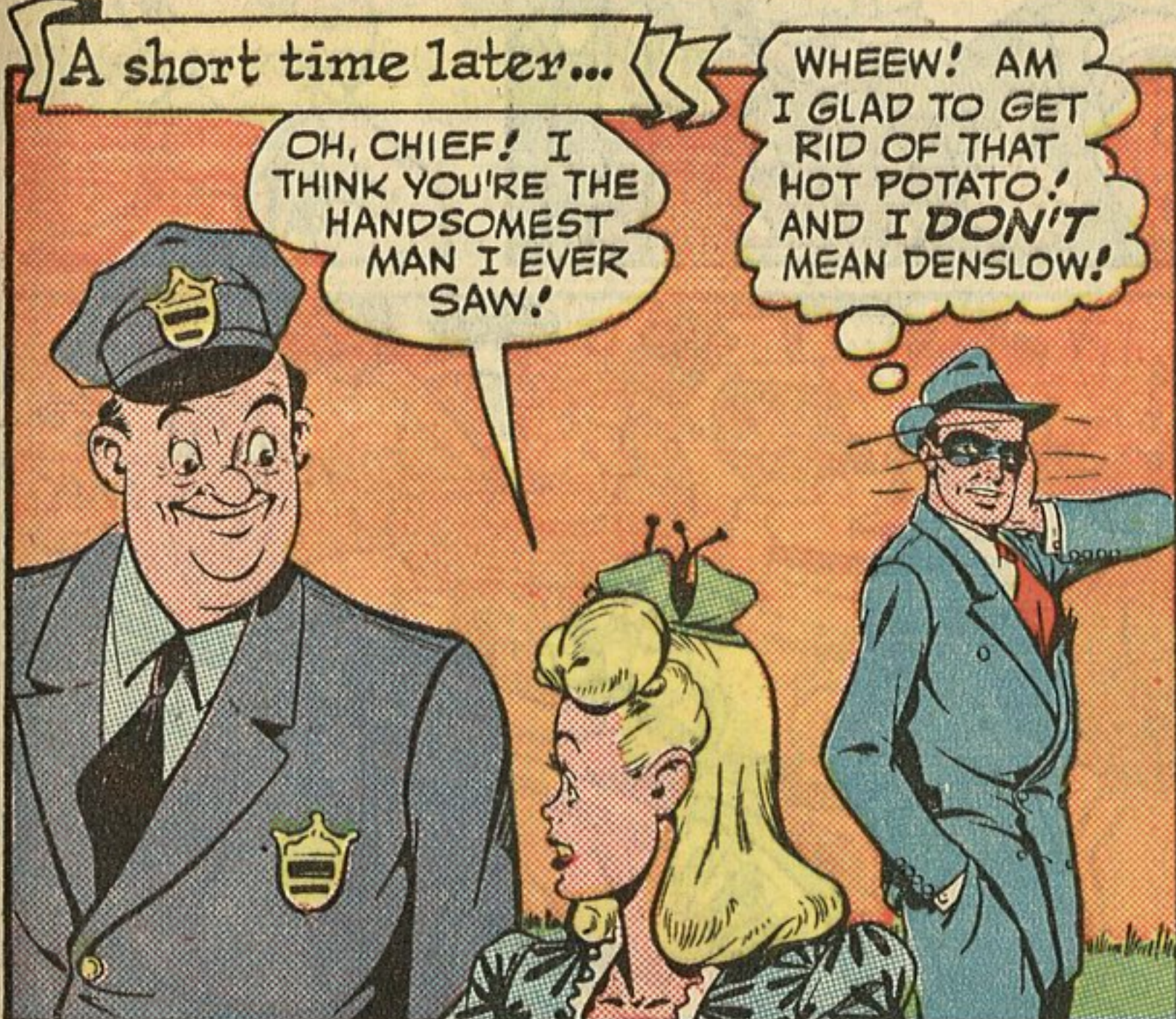
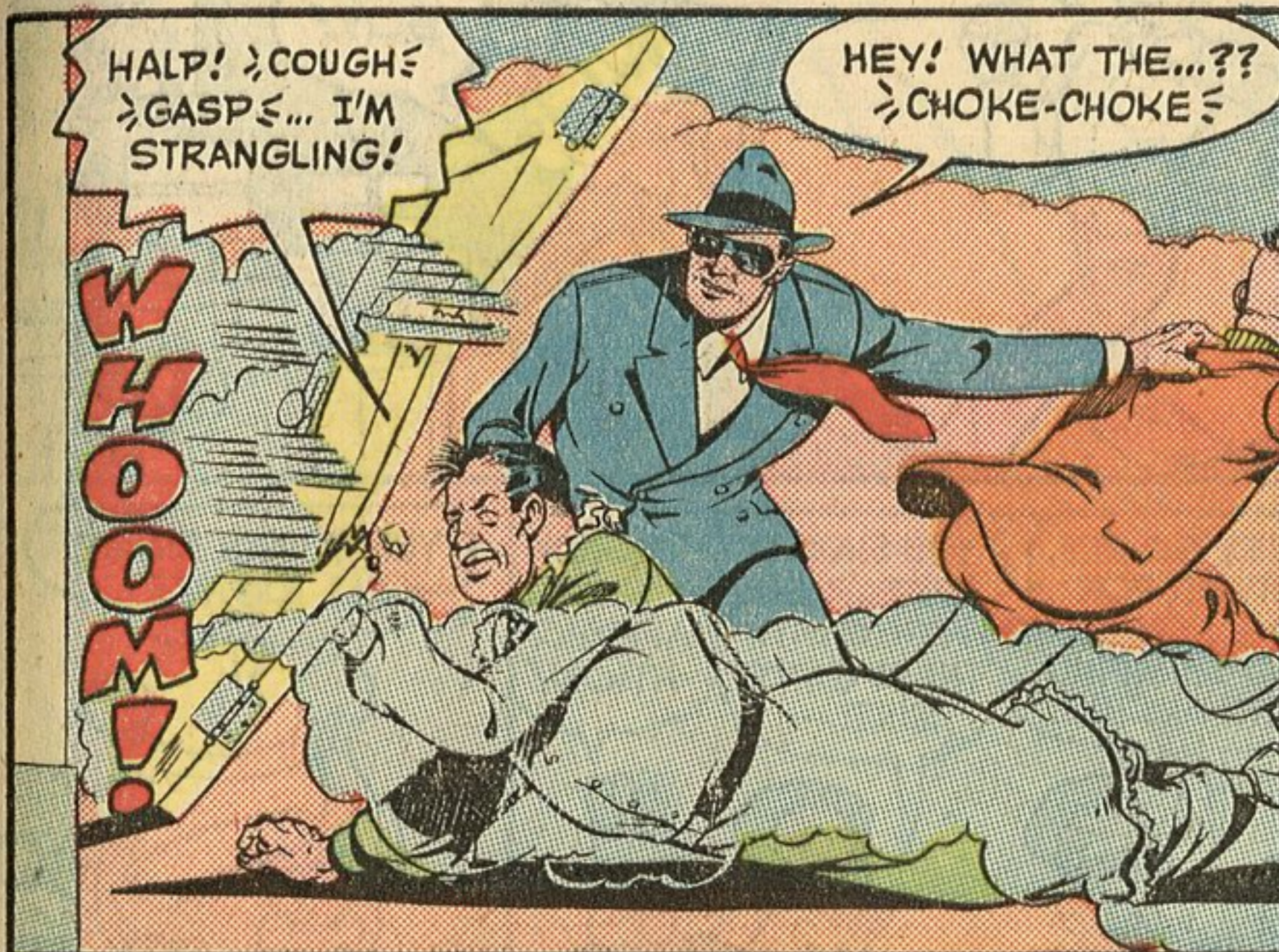


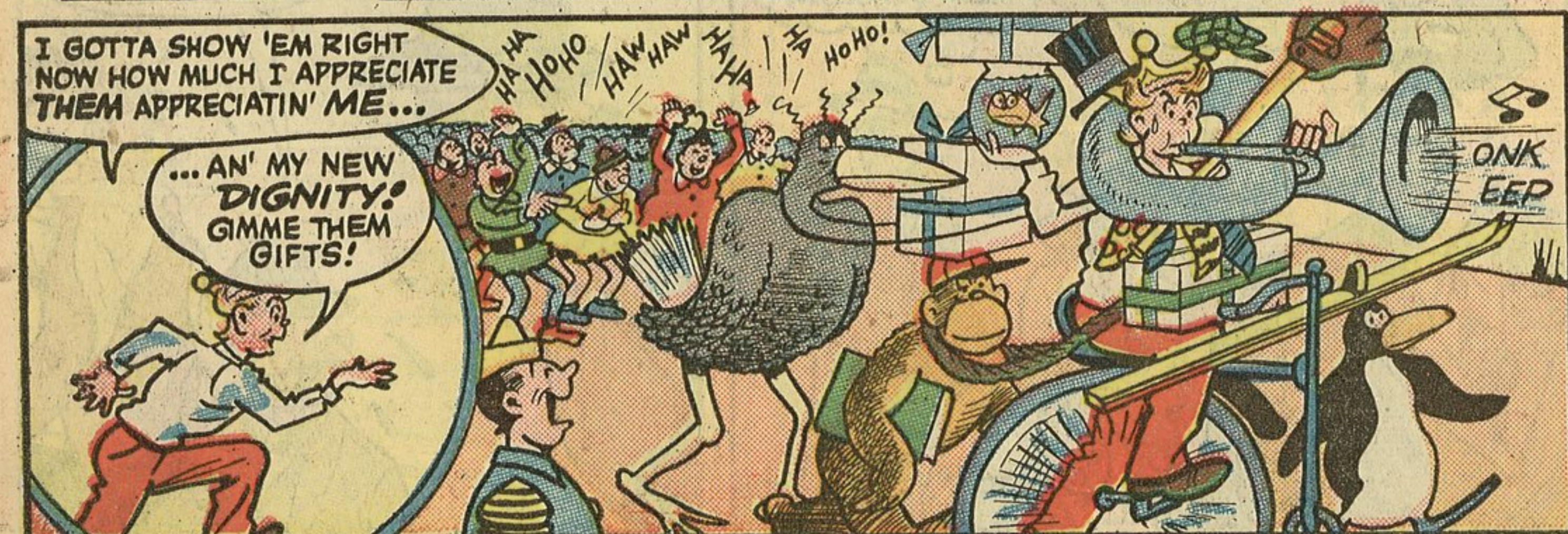
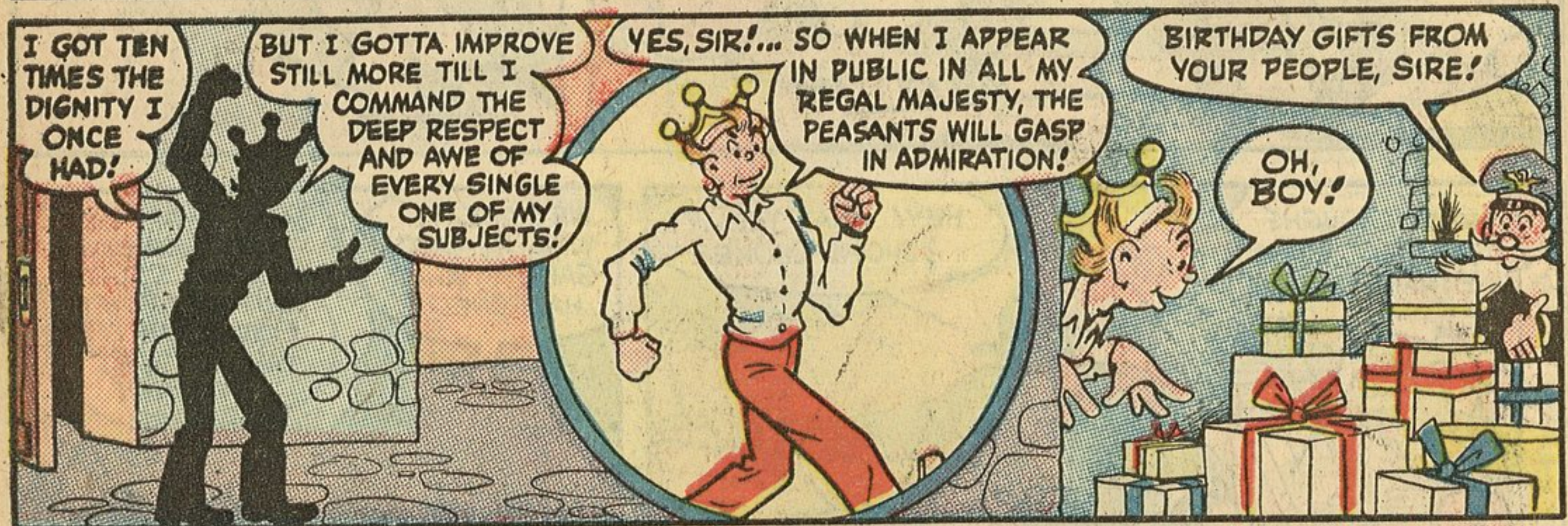


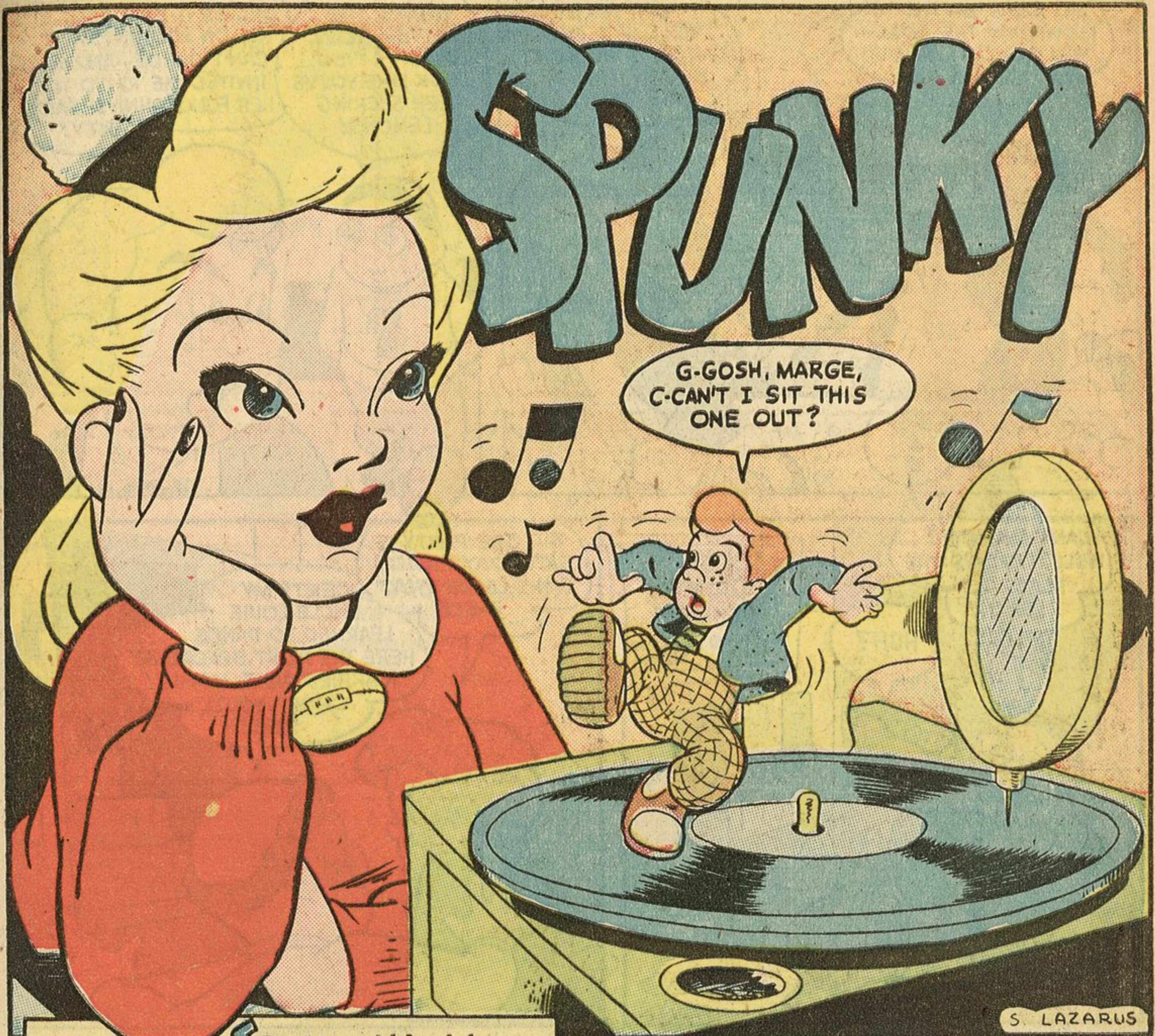




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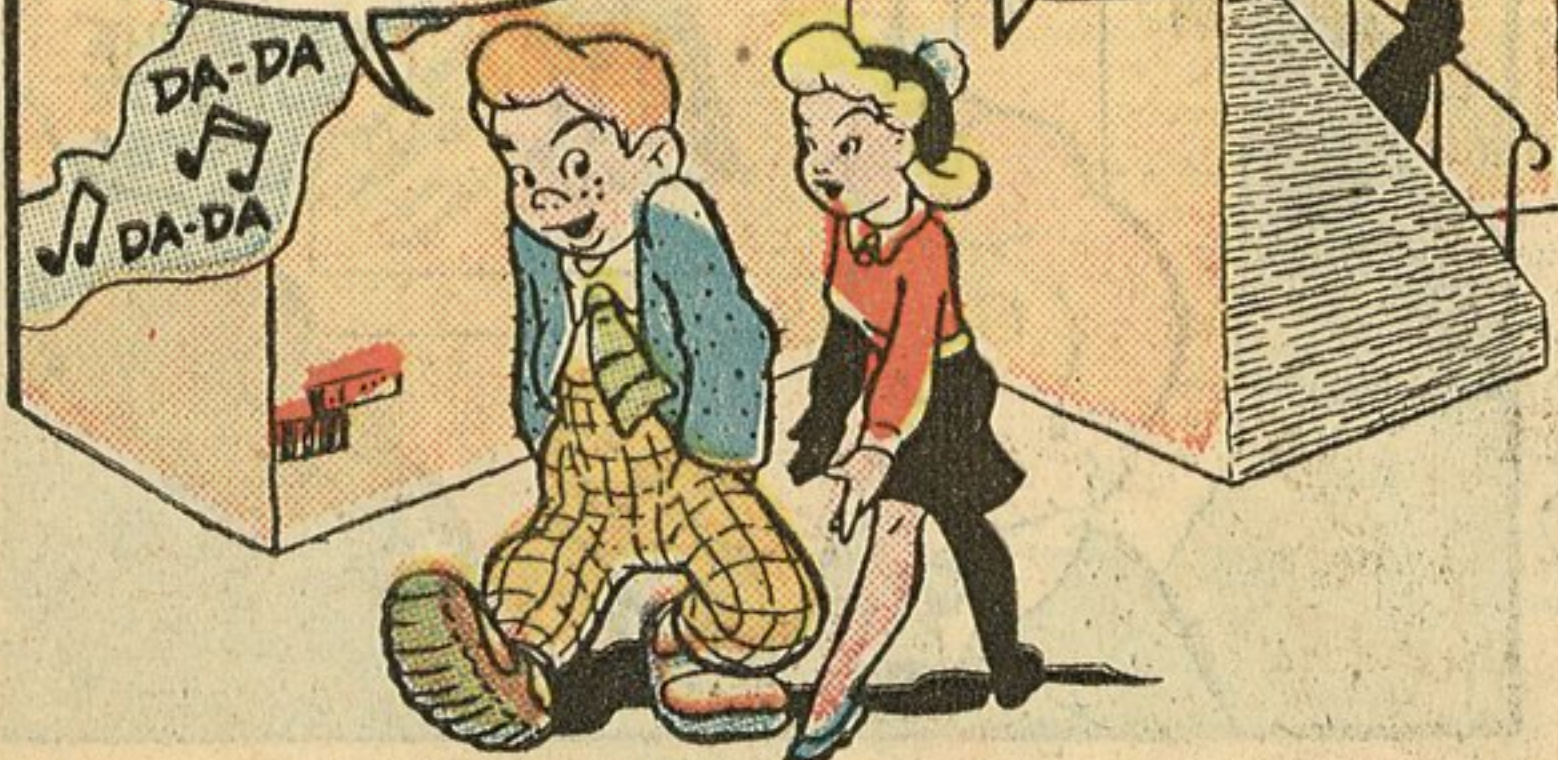




SPUNKY and his girl, Marge, are going home from Backwash High. Marge has just told Spunky that he and his rival, Curly, are invited to the Anniversary Party that Marge's dad's boss is giving in honor of her parents ...

THANKS, MARGE! BUT WHY INVITE THAT HEEL **CURLY**?

HE'S **NOT** A HEEL! AND, BESIDES, HE CAN DANCE AND YOU CAN'T!

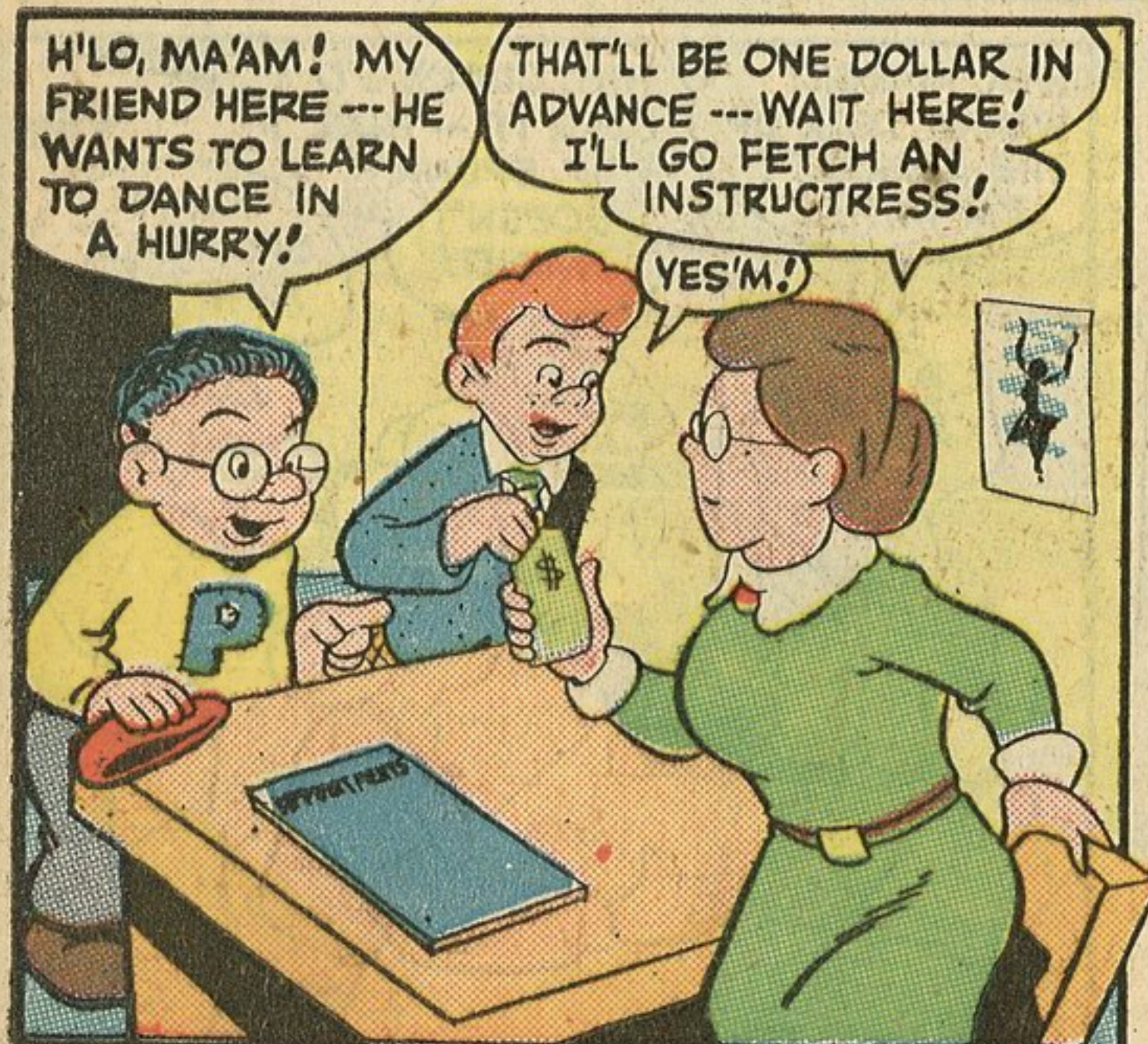
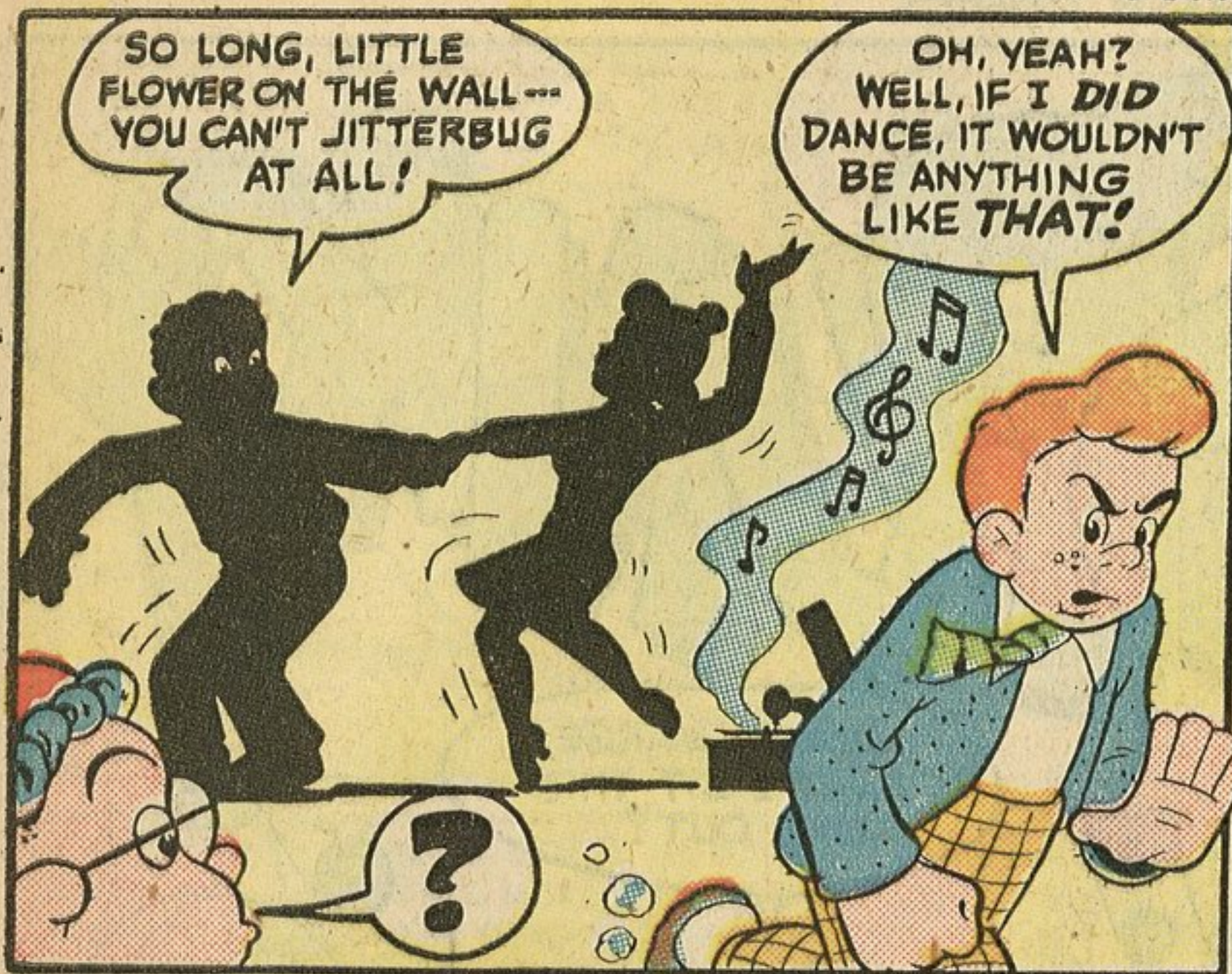


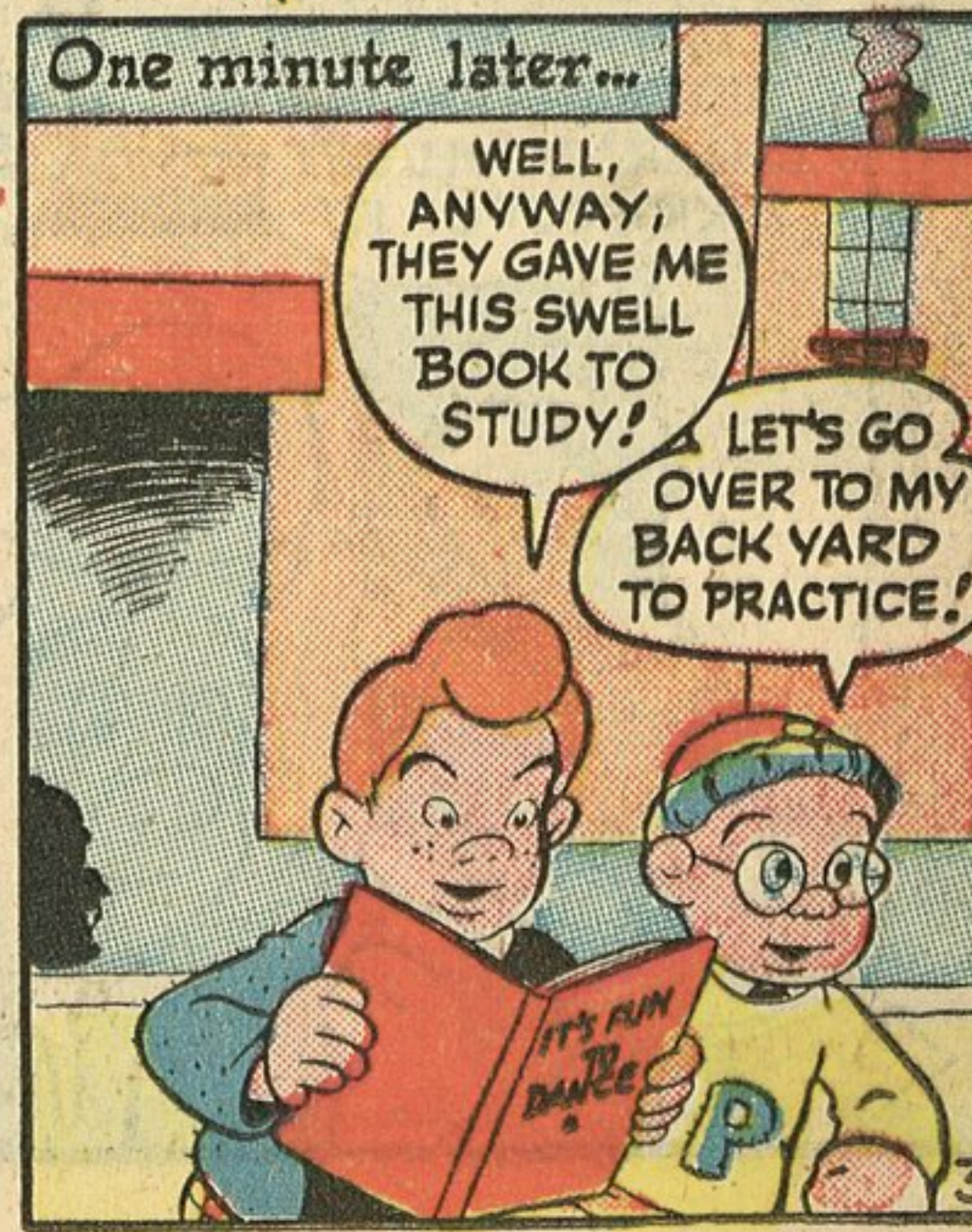
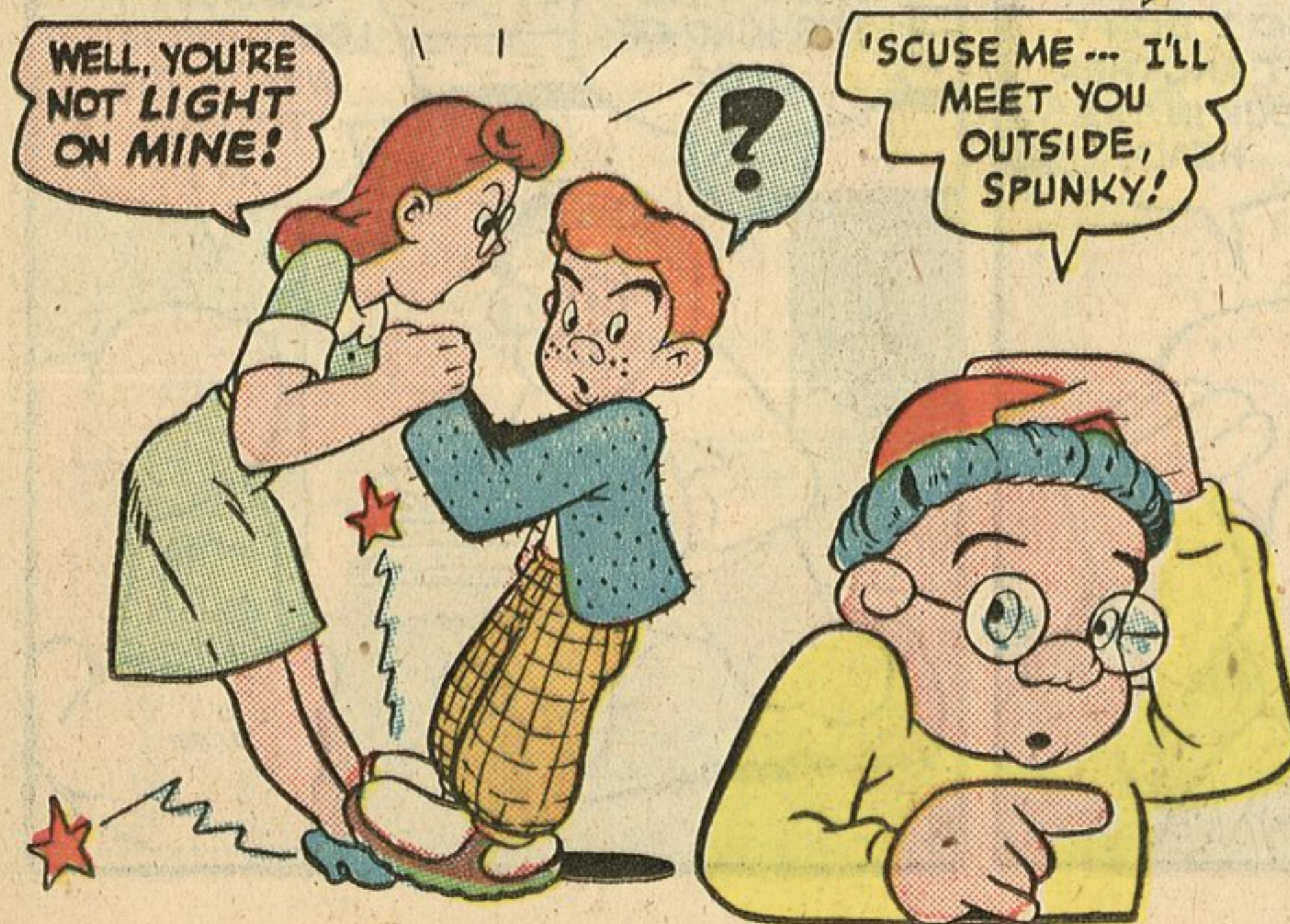
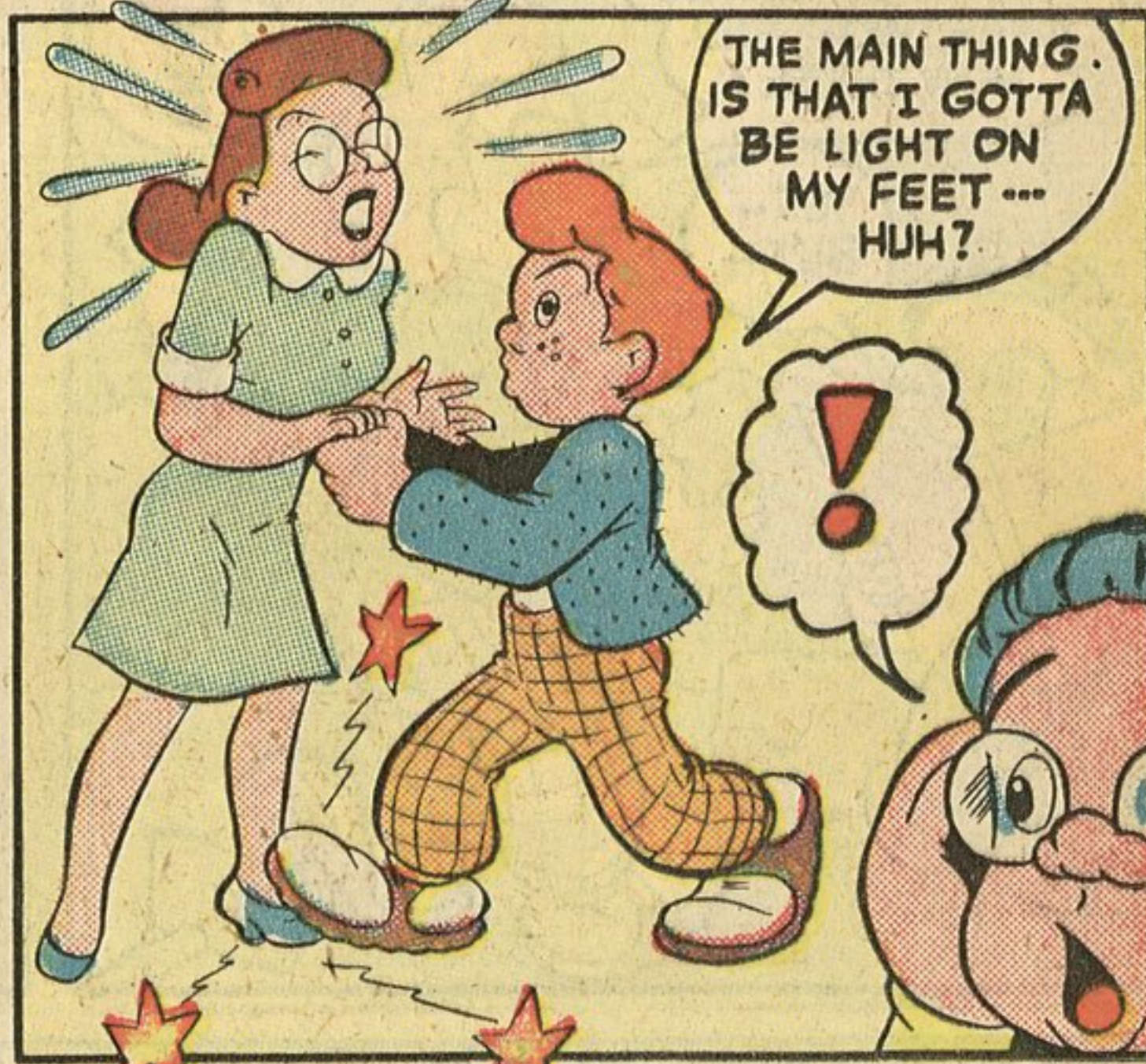
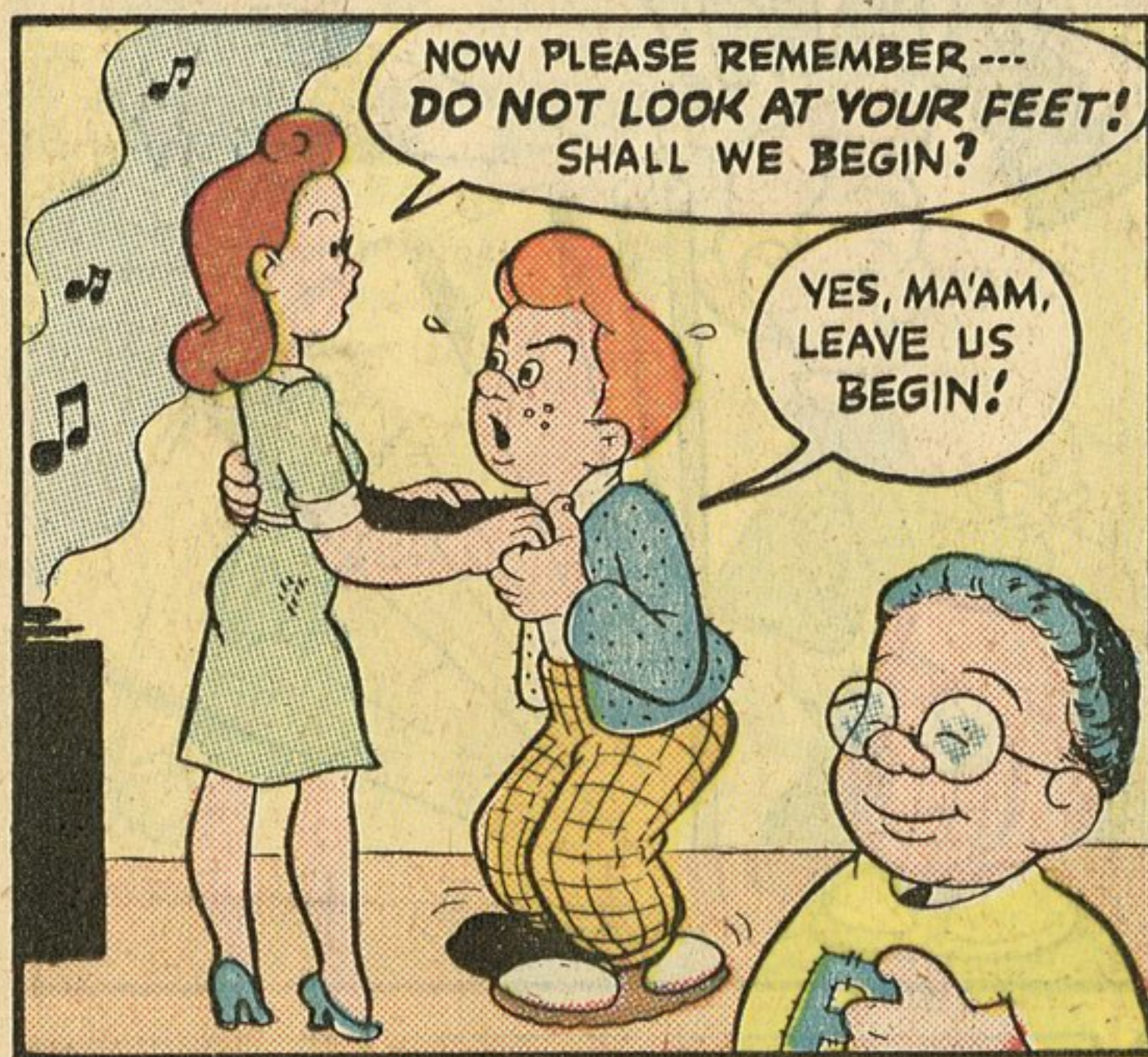
HYA, MARGE? WANNA TEAR UP THE ASPHALT? I'M HEP!

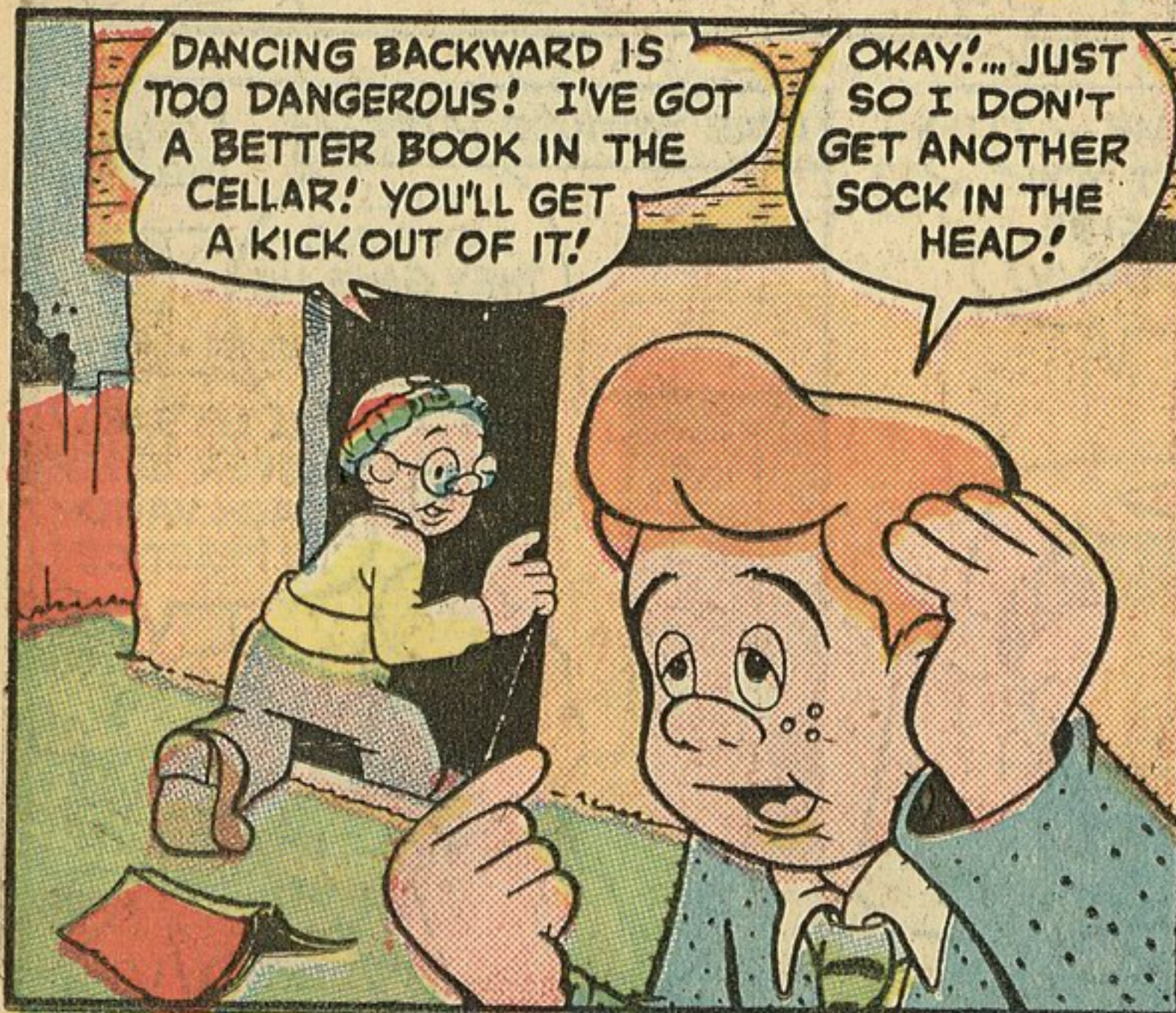
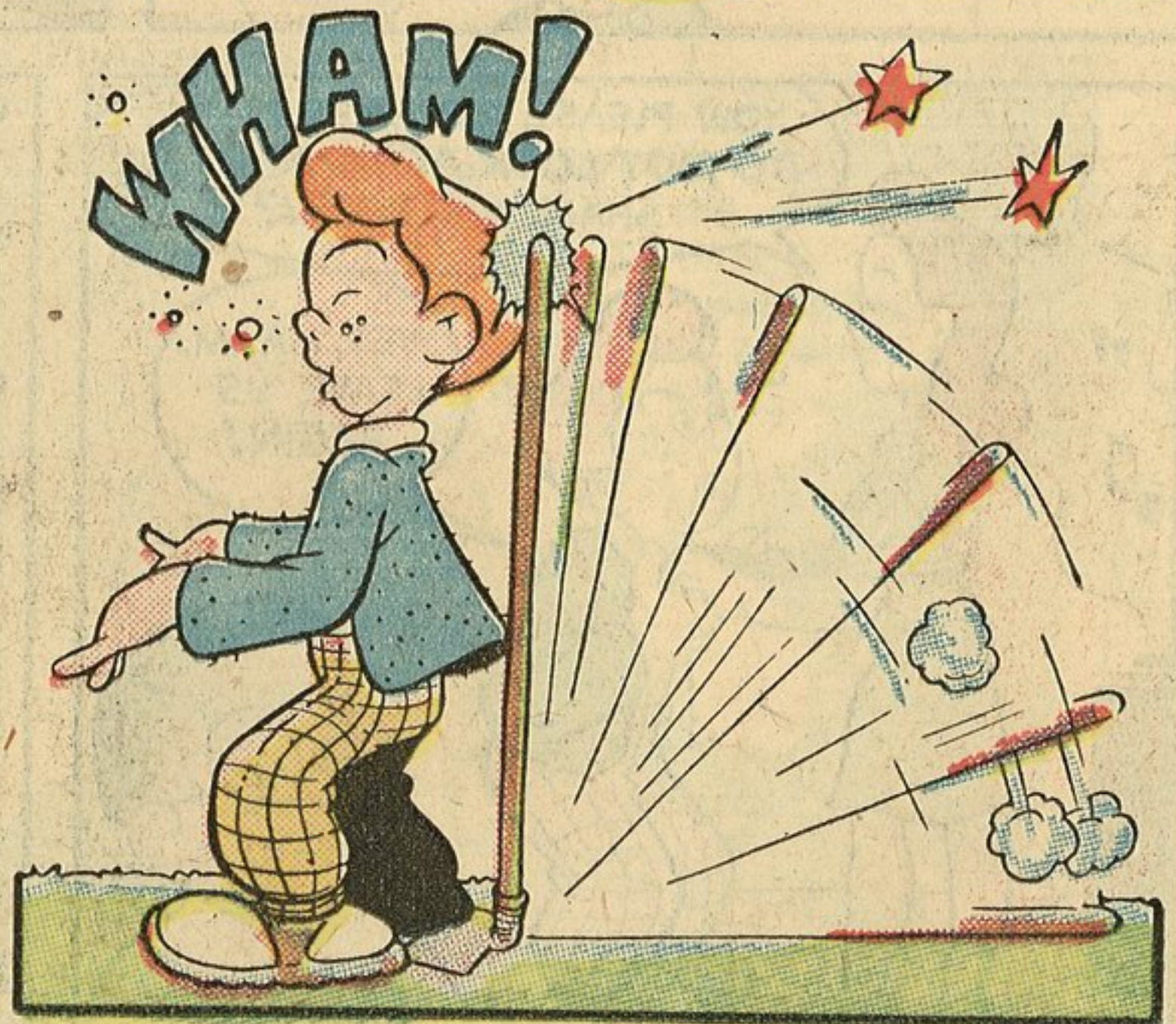
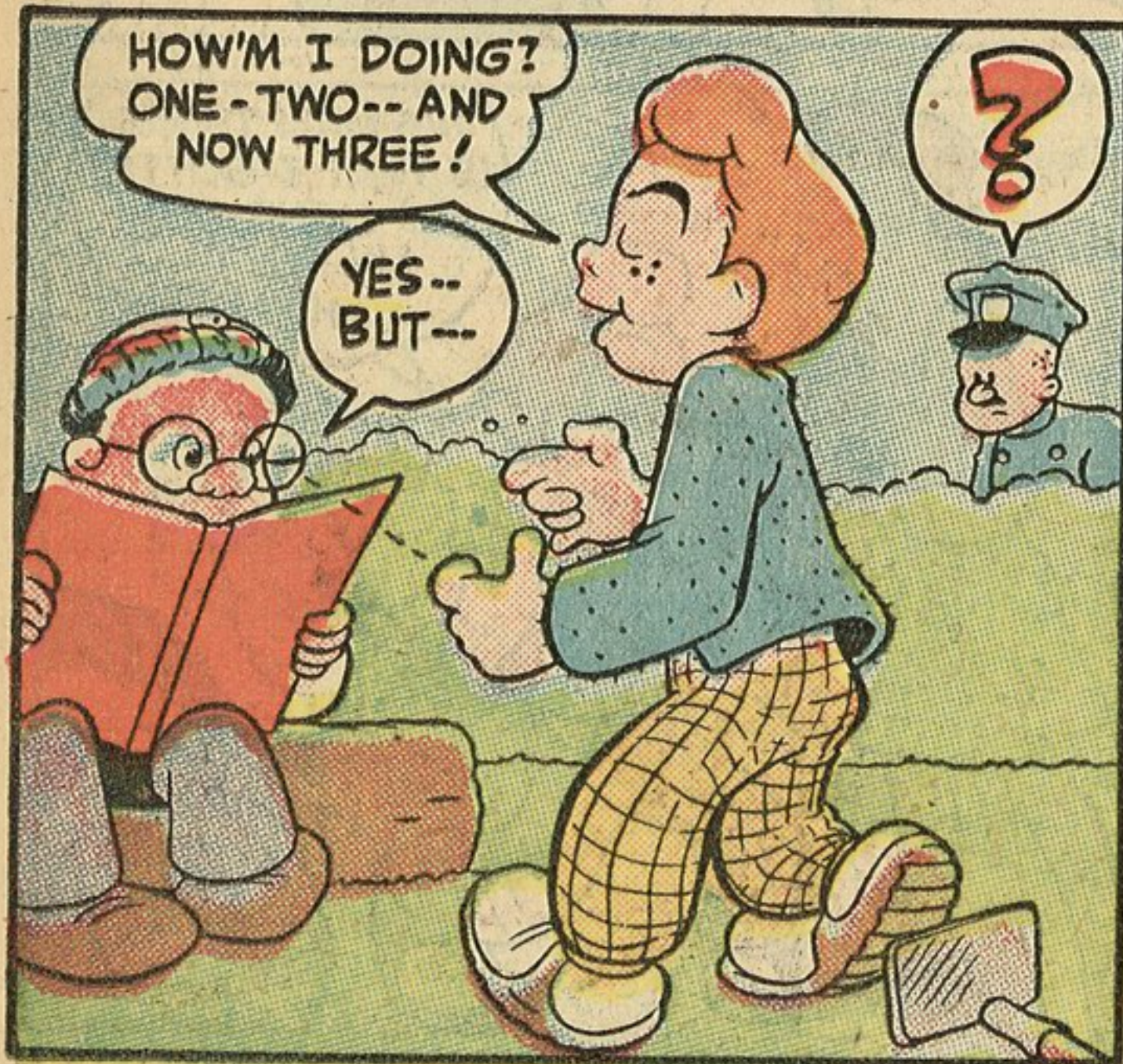
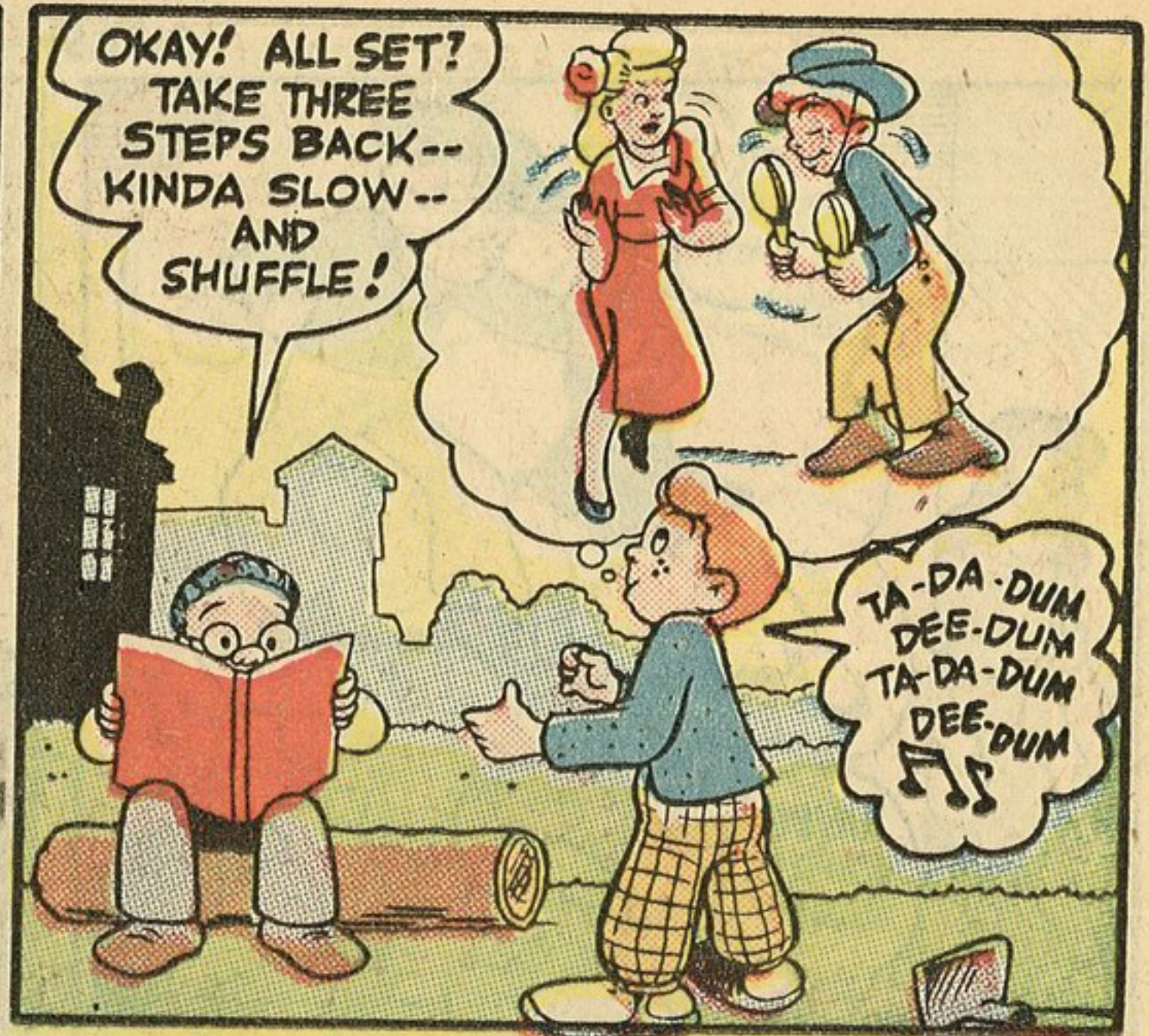
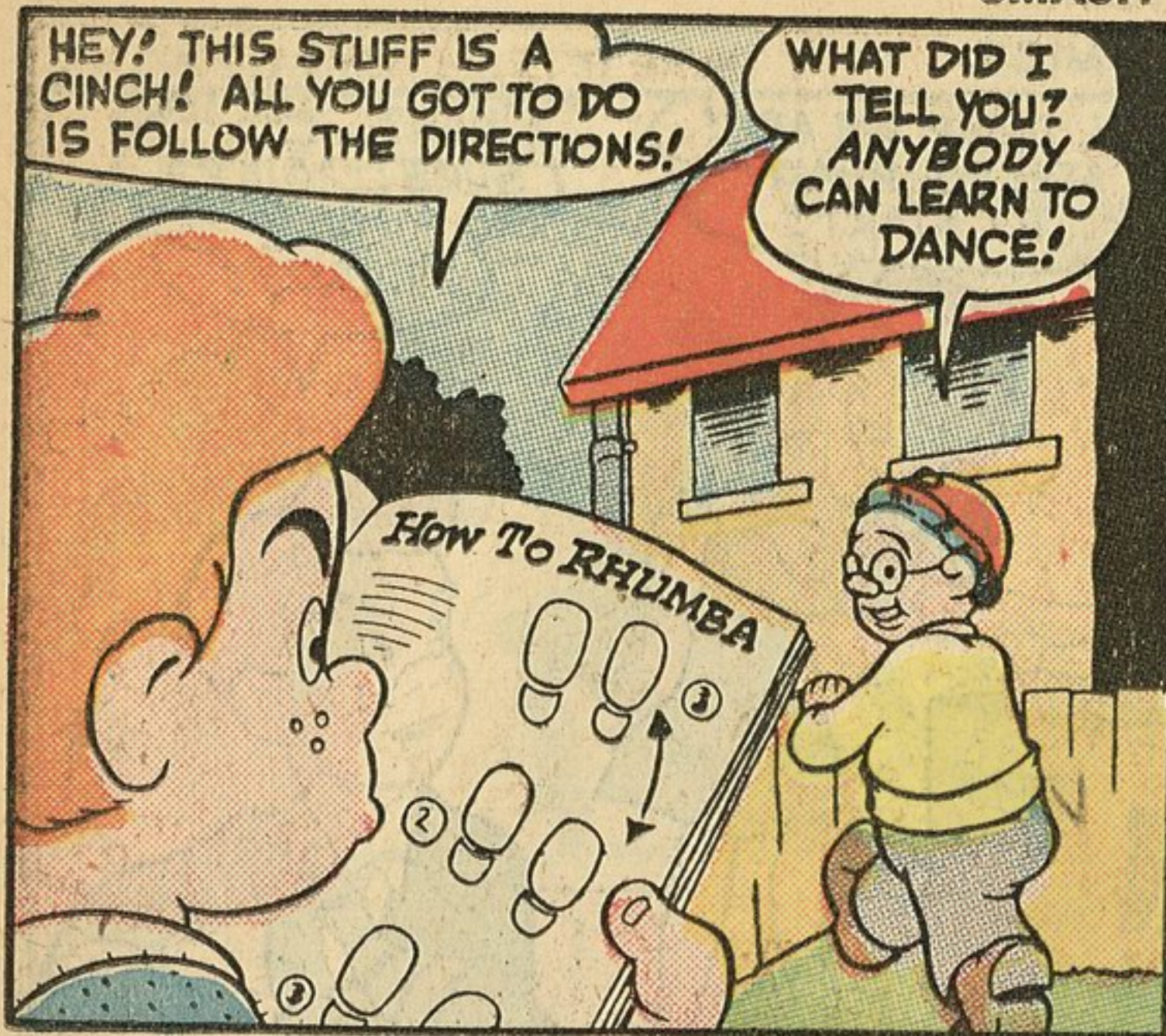
WHY, CURLY, I'D LOVE IT -- THAT IS, IF SPUNKY DOESN'T MIND!

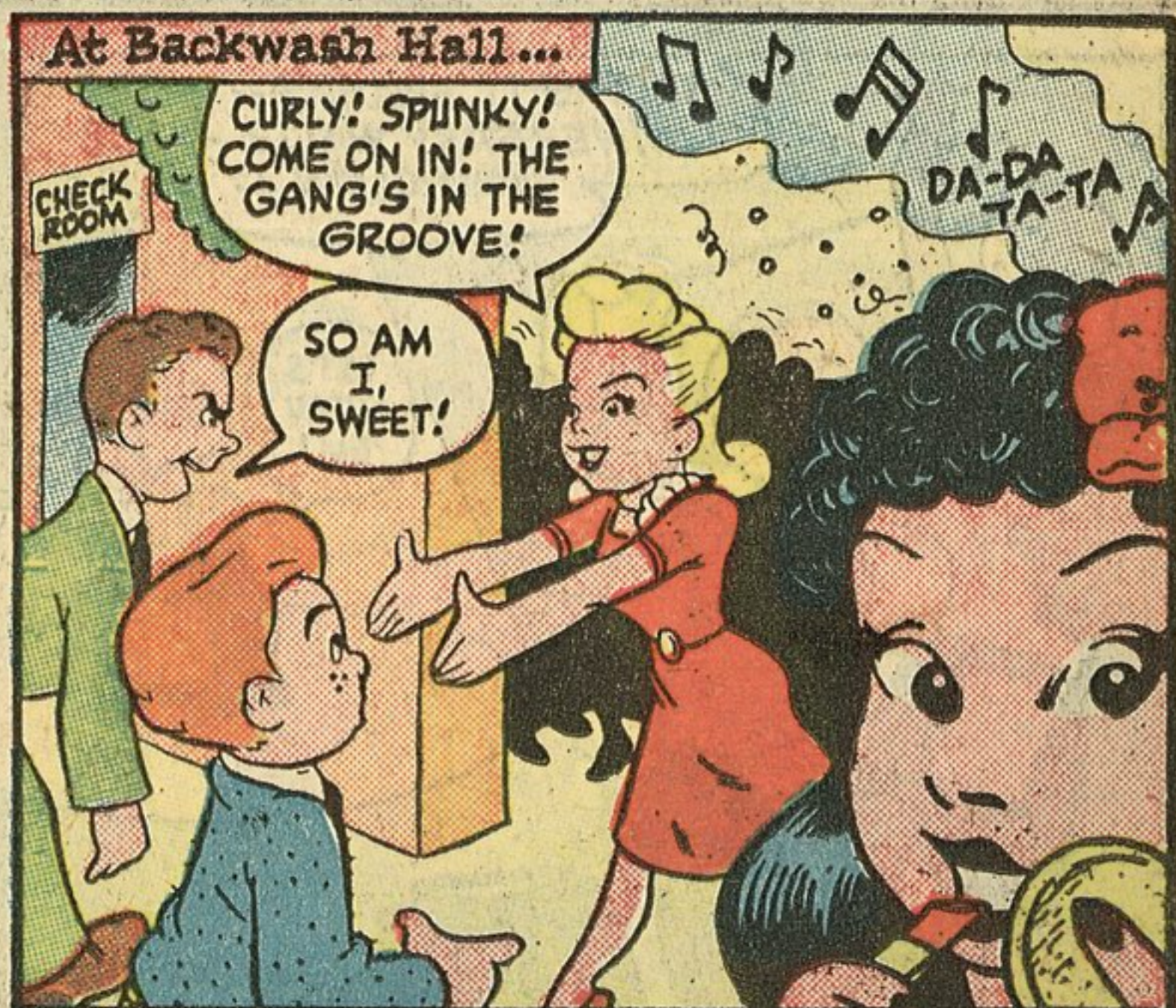
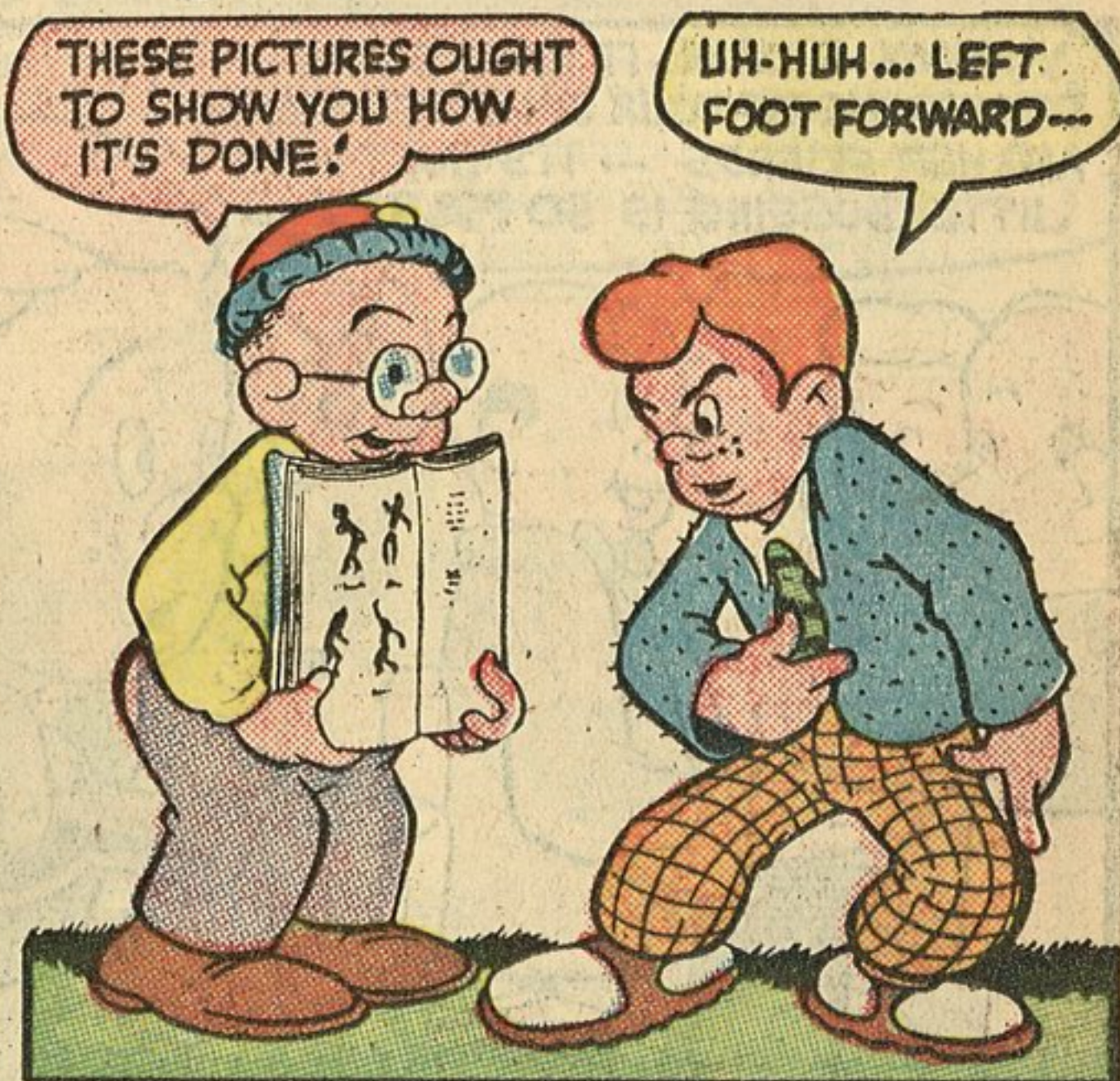
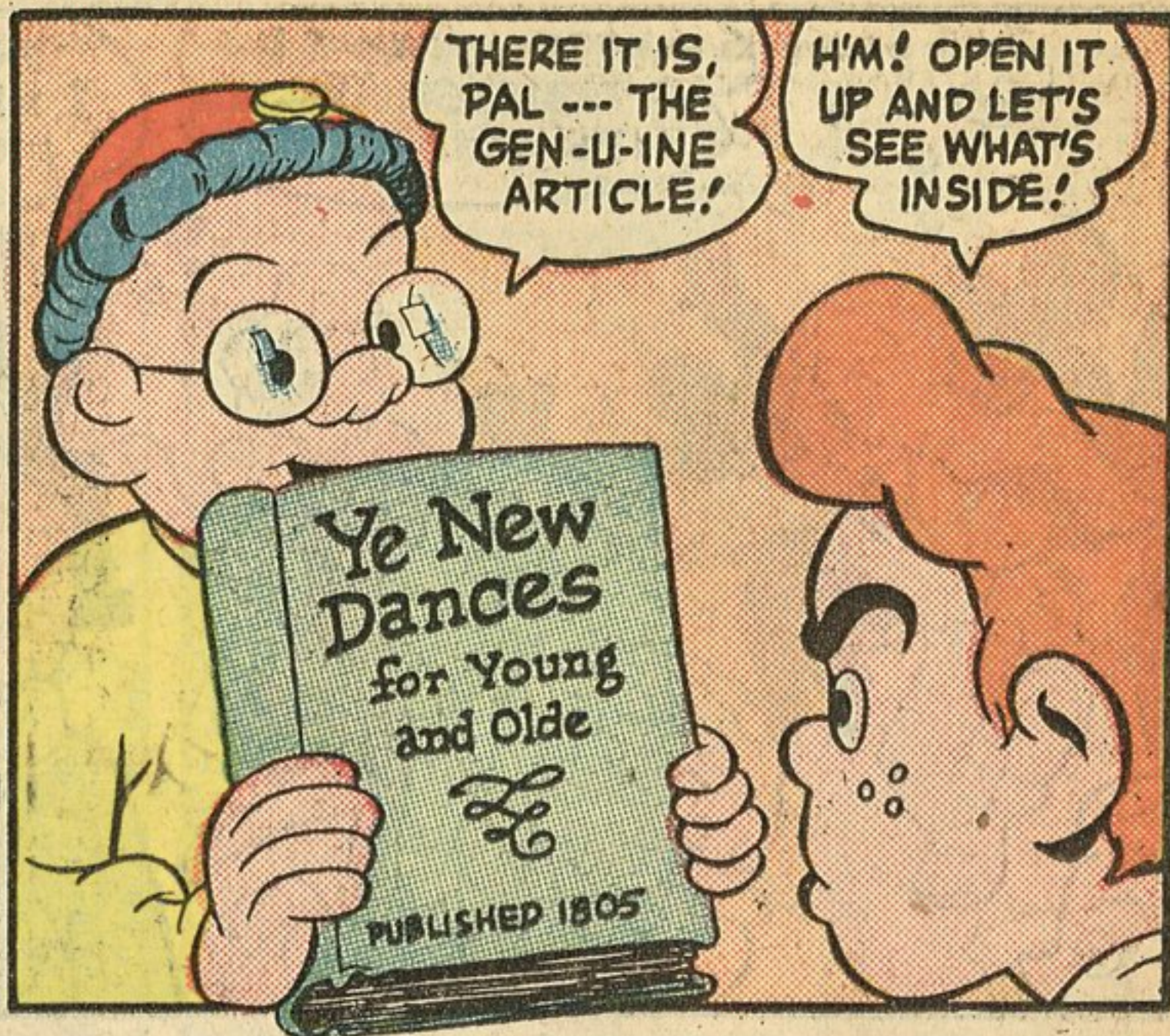
WHY SHOULD I MIND? ... I CAN'T DANCE!

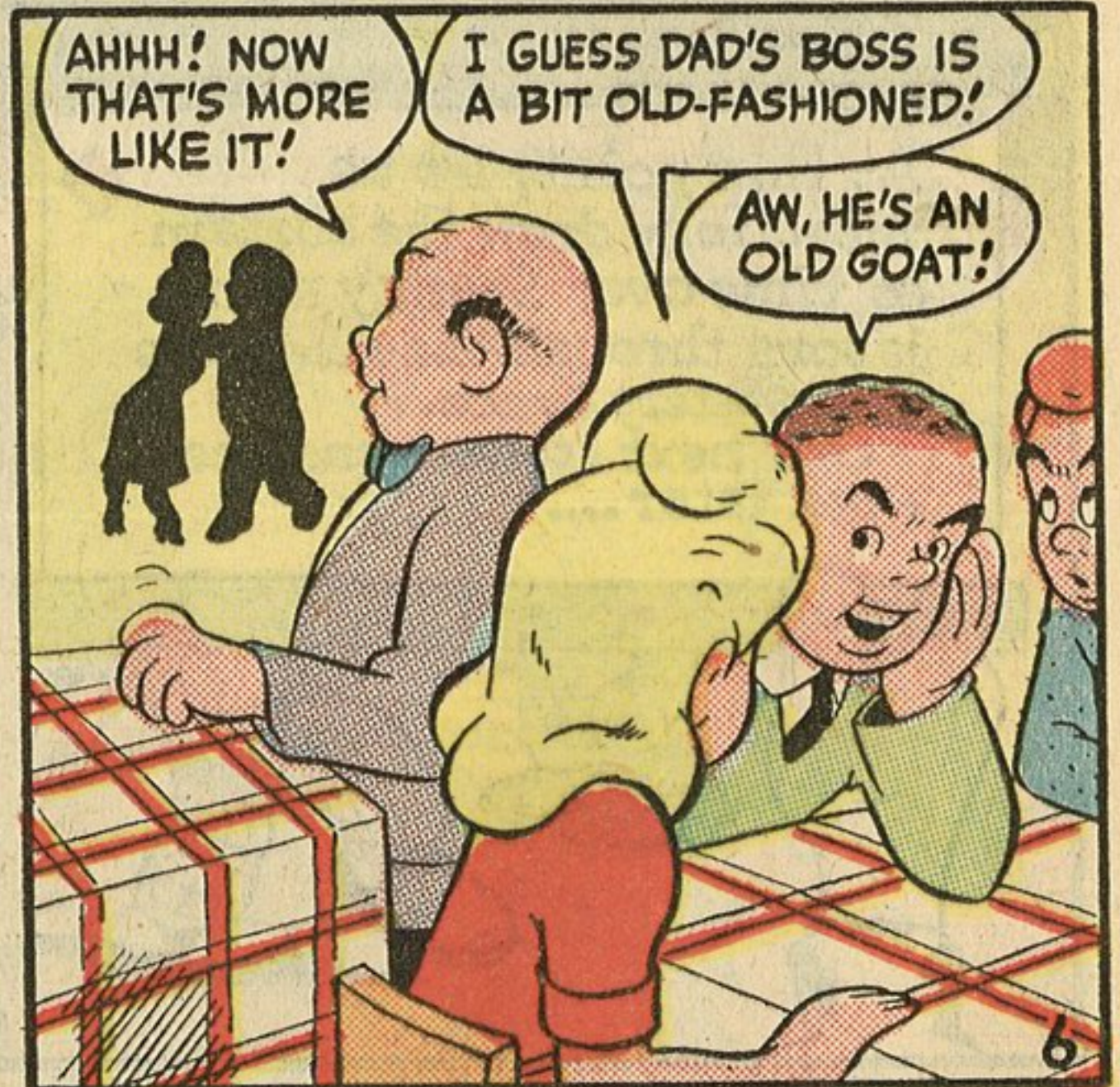
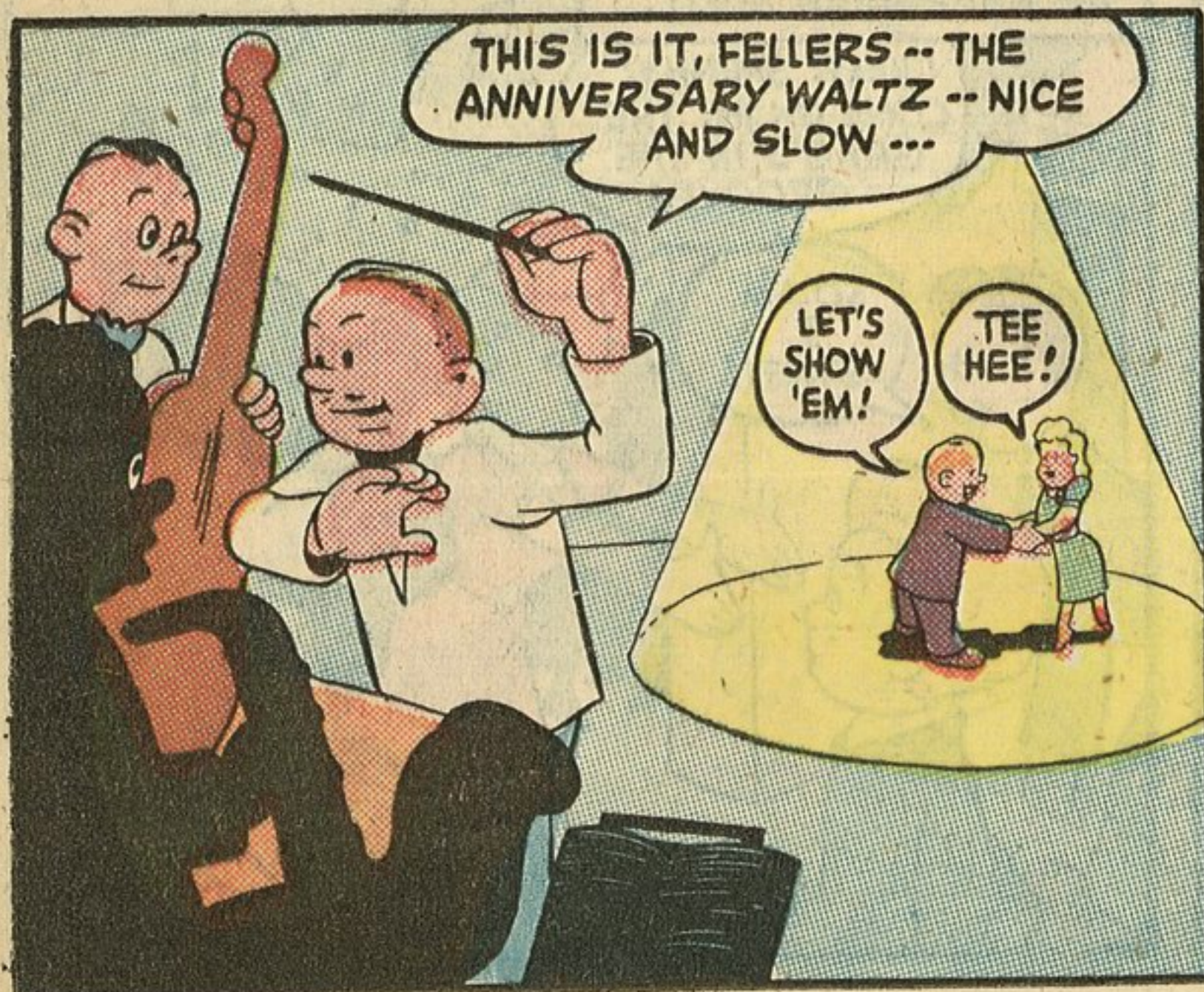
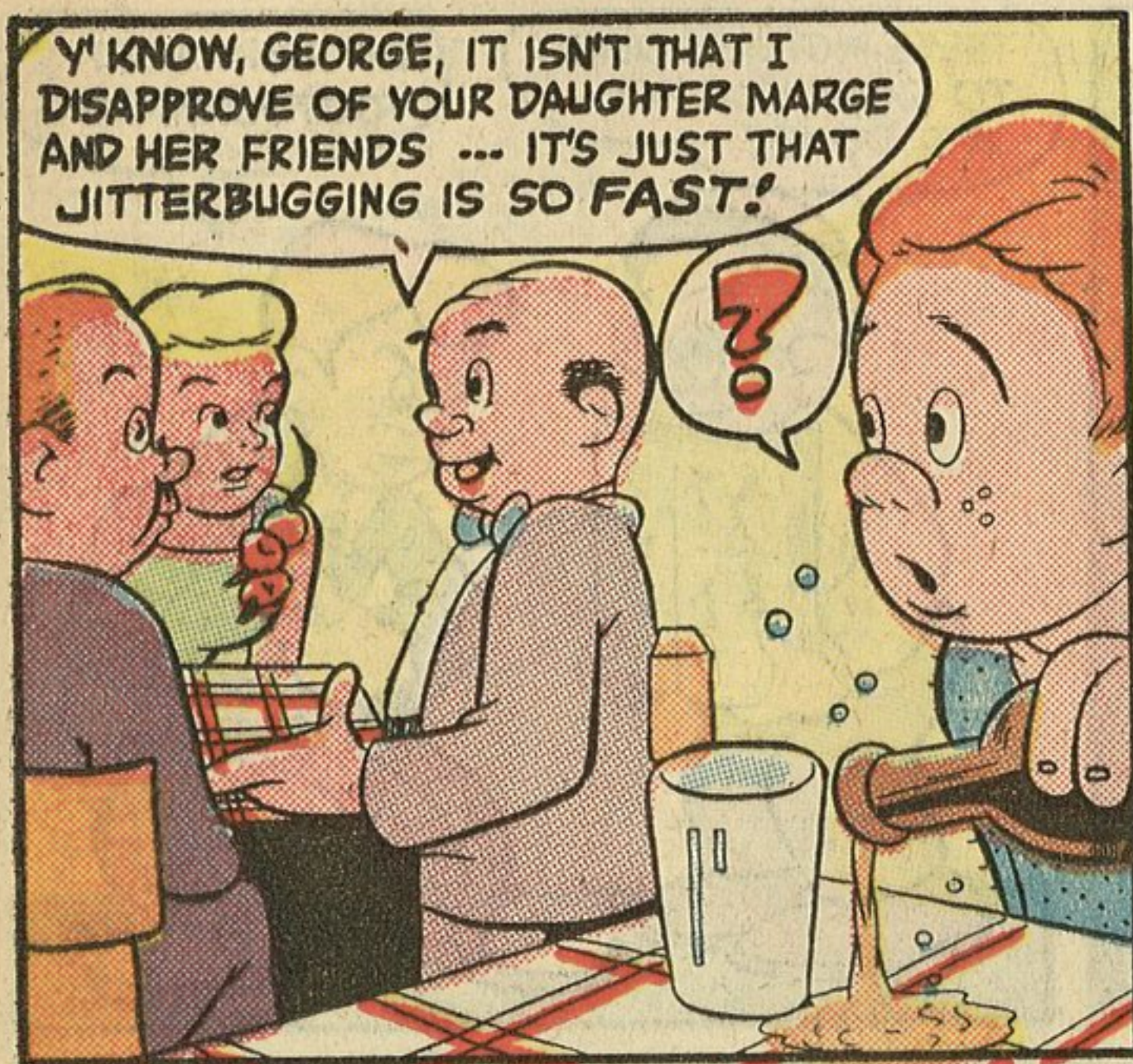
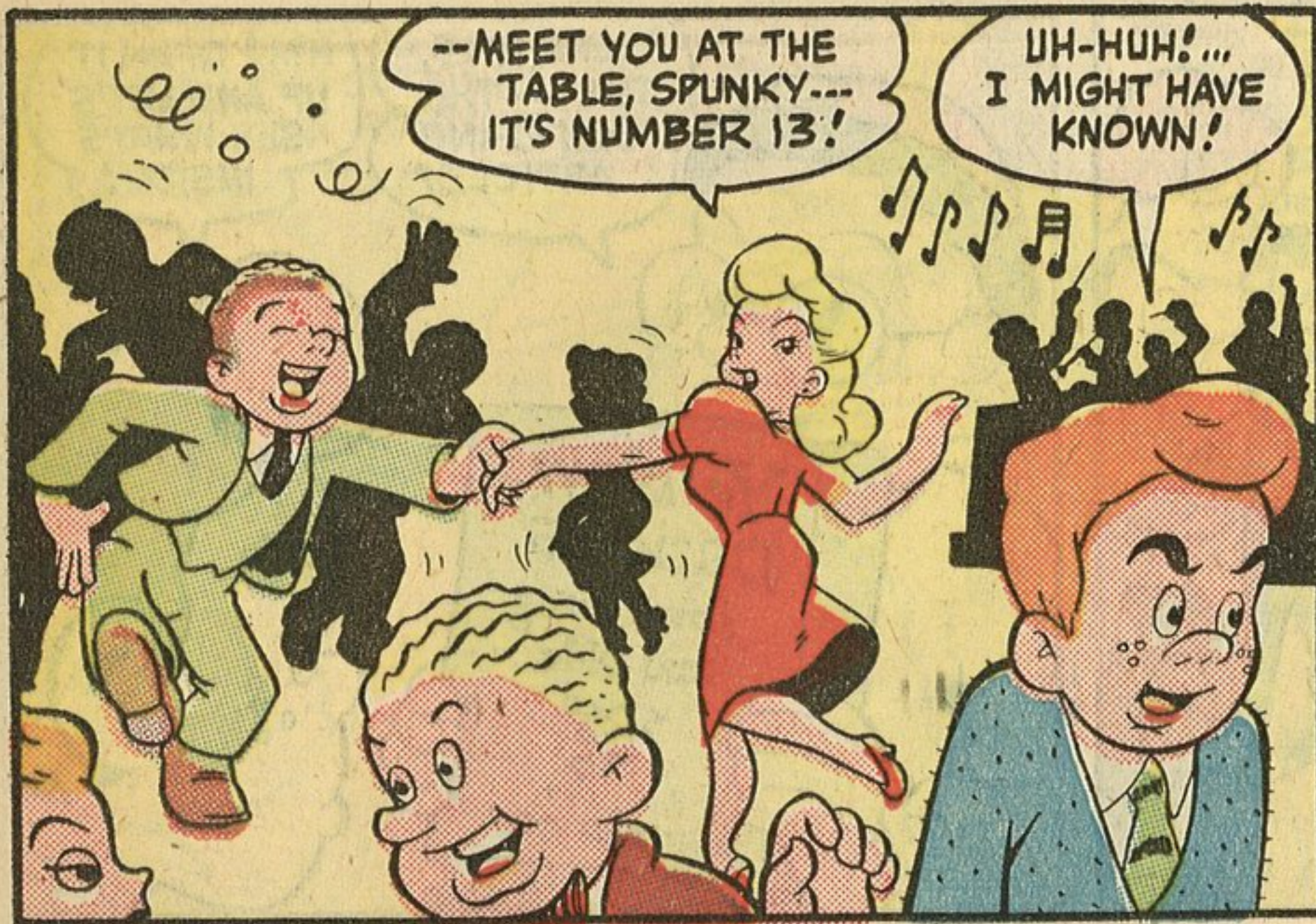


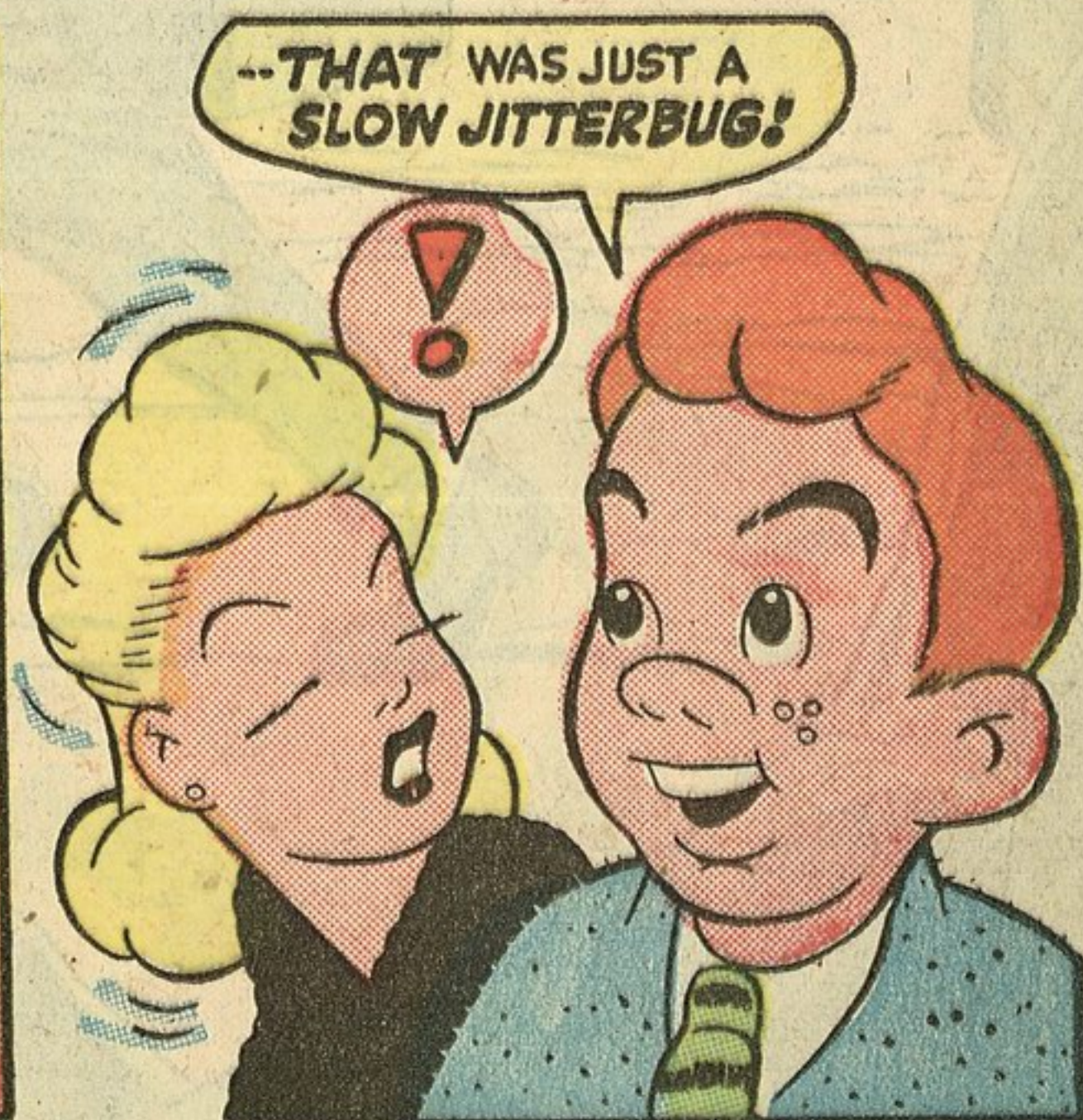
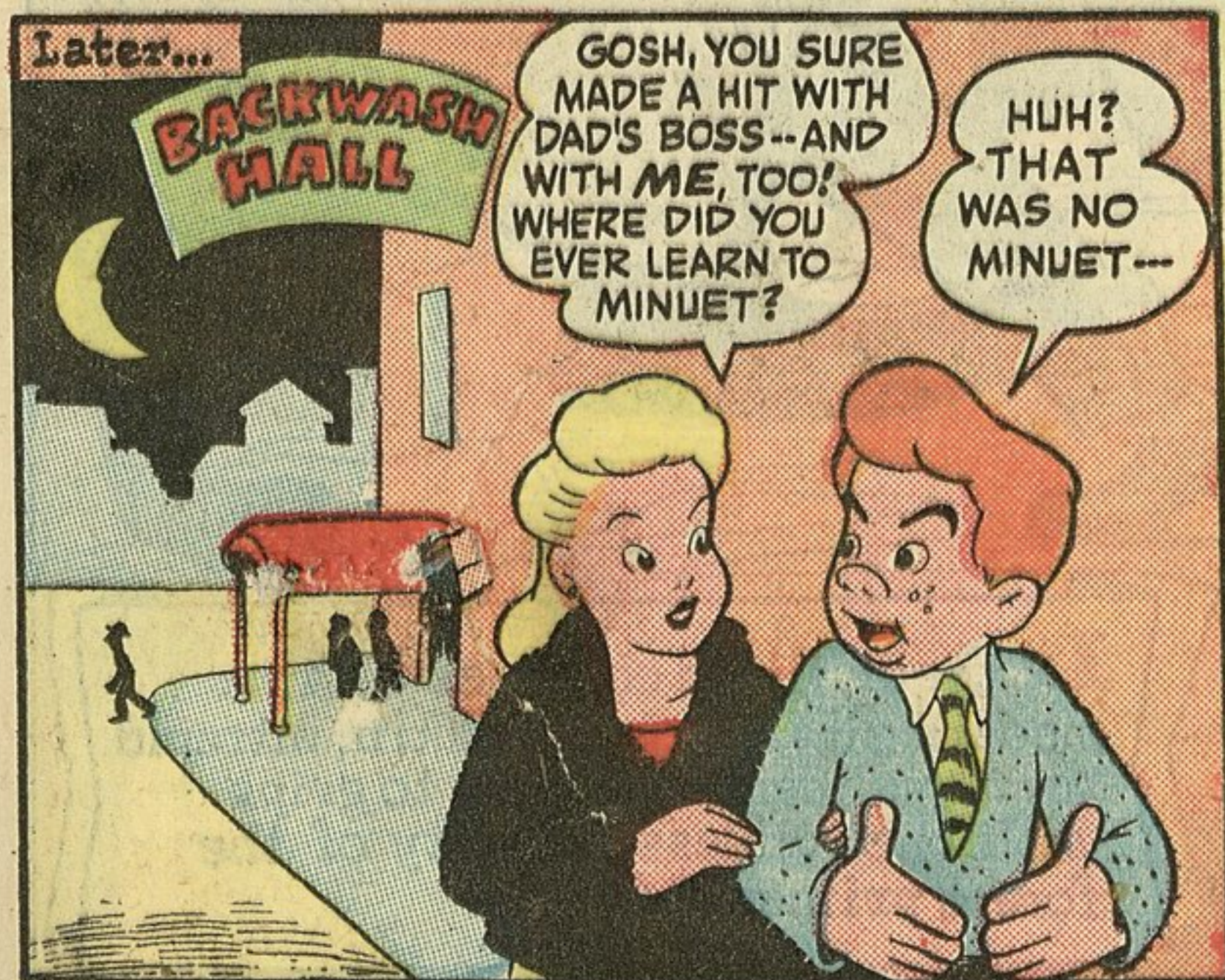
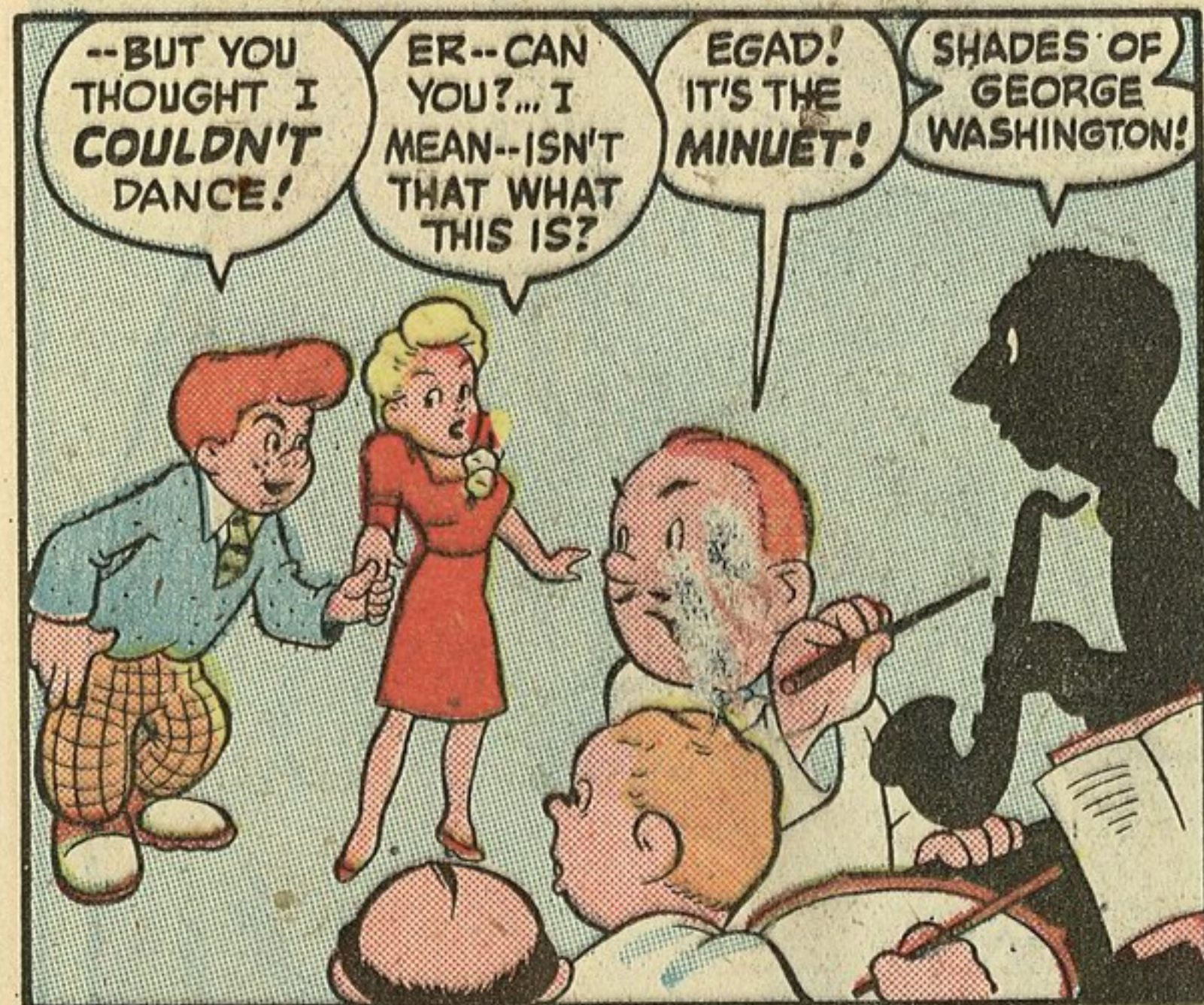
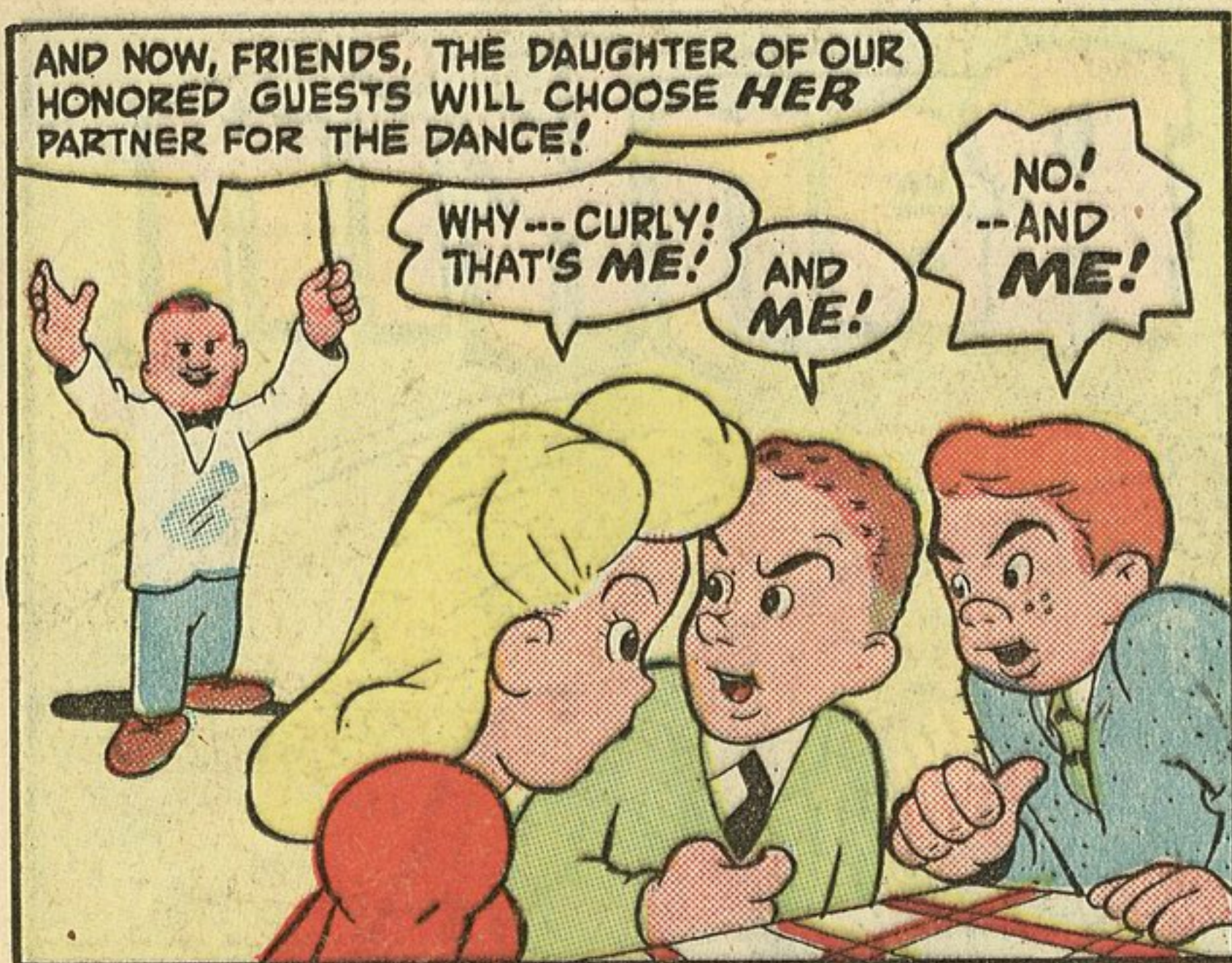








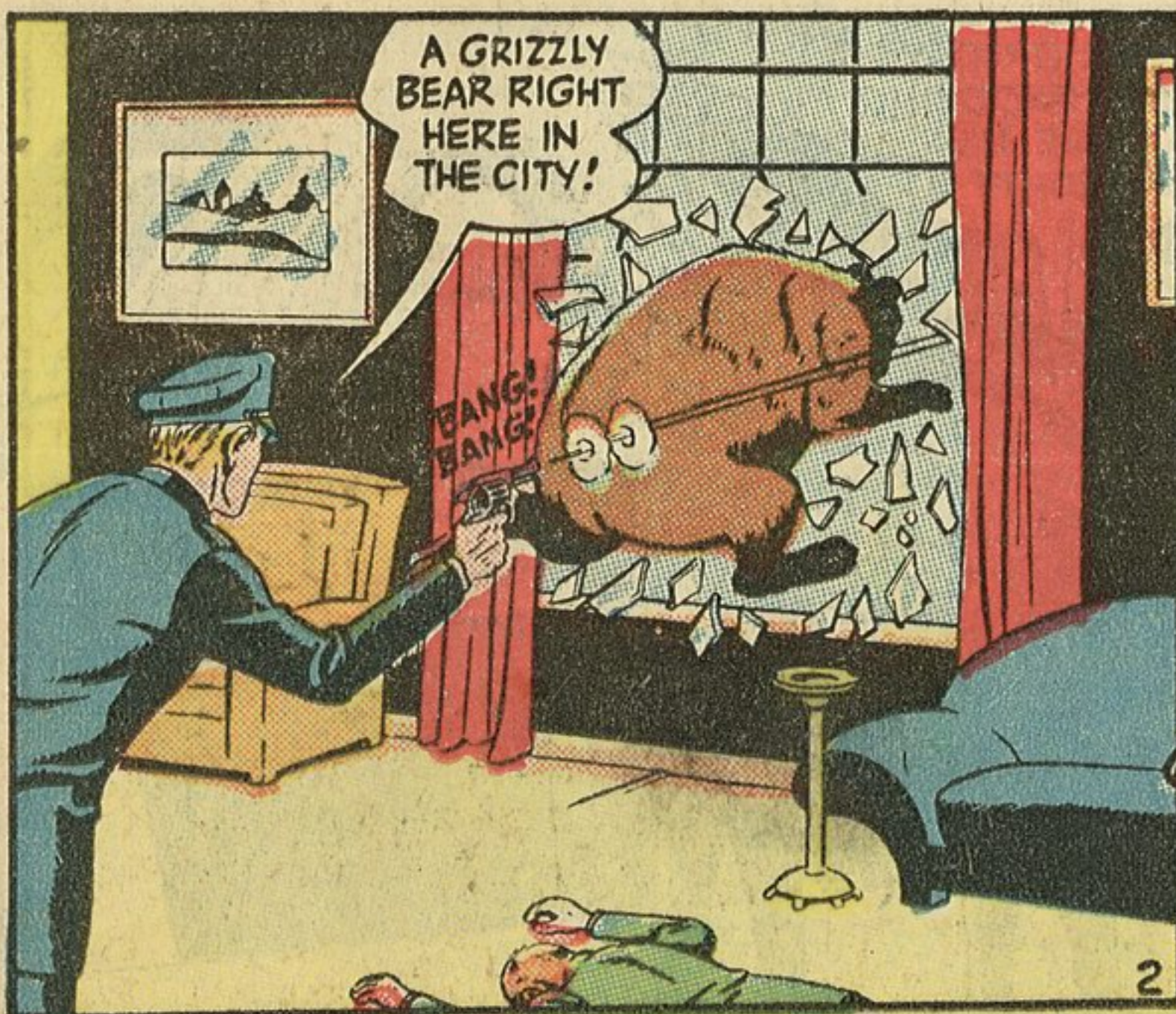
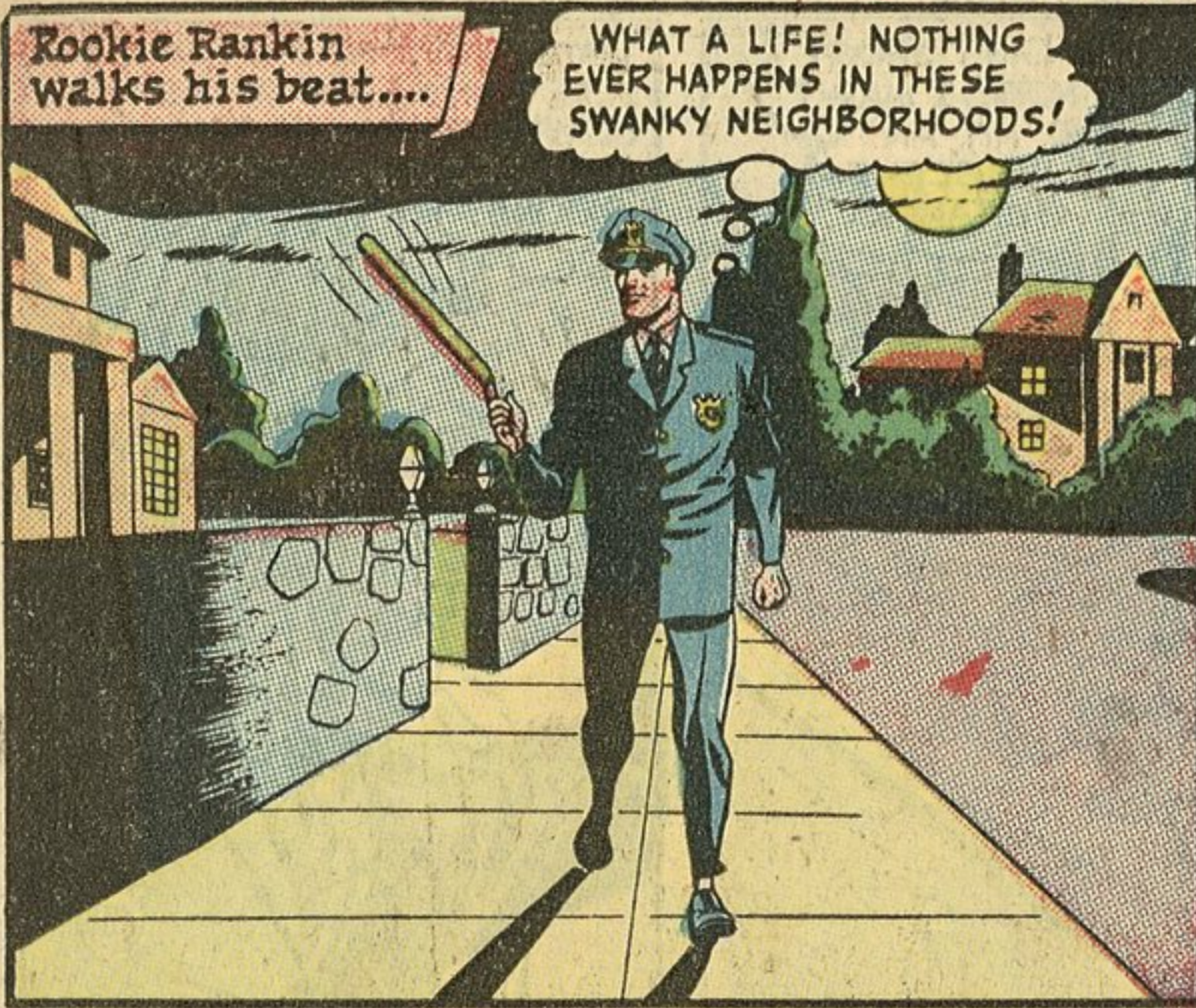




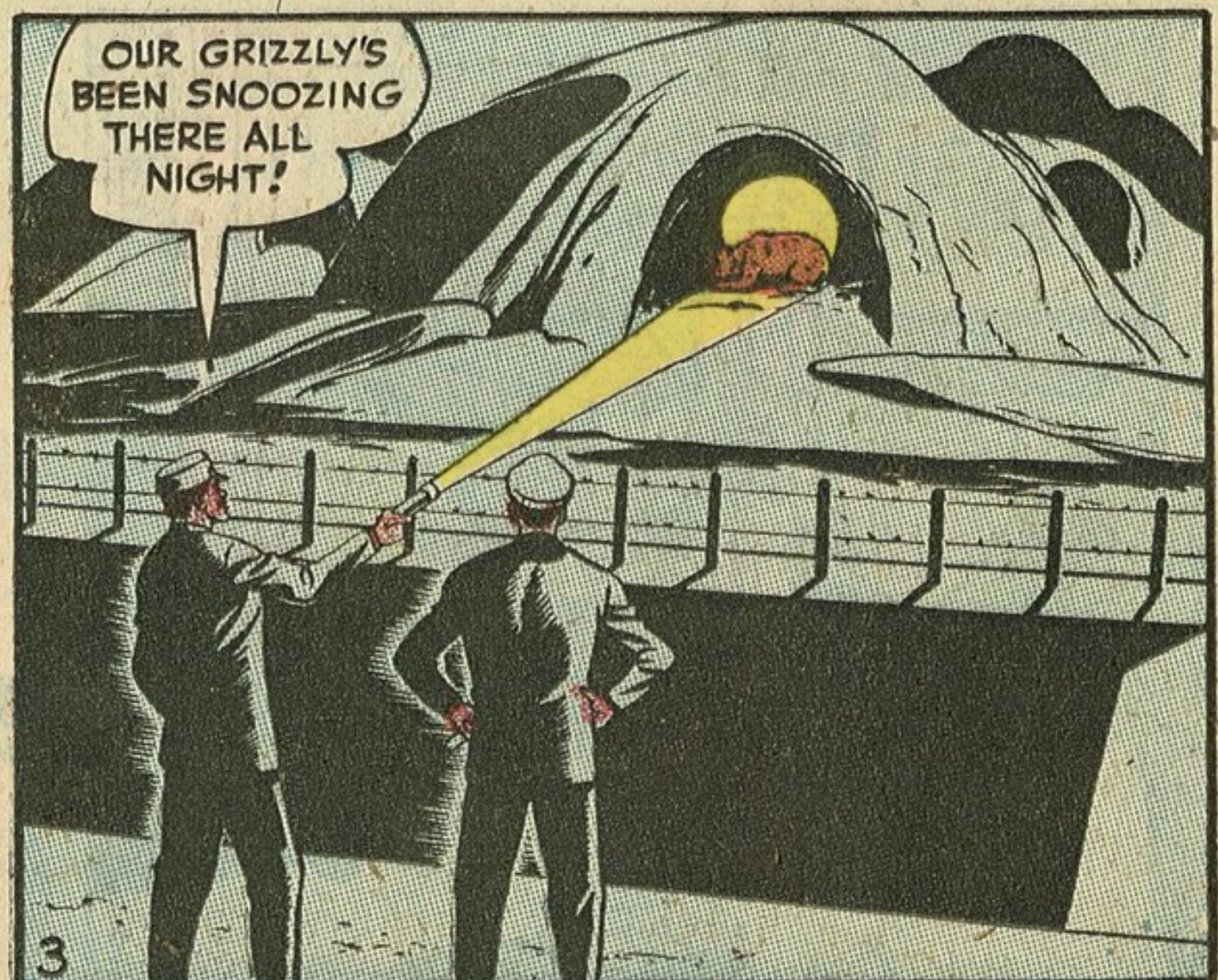
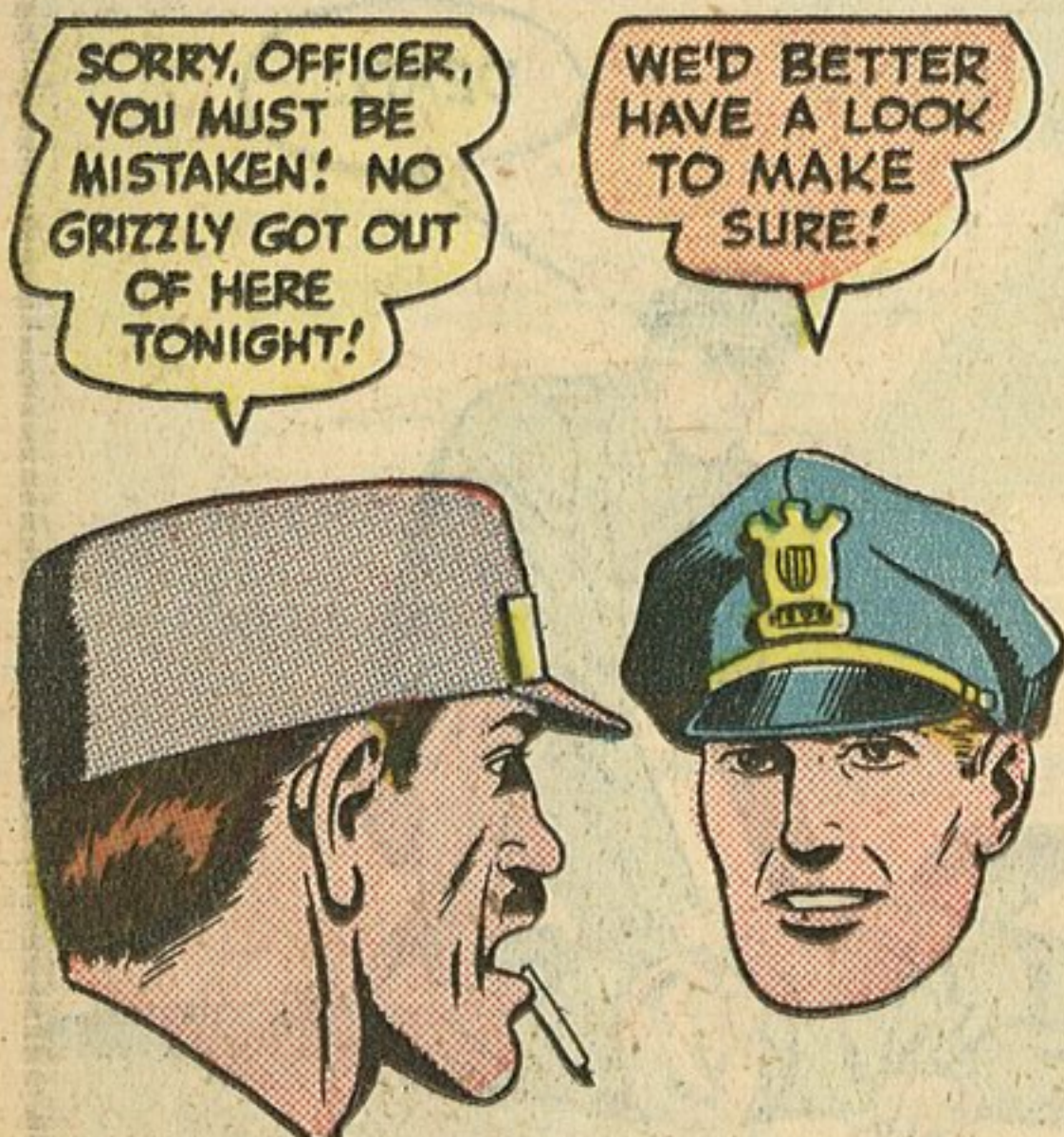
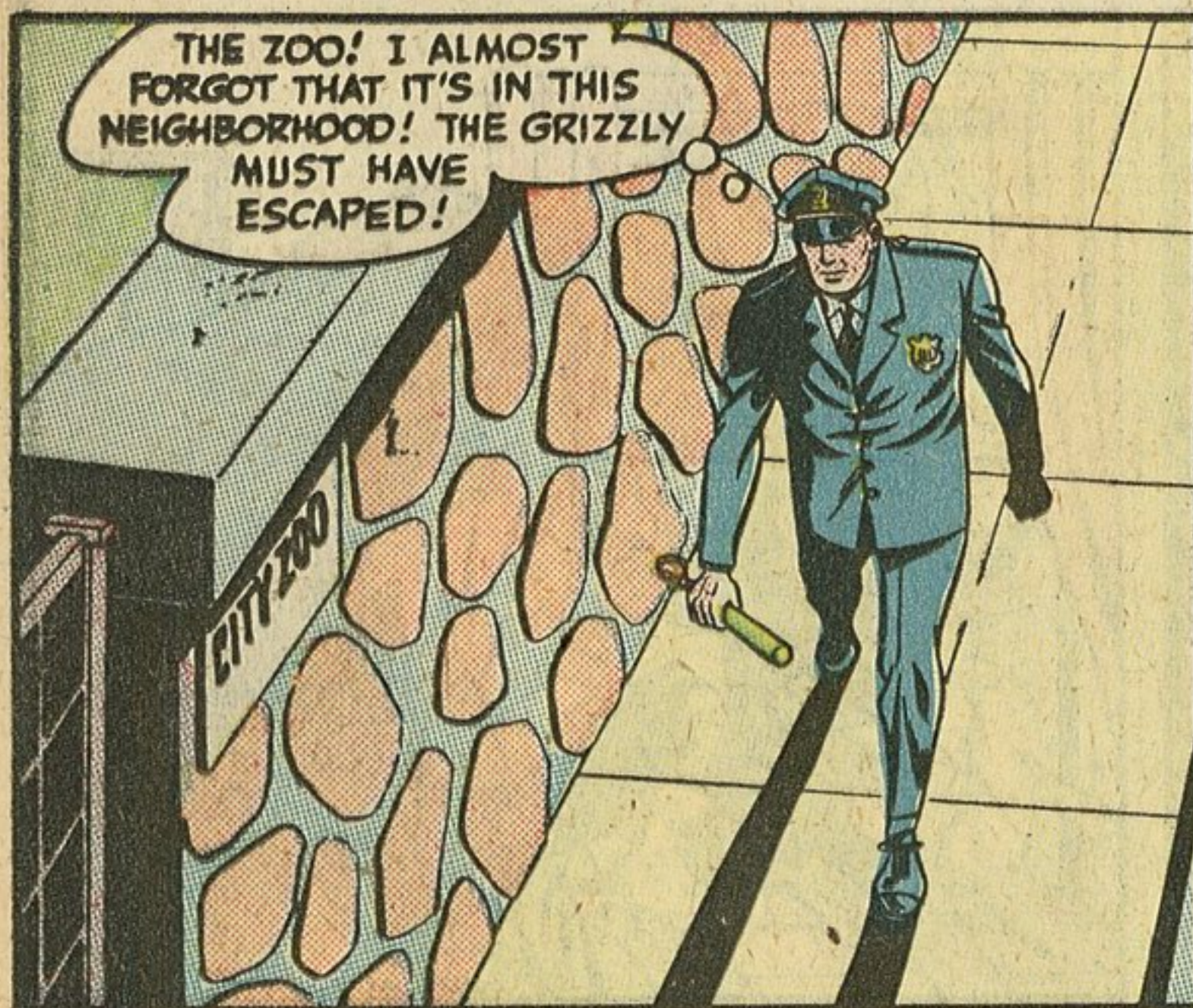
Rookie Rankin



IN the civilized confines of a modern city, Rookie Rankin, intrepid young policeman, comes to grips with the ruthless ferocity of the forest primeval!



SMASH COMICS





EVEN IF HE WERE AMBITIOUS TO SWIM ACROSS THE MOAT, HE COULDN'T GET THROUGH THESE BARS! AND IF HE DID, HE'D HAVE TO TWIST THEM A BIT, WOULDN'T HE?

HMMM! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



STILL, WHERE ELSE WOULD A GRIZZLY BEAR COME FROM? WELL, I'LL MAKE MY REPORT, ANYWAY!



Next day... HERE'S THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S REPORT ON THAT GRIZZLY BEAR KILLING! WANT TO READ IT, ROOKIE?

I SURE DO!



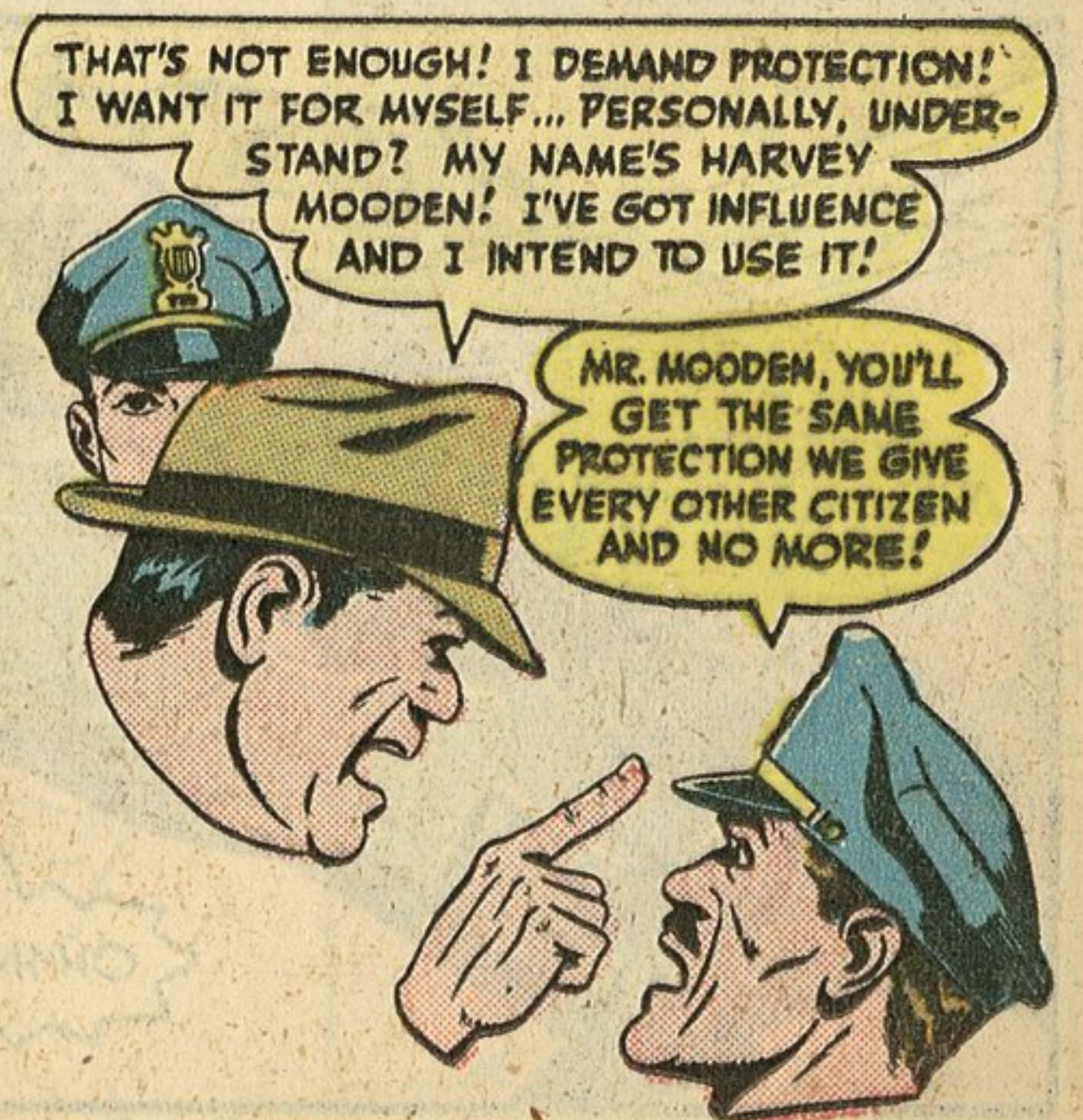
THAT'S ODD! THIS REPORT SAYS MR. HUTCHERS DIED OF STRANGULATION AND HEART FAILURE!

BROTHER, IF YOU DON'T THINK A GRIZZLY BEAR CAN GIVE YOU BOTH THOSE THINGS, MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TRY HUGGING ONE SOMETIME! HAW! HAW!



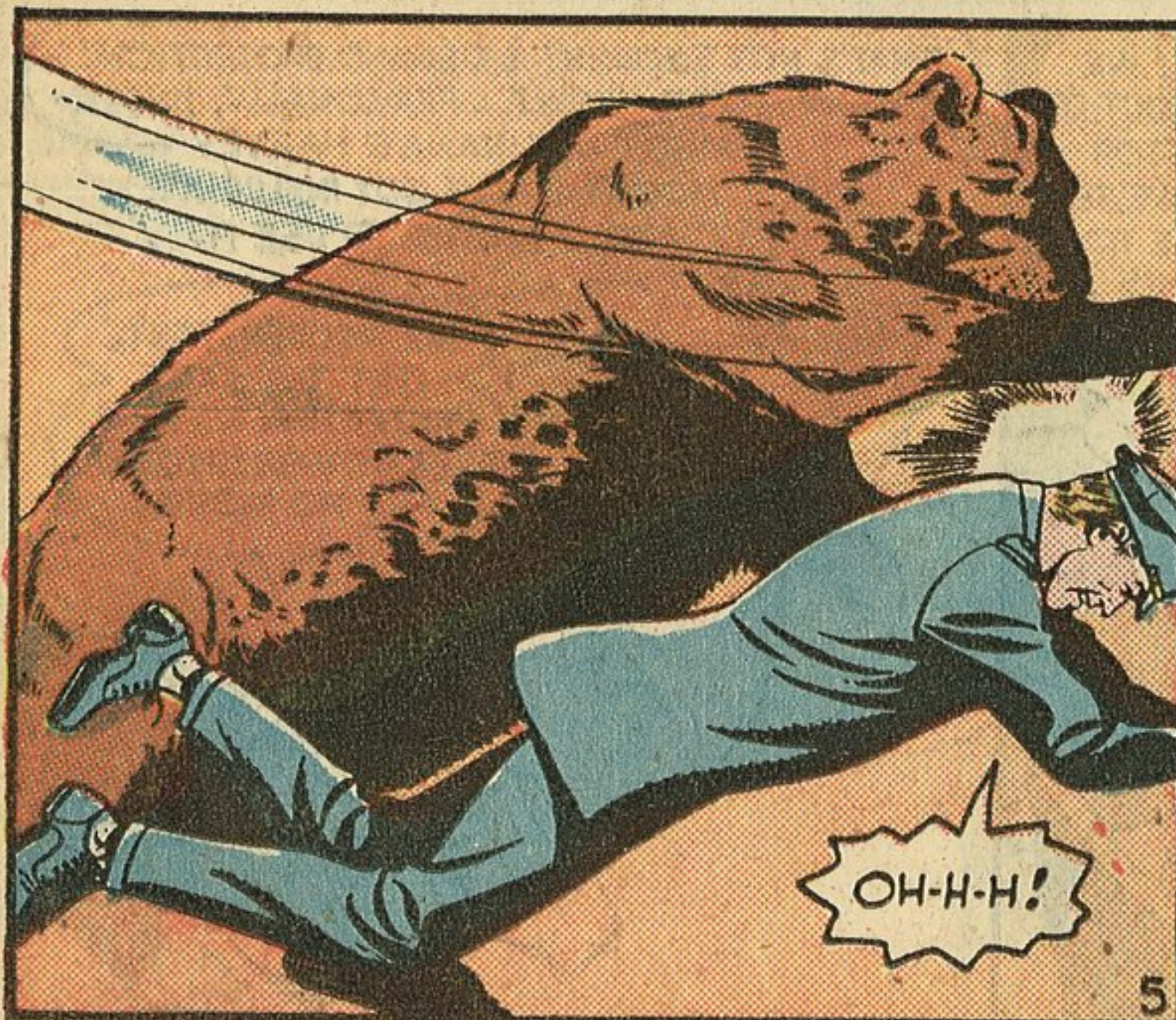
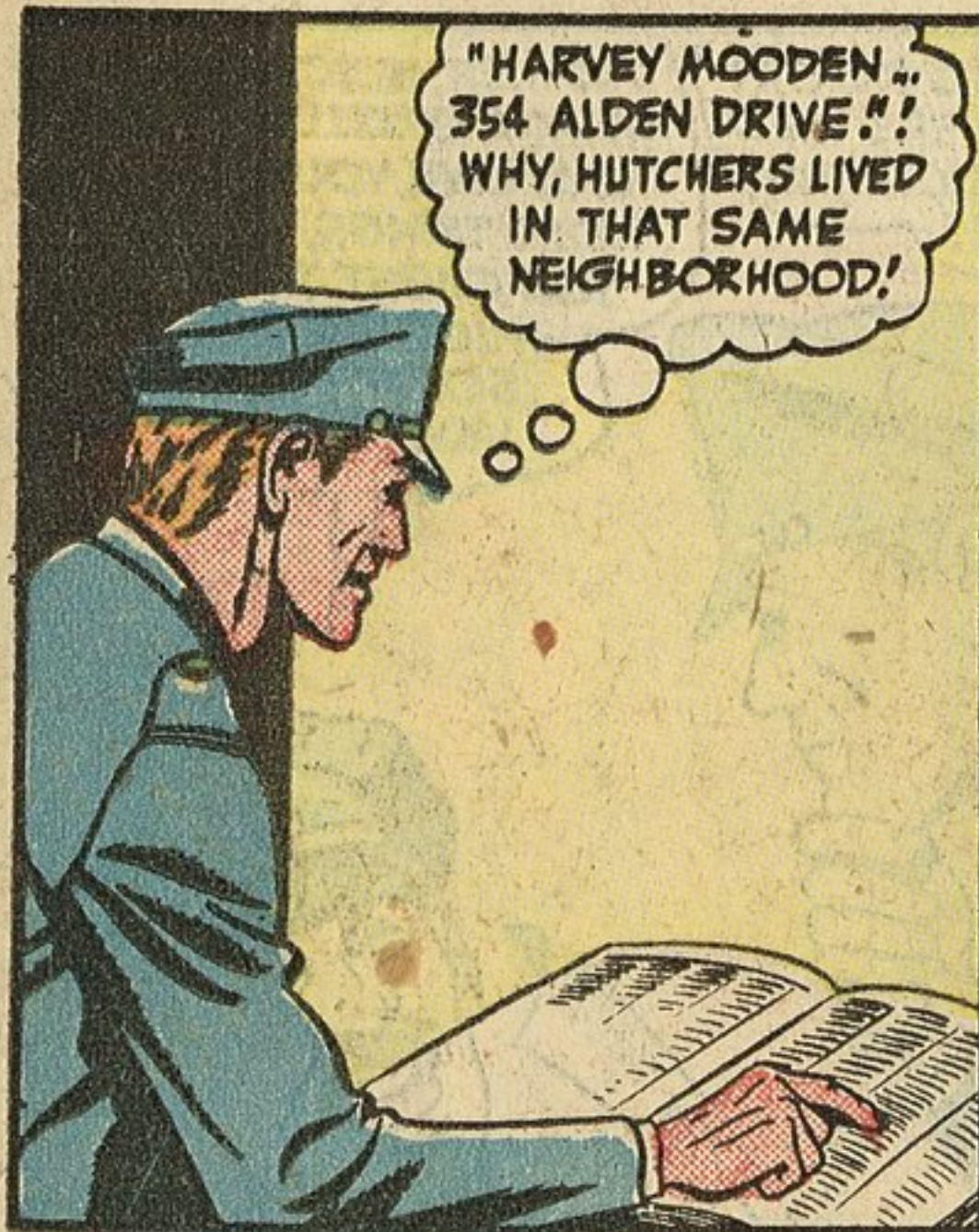
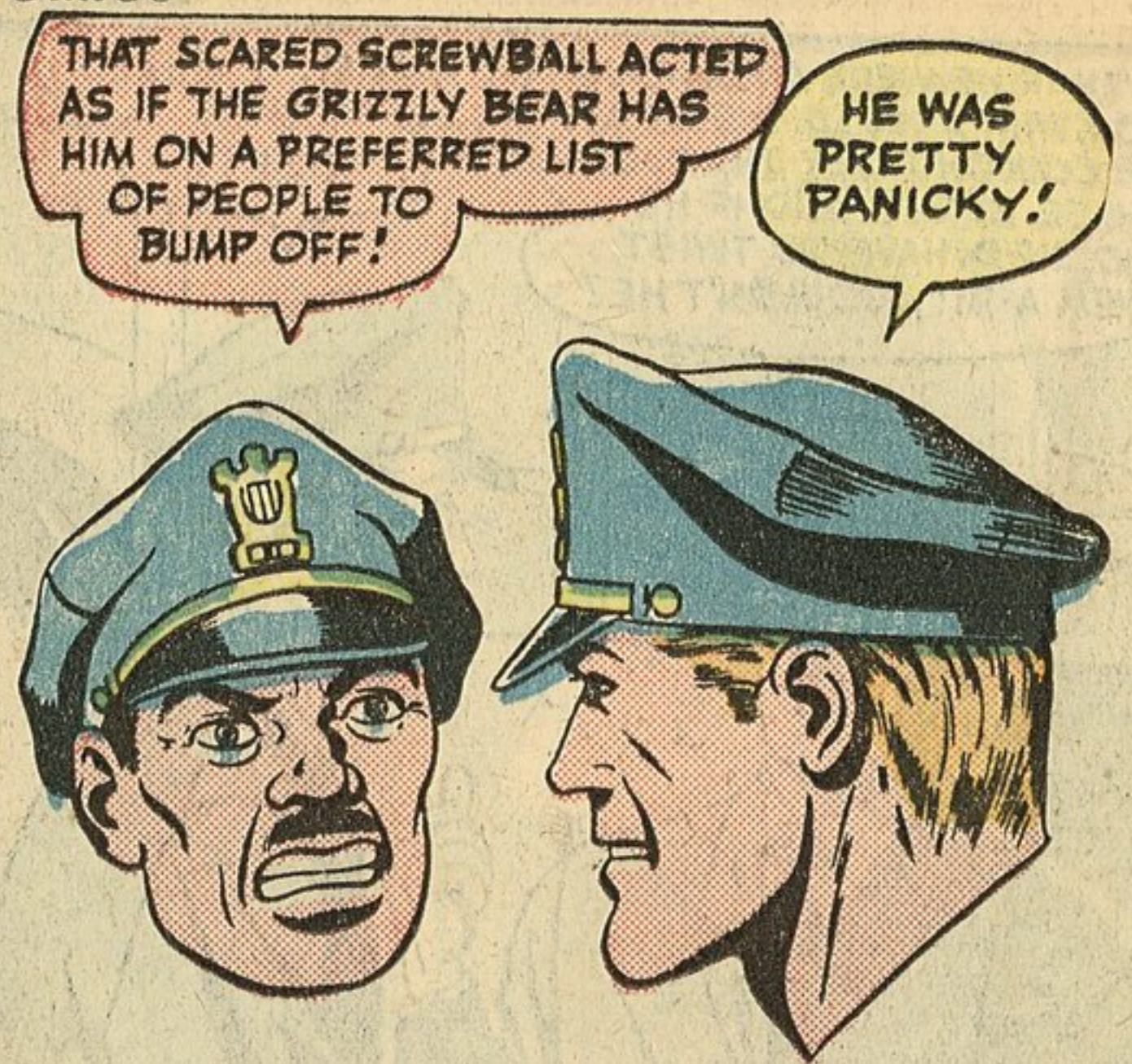
I DEMAND PROTECTION! THIS IS AWFUL! TERRIBLE! THE TAXPAYERS WON'T STAND FOR IT! GRIZZLY BEARS MURDERING PEOPLE! IT'S HORRIBLE!

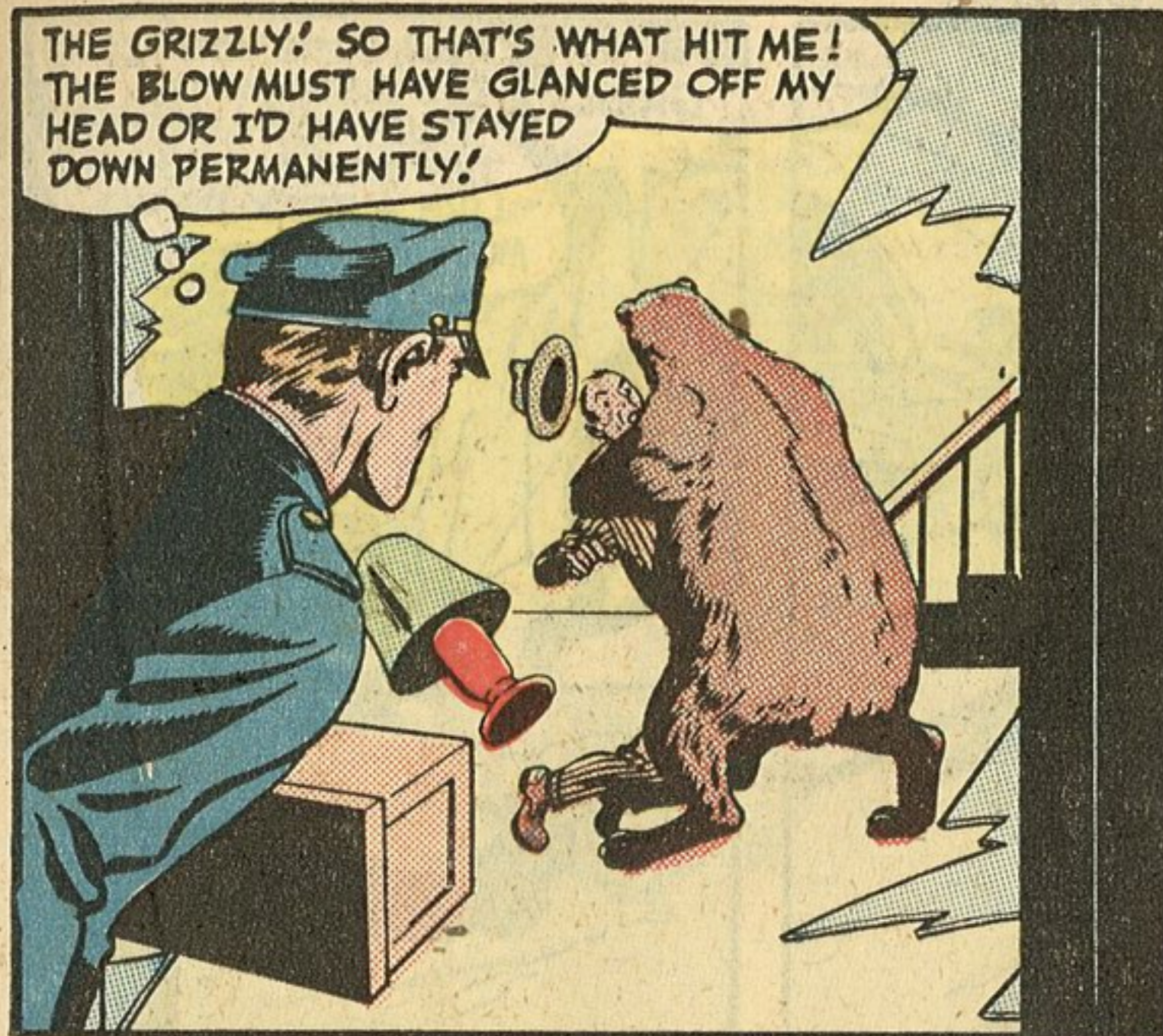
SURE! SURE! WE KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, MISTER! STOP WORRYING! WE'RE GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT THIS TOWN'S TOO HOT FOR GRIZZLY BEARS!



THAT'S NOT ENOUGH! I DEMAND PROTECTION! I WANT IT FOR MYSELF... PERSONALLY, UNDERSTAND? MY NAME'S HARVEY MOODEN! I'VE GOT INFLUENCE AND I INTEND TO USE IT!

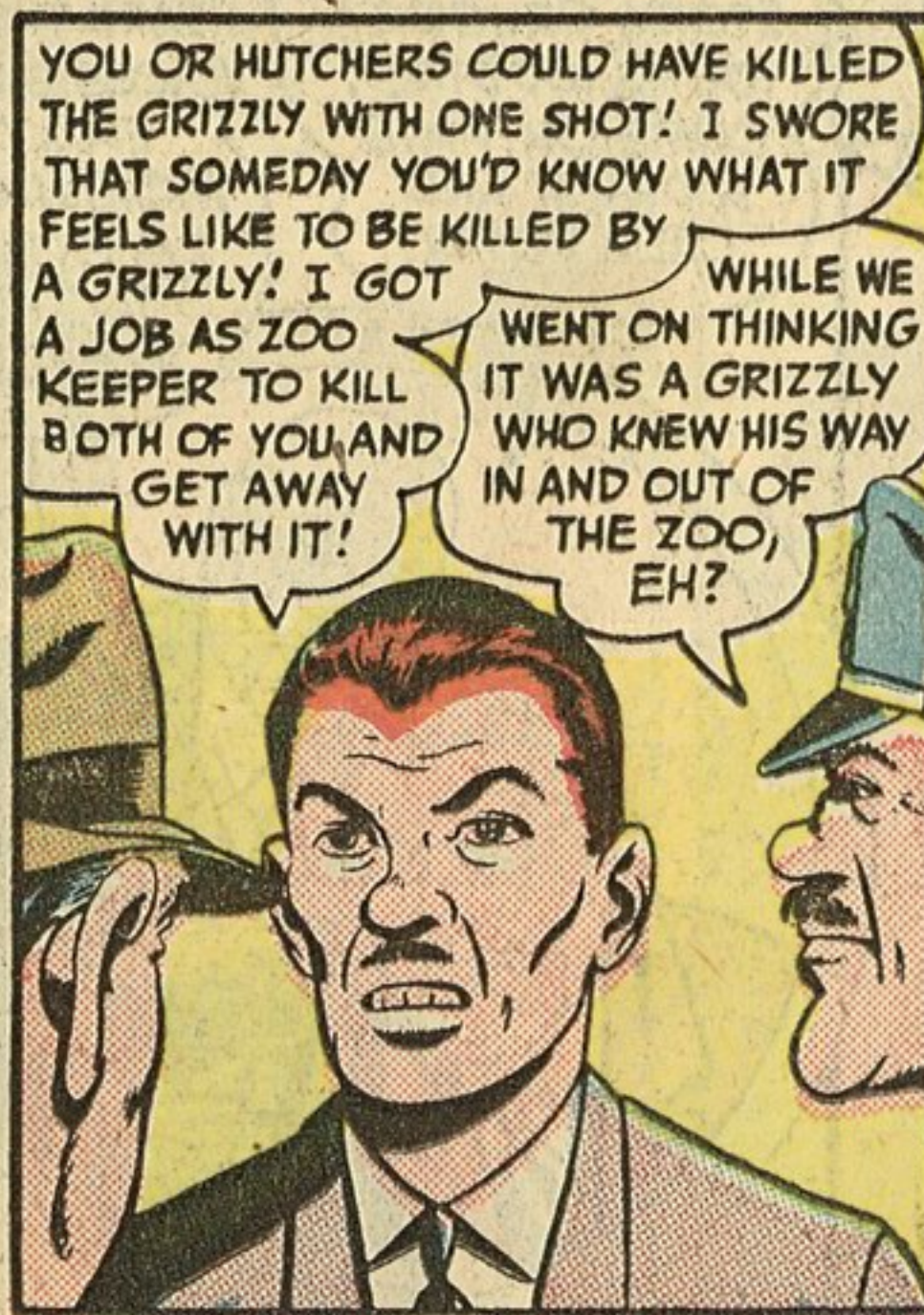
MR. MOODEN, YOU'LL GET THE SAME PROTECTION WE GIVE EVERY OTHER CITIZEN AND NO MORE!





SMASH COMICS





BLACK X

There was once a man who had LIVED TOO LONG... The Voices told him so!



Jon Gruger had cowered in his armchair at the club until he could stand it no longer....

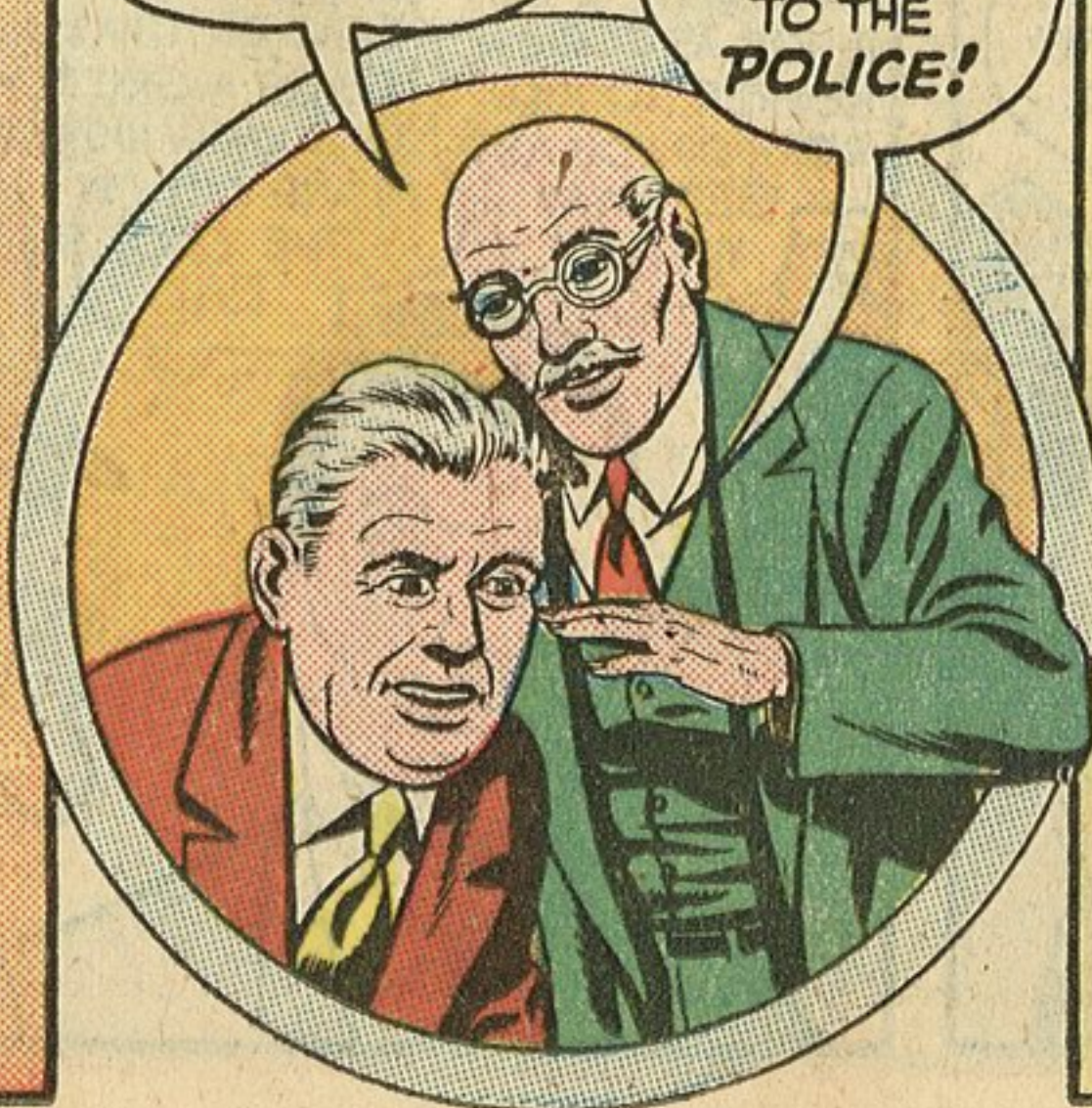
YOU'VE LIVED TOO LONG, GRUGER! TOO LONG, GRUGER, TOO LONG! FAR, FAR TOO LONG, GRUGER!

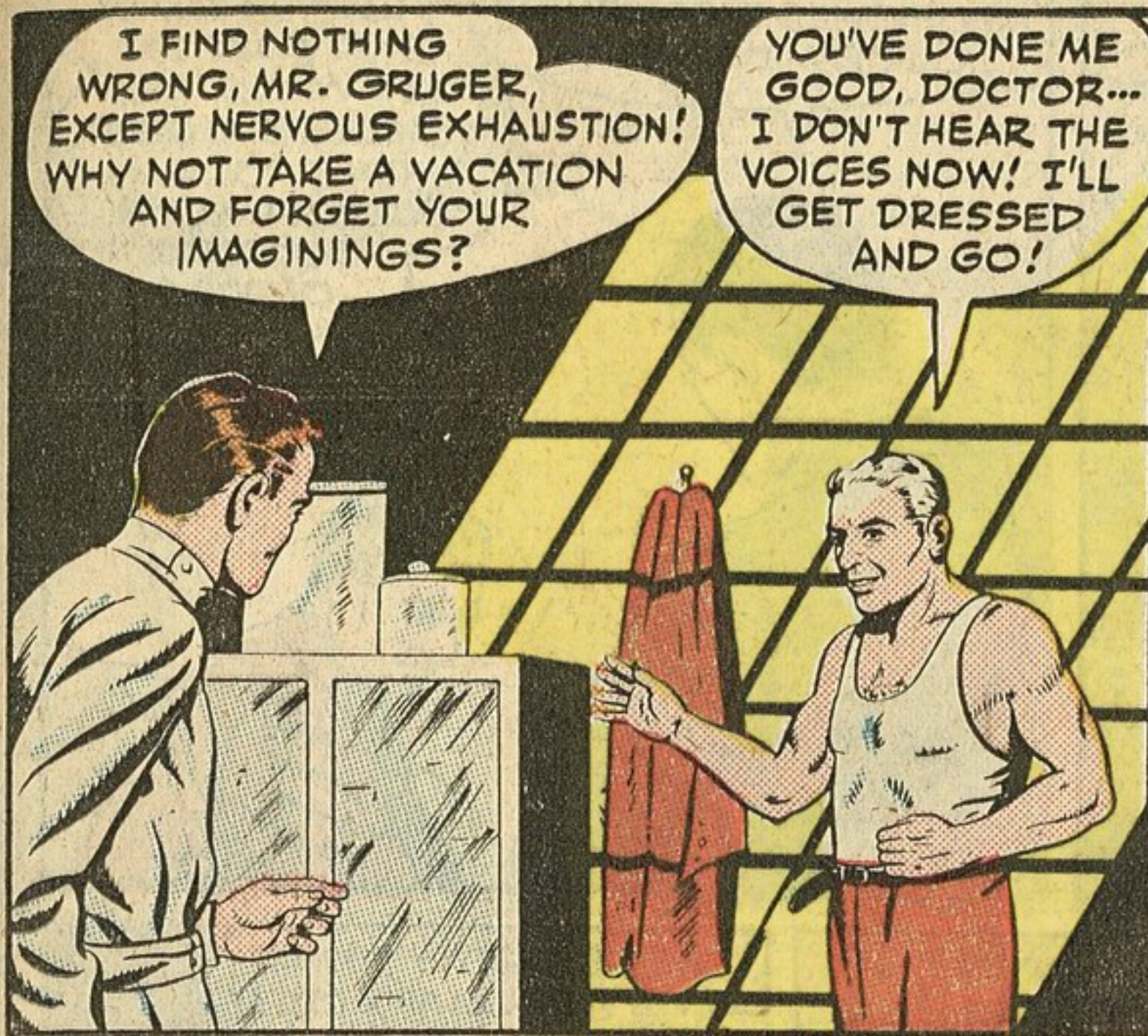
WHAT A FANTASTIC STORY, GRUGER! YOU'RE KIDDING! COME ON, HAVE A DRINK AND CALM DOWN!

NO! I'VE HEARD THOSE VOICES SINCE EARLY MORNING! I'M GOING TO THE POLICE!

LOOK, MISTER, YOU'RE A RICH GUY! MAYBE TOO MUCH BUSINESS WORRY... WHY NOT SEE A DOCTOR?

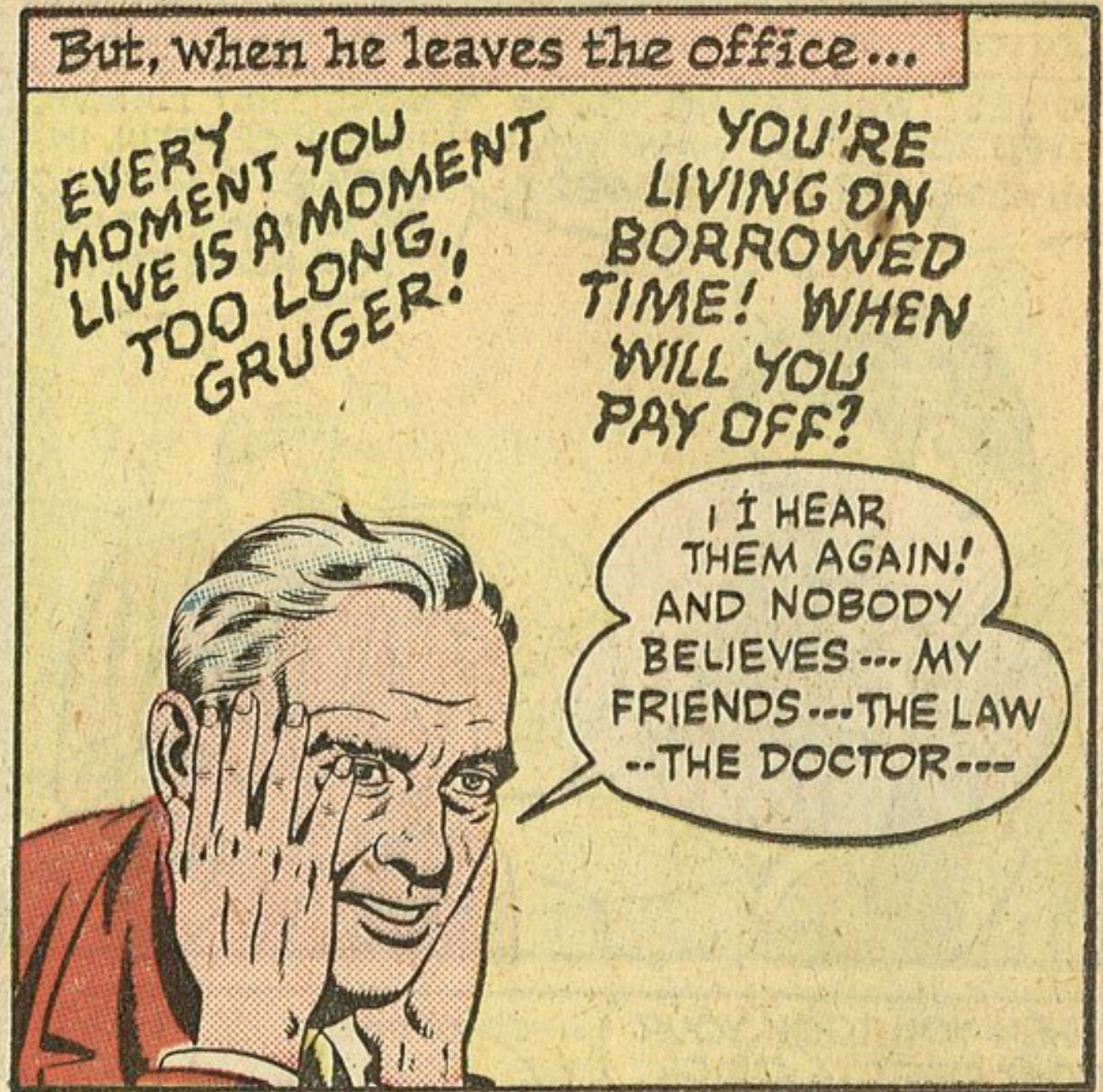
YOU'VE LIVED TOO LONG.... BUT YOU WON'T LIVE MUCH LONGER!





I FIND NOTHING WRONG, MR. GRUGER, EXCEPT NERVOUS EXHAUSTION! WHY NOT TAKE A VACATION AND FORGET YOUR IMAGININGS?

YOU'VE DONE ME GOOD, DOCTOR... I DON'T HEAR THE VOICES NOW! I'LL GET DRESSED AND GO!



But, when he leaves the office...

EVERY MOMENT YOU LIVE IS A MOMENT TOO LONG, GRUGER!

YOU'RE LIVING ON BORROWED TIME! WHEN WILL YOU PAY OFF?

I HEAR THEM AGAIN! AND NOBODY BELIEVES... MY FRIENDS... THE LAW... THE DOCTOR...

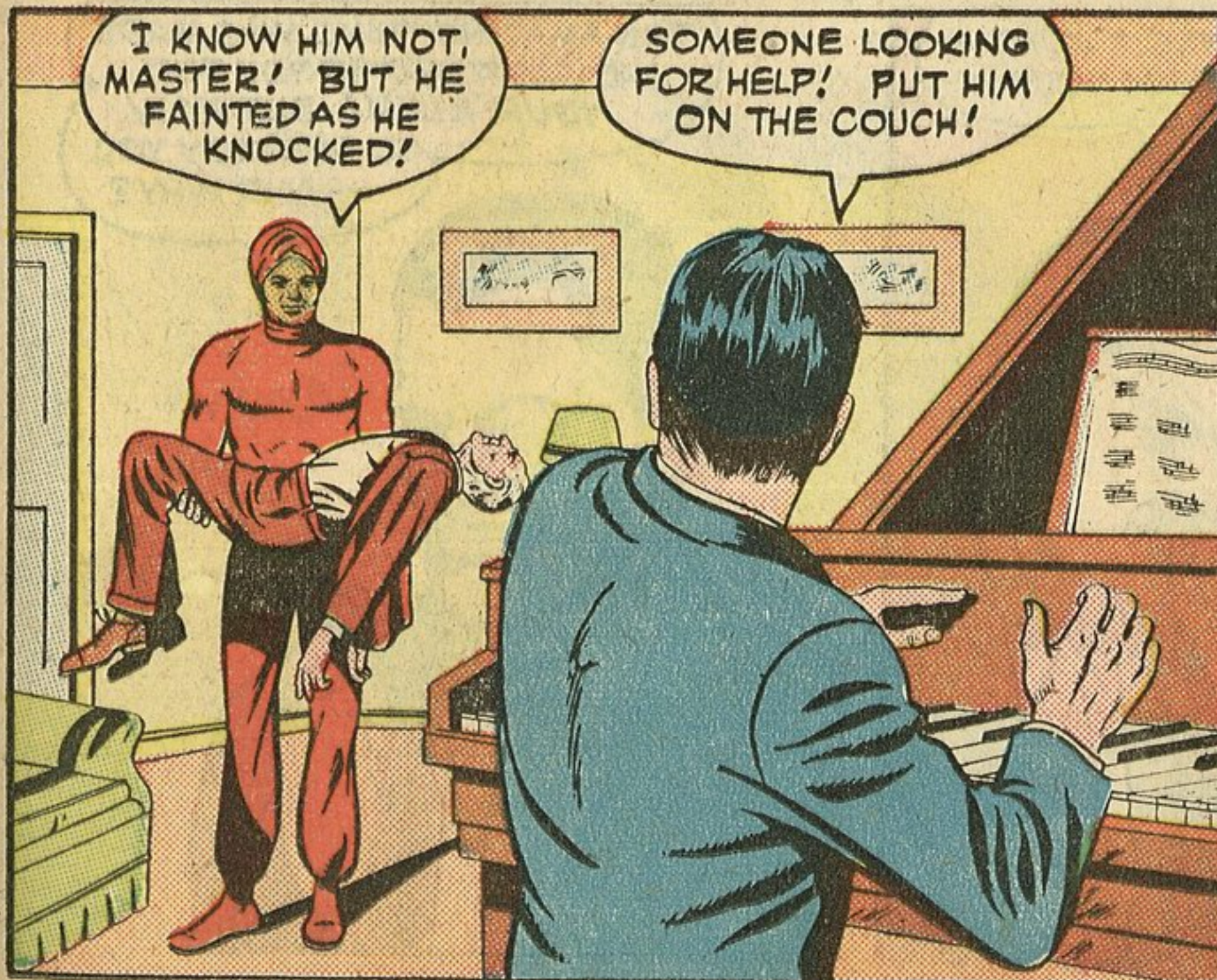
TOO LONG, BUT NOT GRUGER, BUT NOT MUCH LONGER! HA-HA-HA-HA!

MY ONLY HOPE IS BLACK X WHO CAN SOLVE ANY MYSTERY!



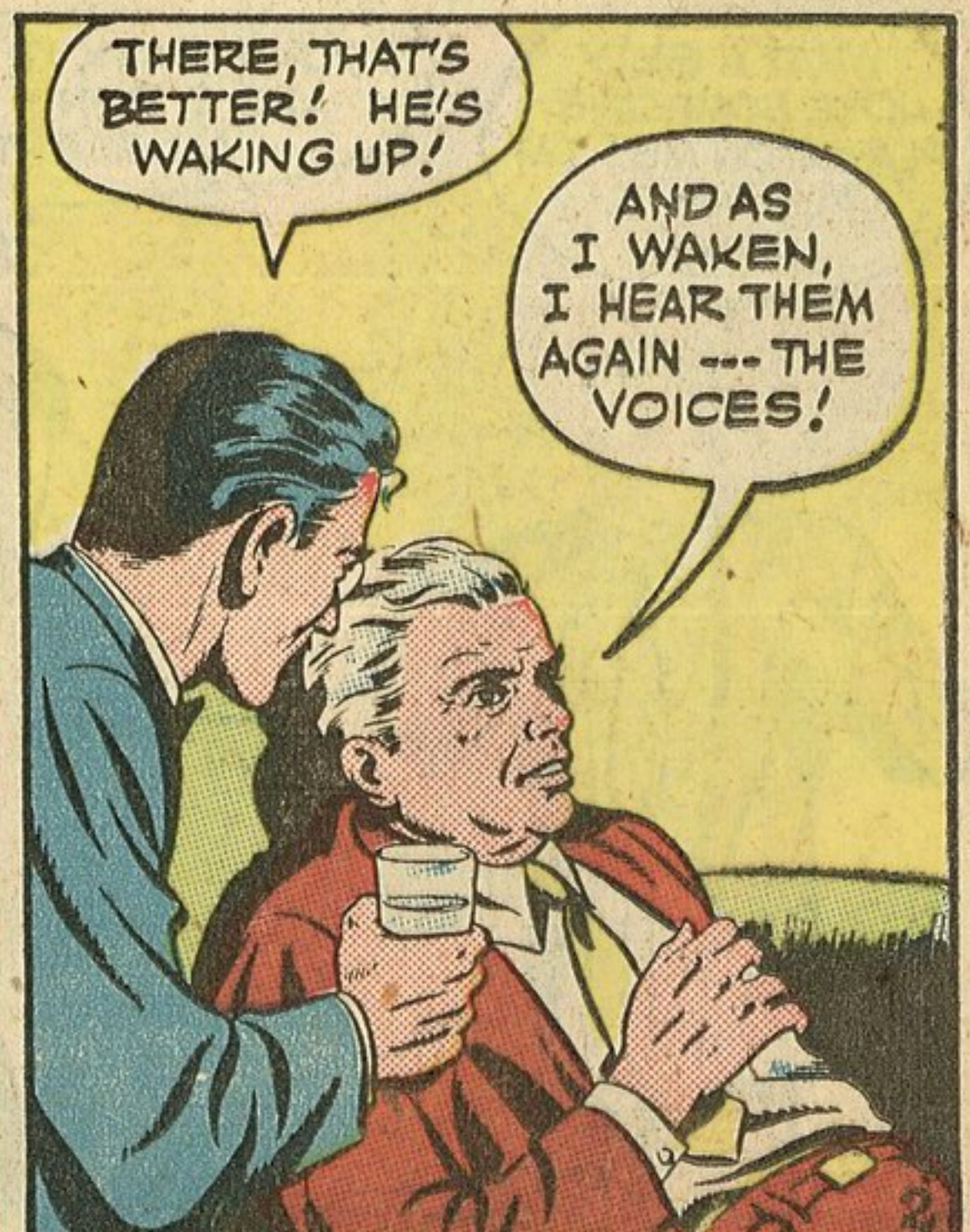
YOU KNOCKED, SIR?

OHHHH!



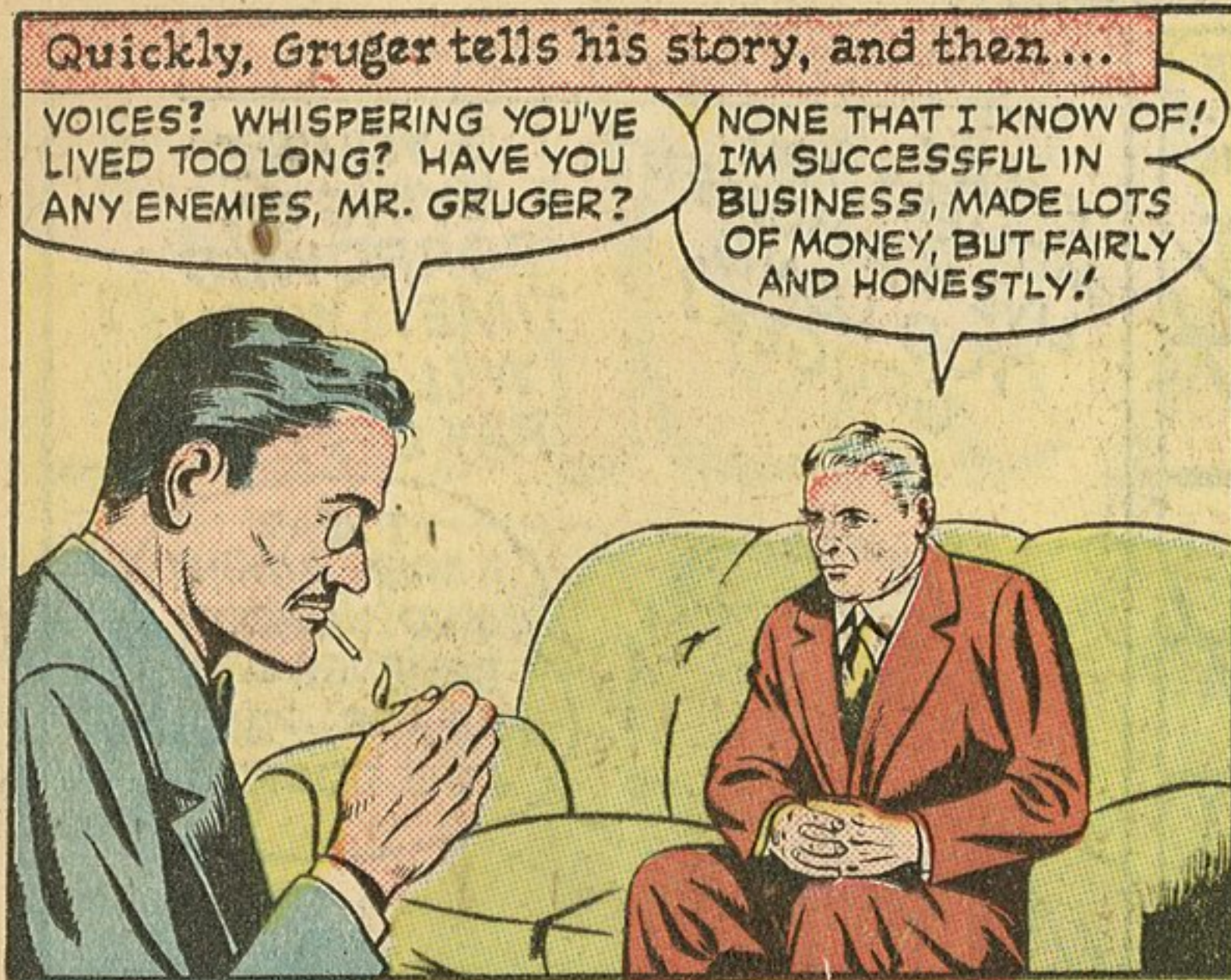
I KNOW HIM NOT, MASTER! BUT HE FAINTED AS HE KNOCKED!

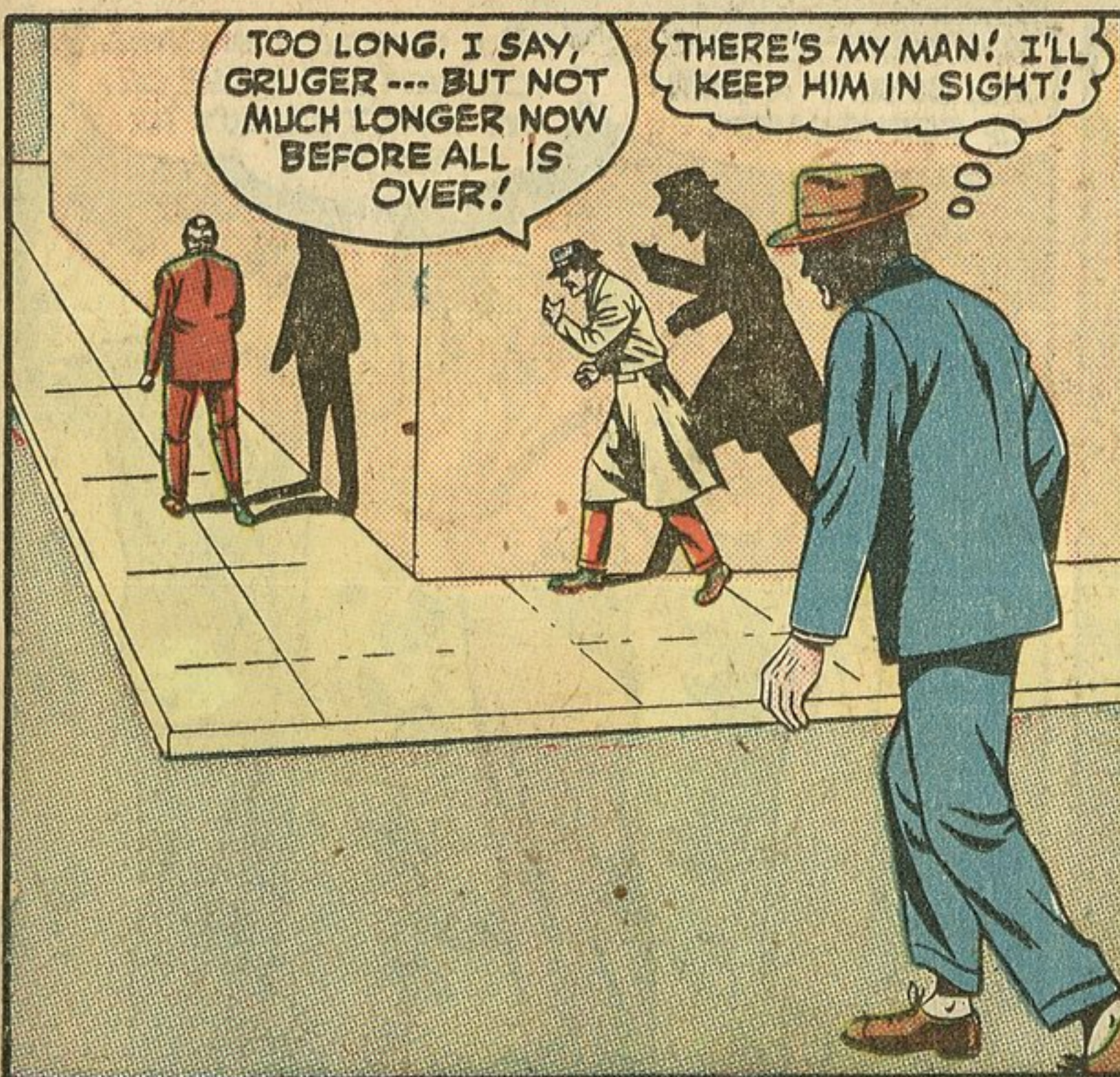
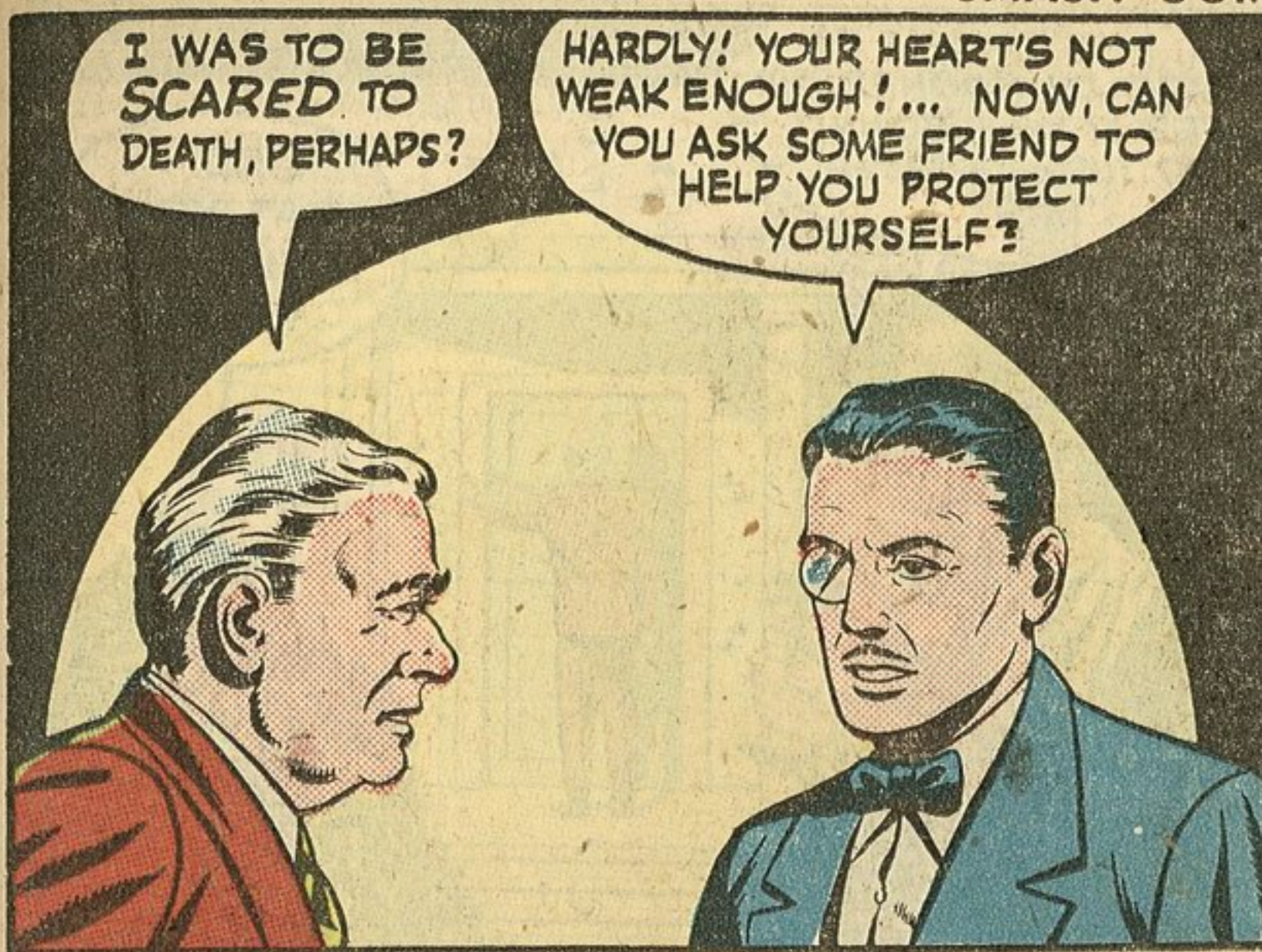
SOMEONE LOOKING FOR HELP! PUT HIM ON THE COUCH!



THERE, THAT'S BETTER! HE'S WAKING UP!

AND AS I WAKEN, I HEAR THEM AGAIN... THE VOICES!





HE'S SO BUSY FOLLOWING THE GUY WHO'S FOLLOWING GRUGER, HE DOESN'T SPOT ME!



AH, HE'S CALLING ON ROMBOLD! SOONER OR LATER IT WAS BOUND TO TURN OUT LIKE THIS!



LIKE WHAT, YOU WHISPERING WEASEL?

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO TELL ALL ABOUT THIS ROTTEN TRICK, AND WHO PUT YOU UP TO IT!

I'LL SMASH YOUR SKULL, YOU---



I'VE HEARD SO MANY FOOLS TELL IN ADVANCE WHAT THEY'D DO!



I'LL ONLY HINT WHAT WILL HAPPEN UNLESS YOU---

I'M JUST IN TIME TO SOOTHE YOUR PAL DOWN, HUH, LURKER?

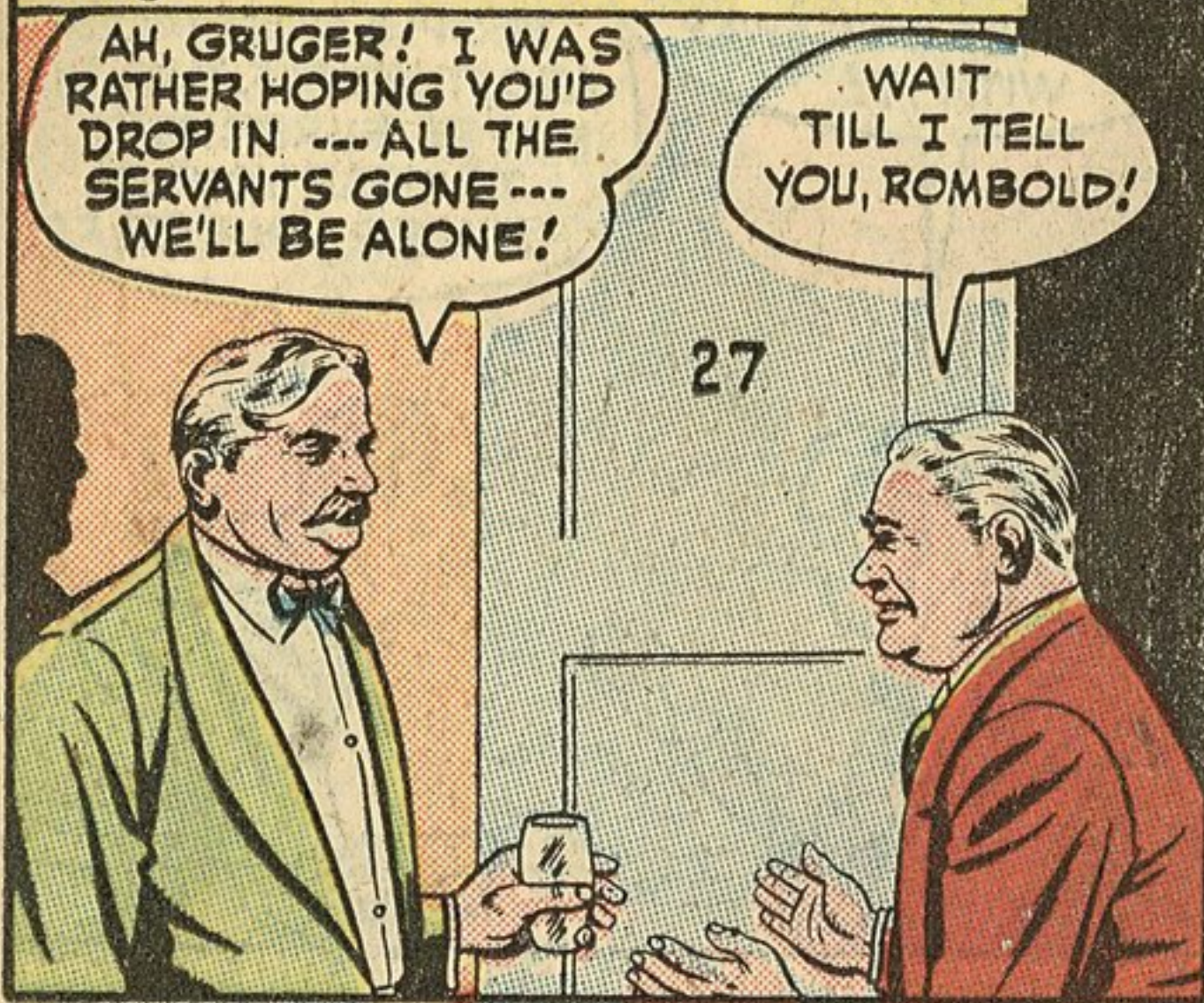


YOU WERE FOLLOWING ME, BURLY? A SORT OF BODYGUARD?

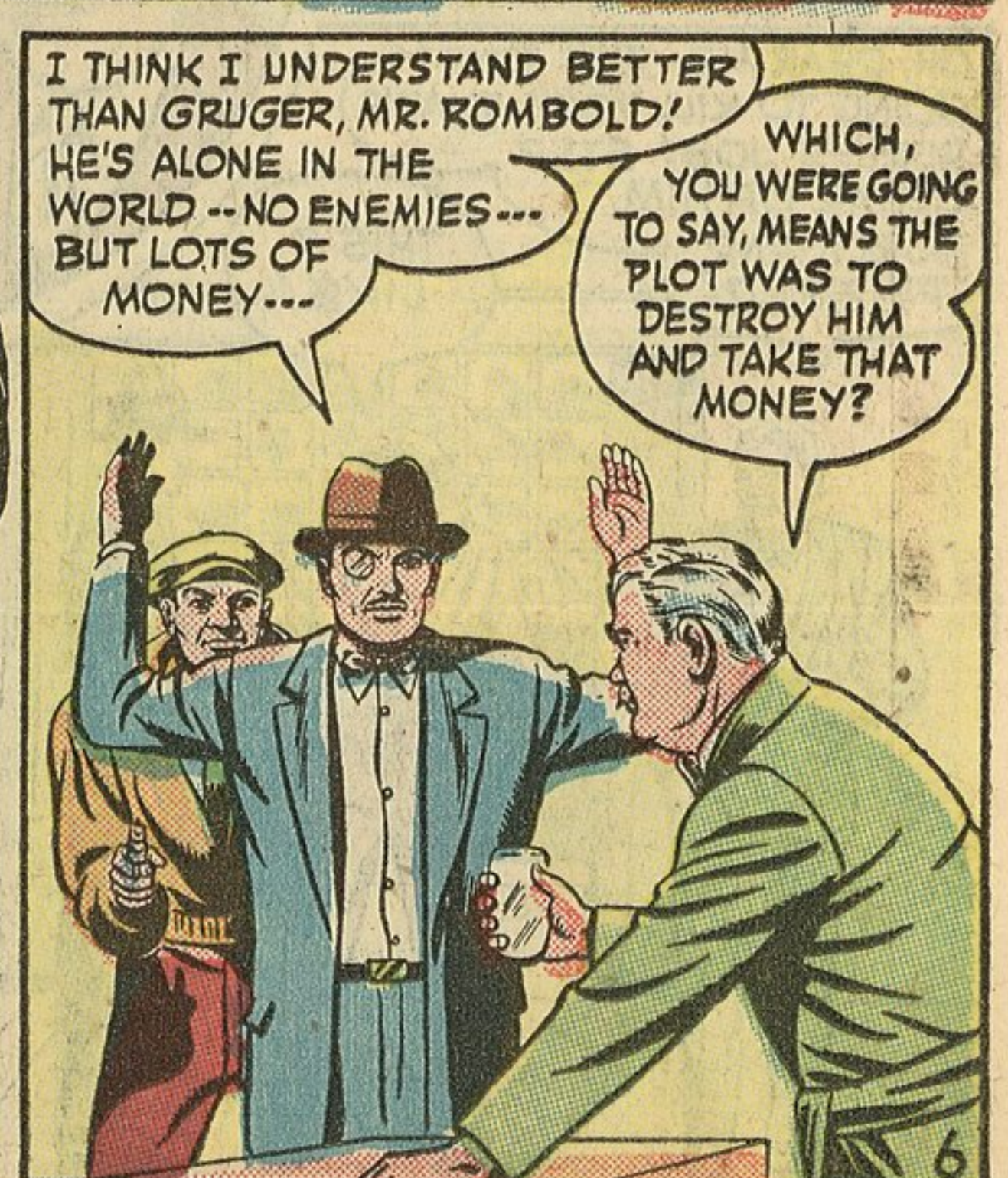
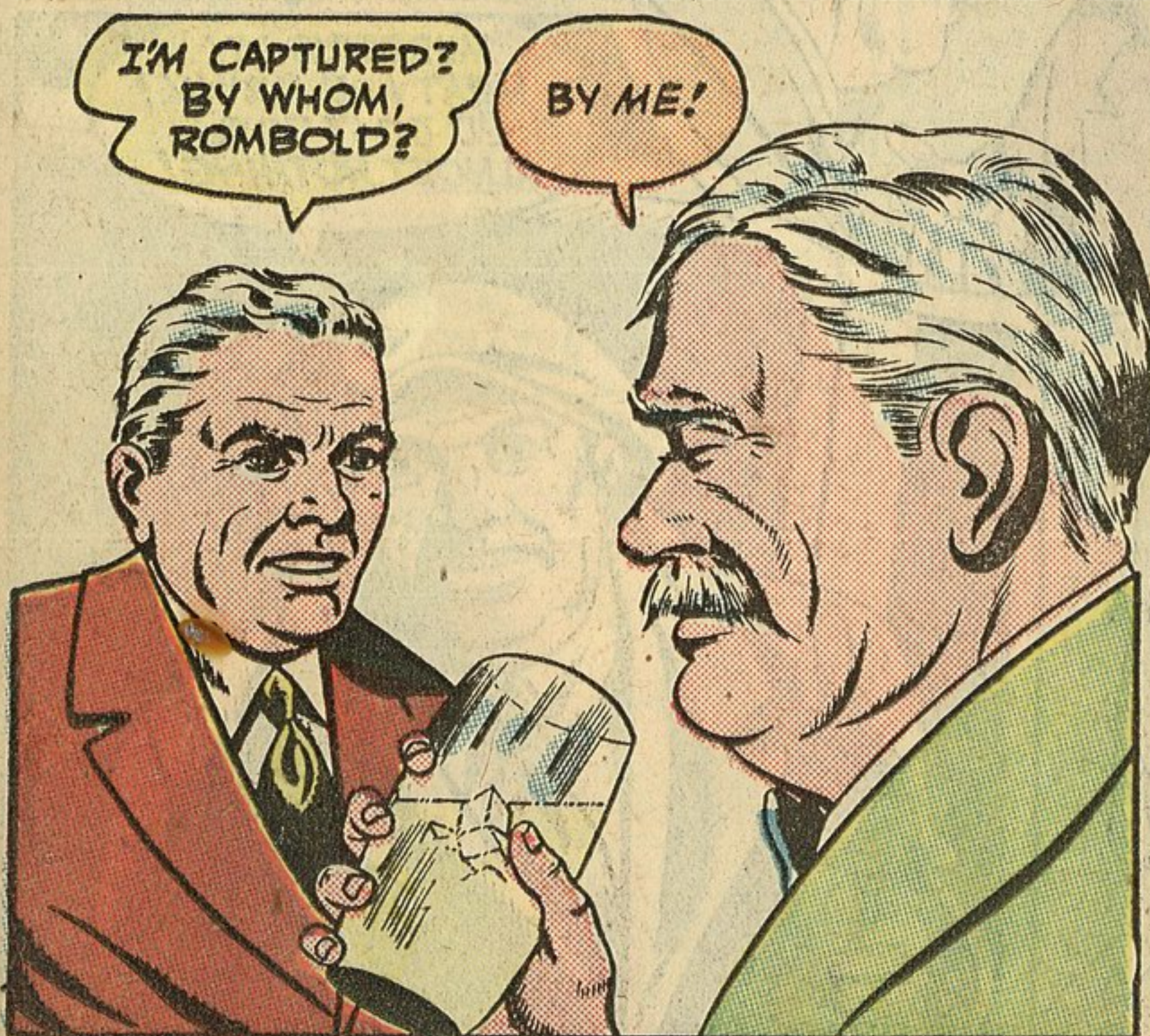
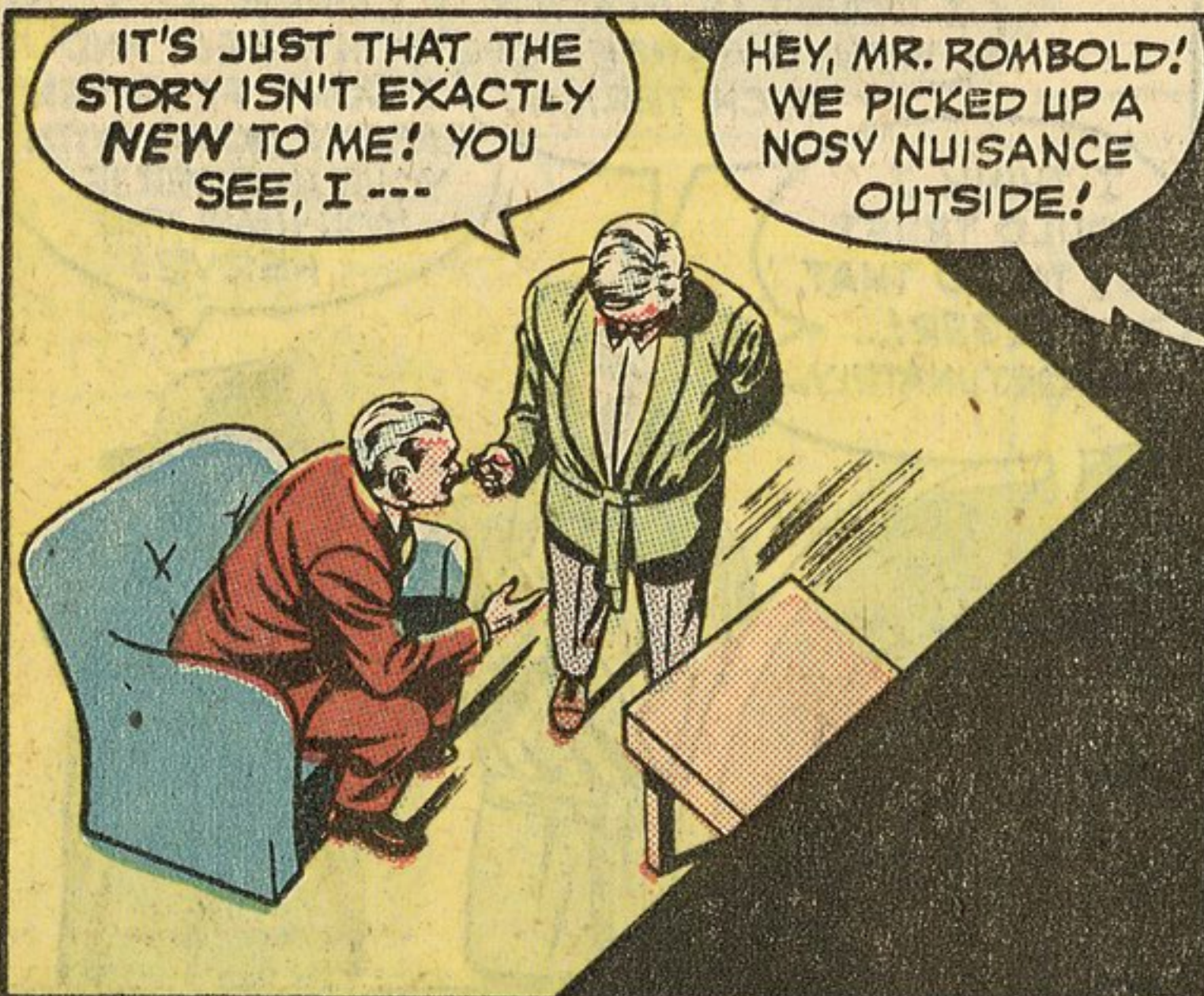
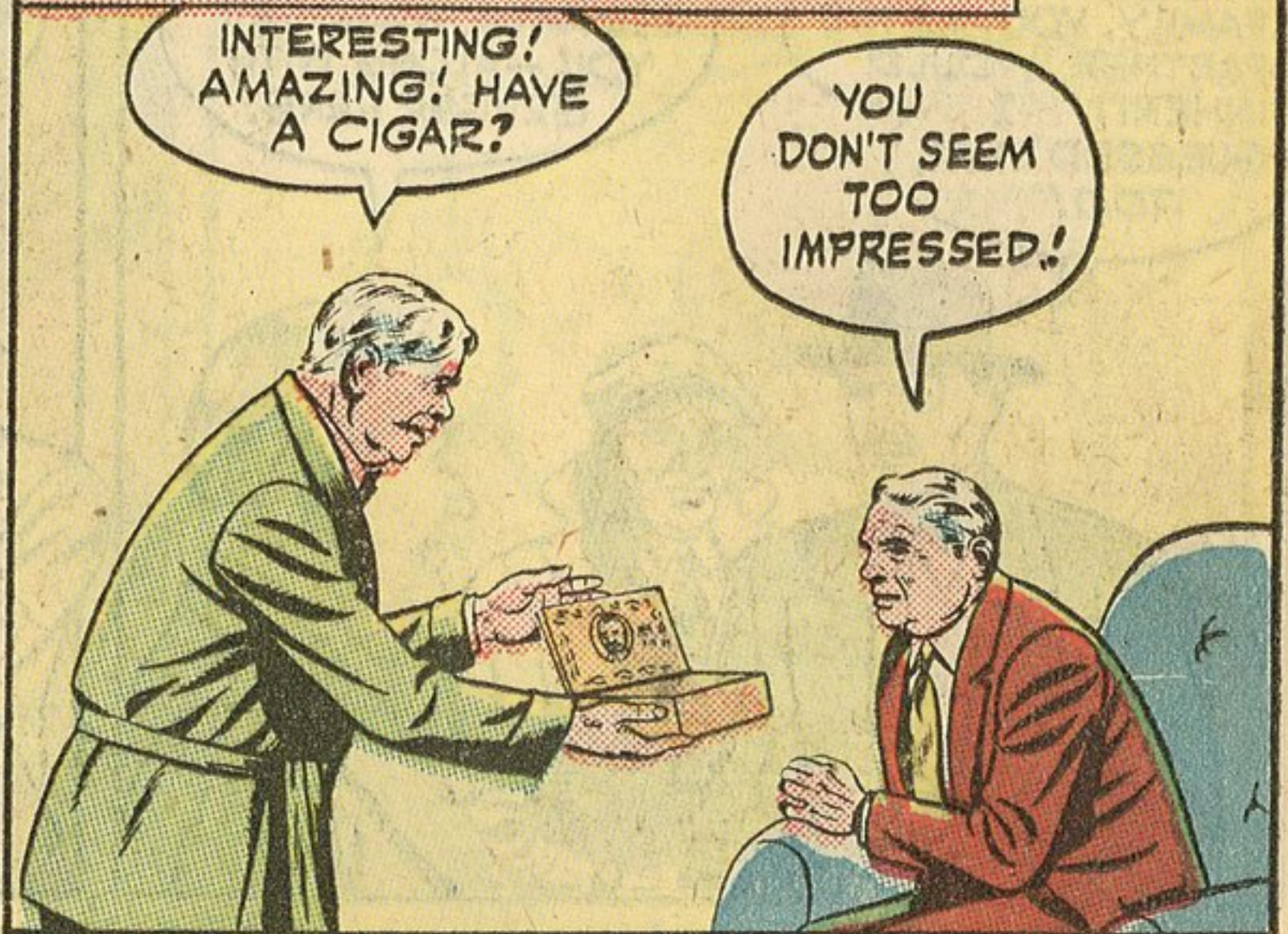
OR A CHECKUP IN CASE YOU RATTED! COME ON, WE TAKE THIS GUY TO THE BOSS!

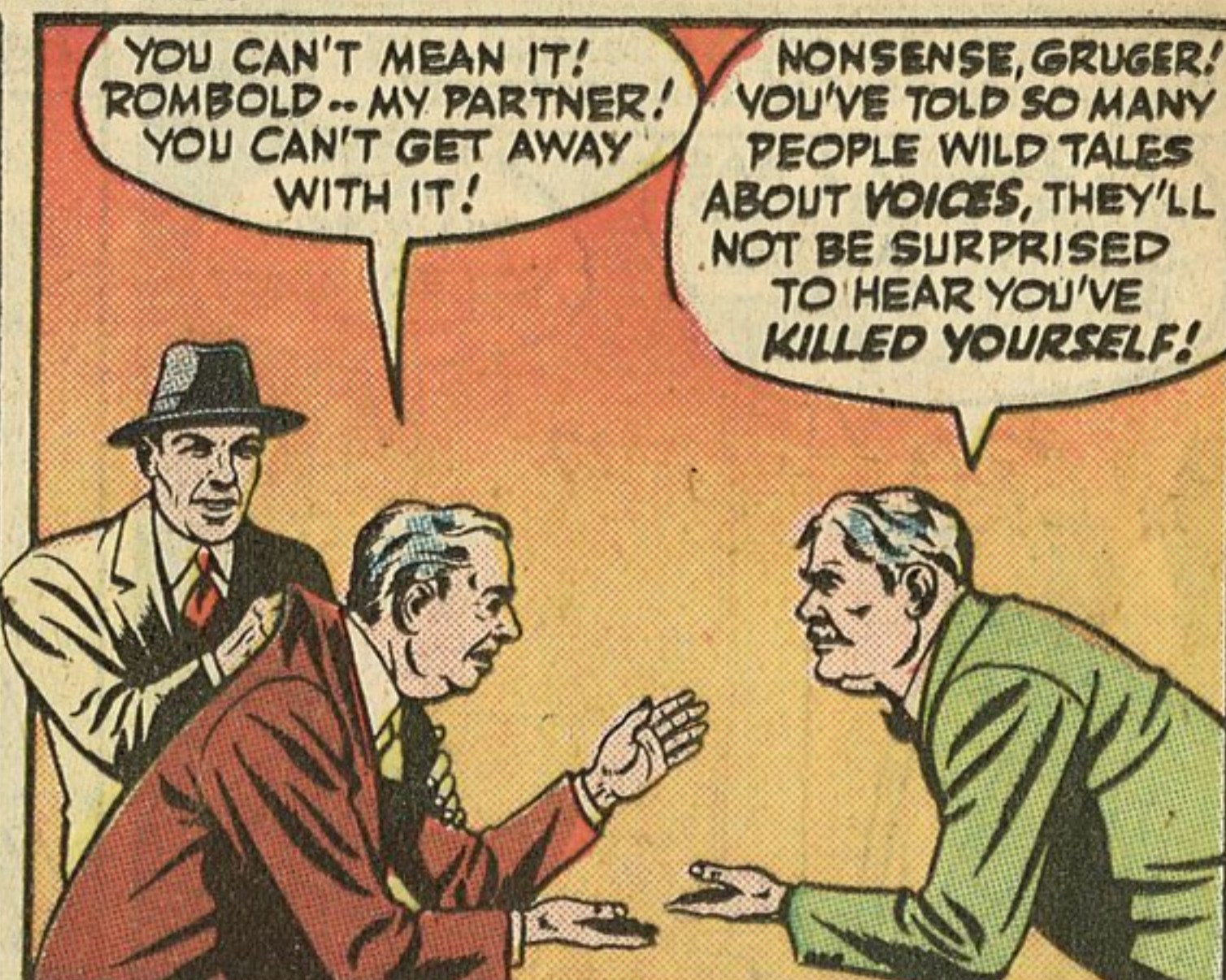


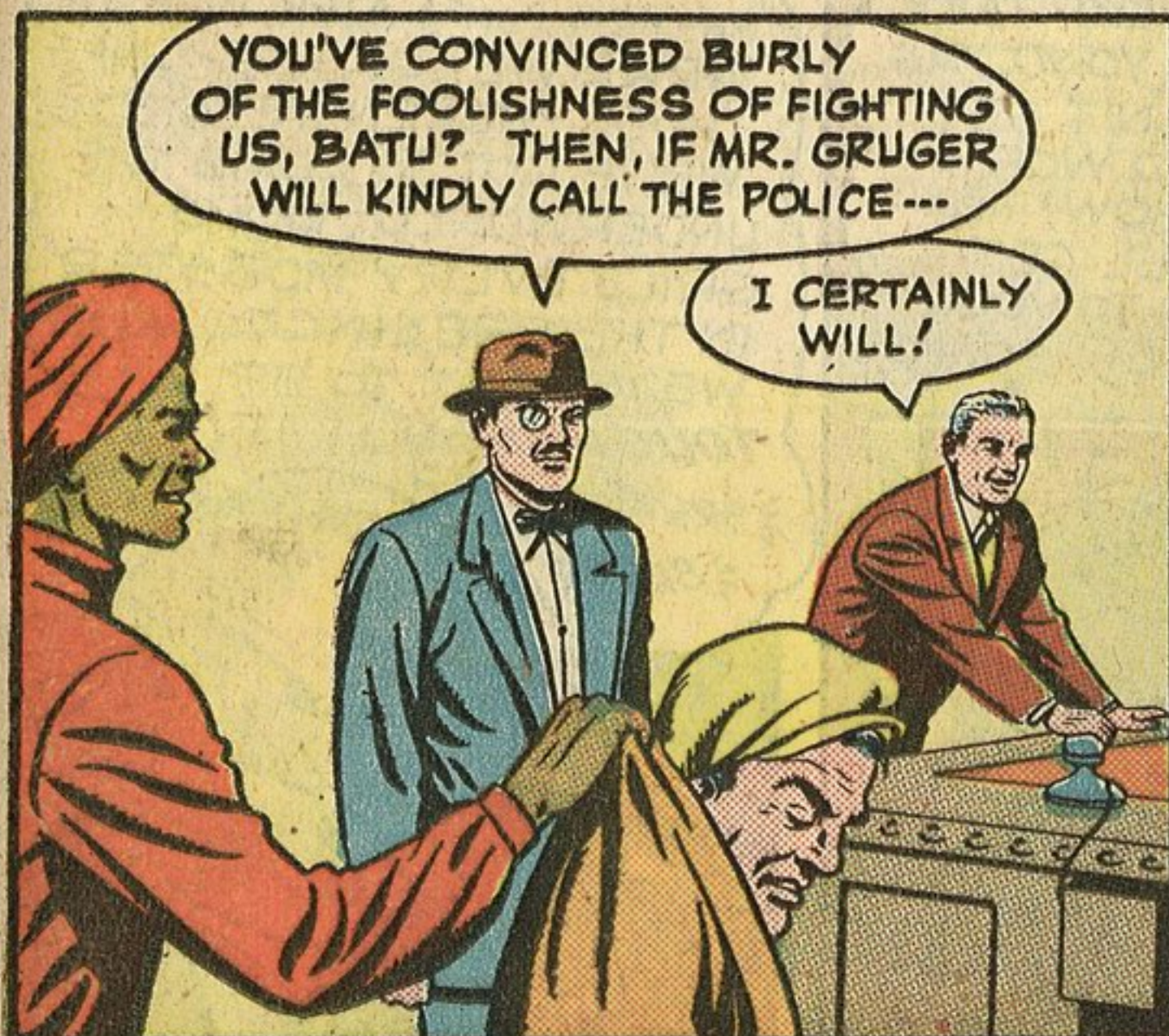
Unaware of the drama behind him, Gruger has roused his partner!

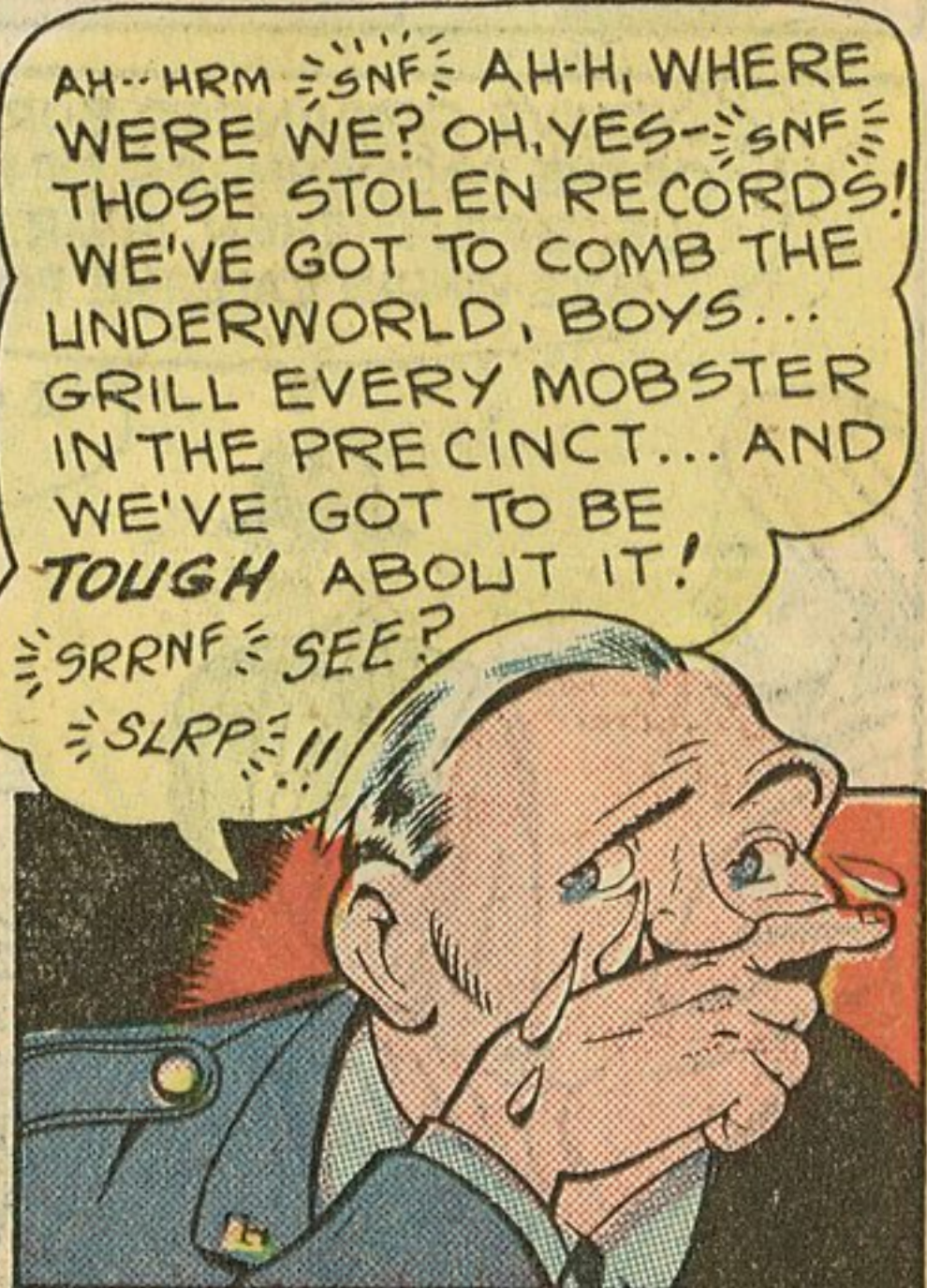
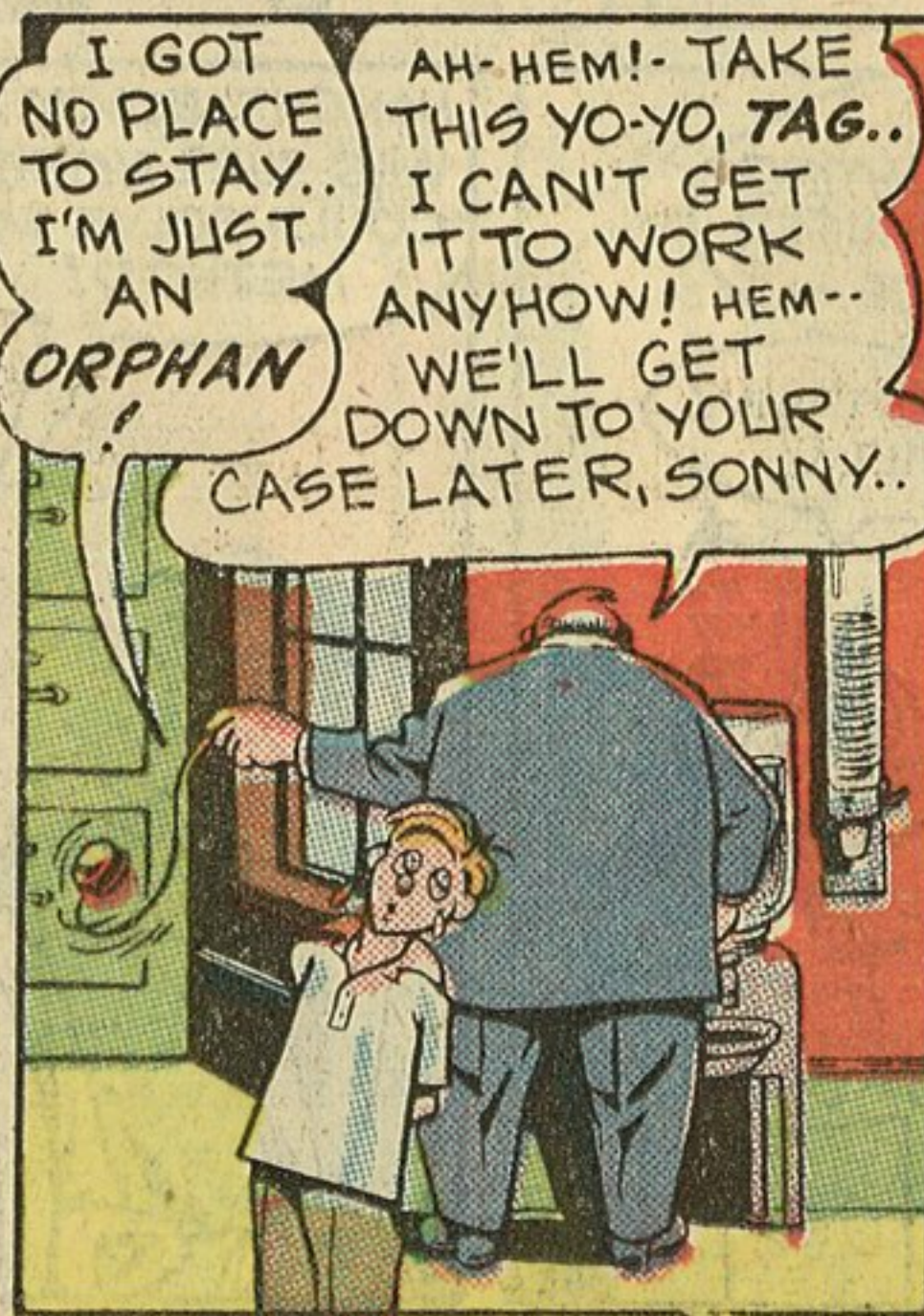
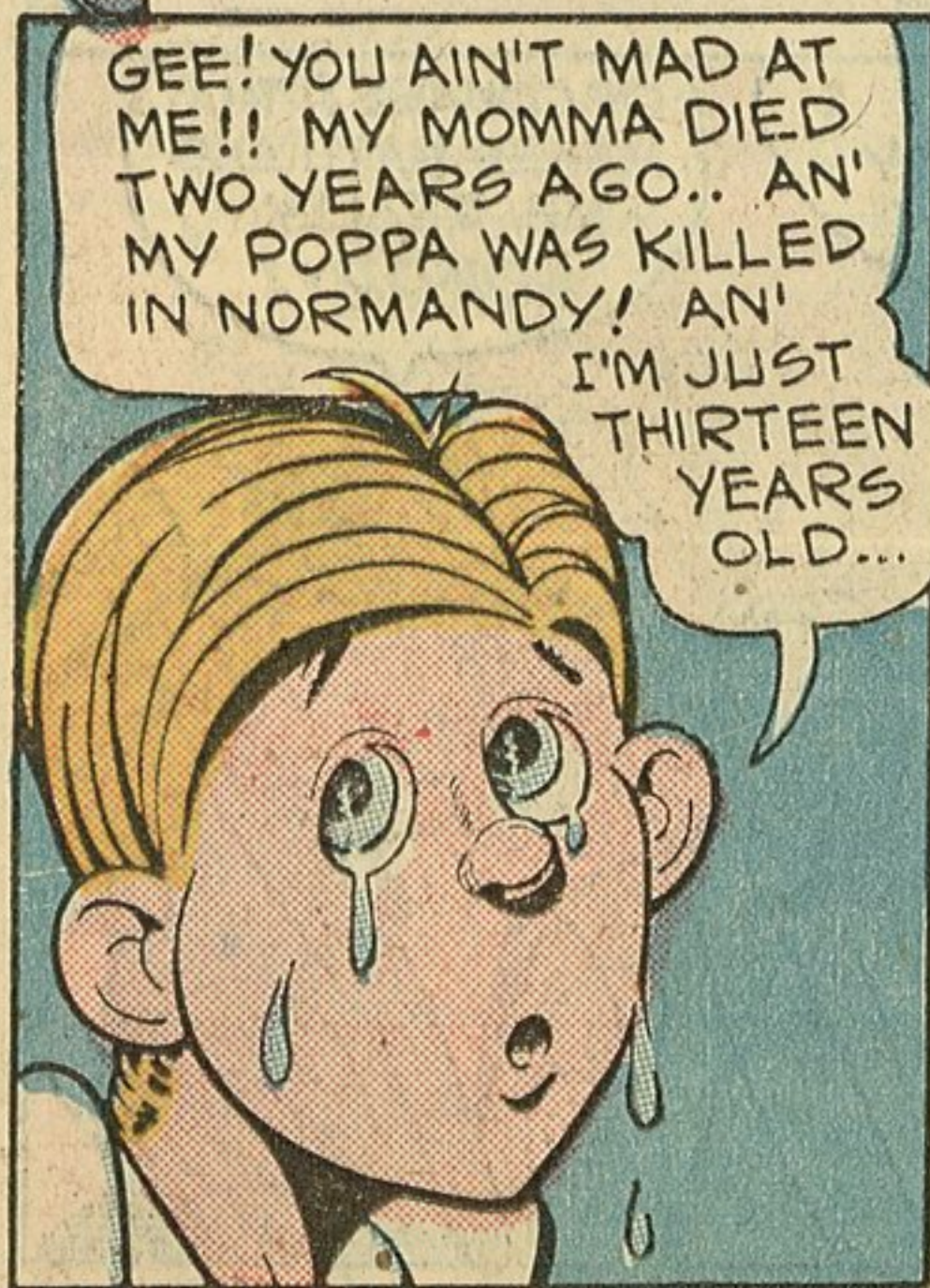
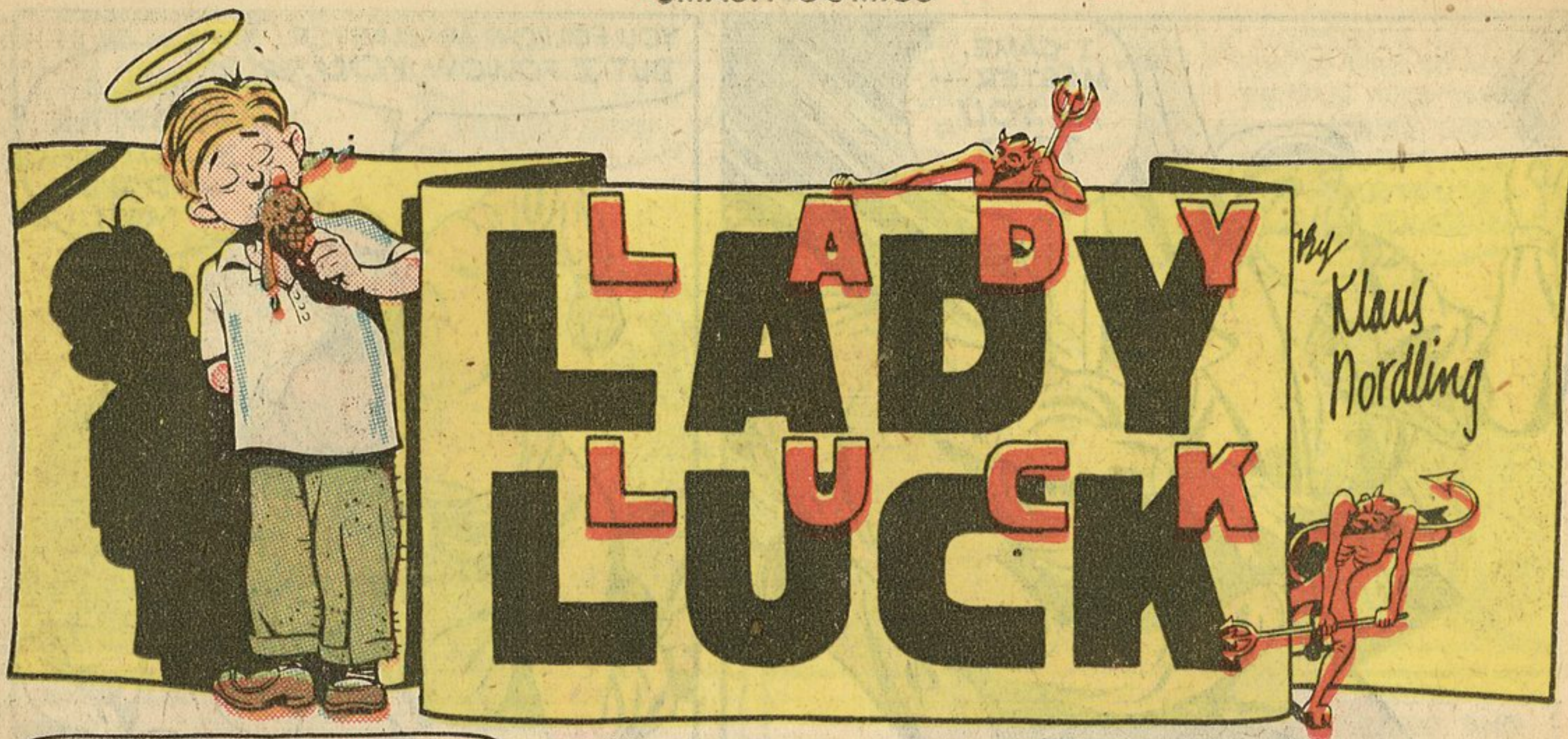


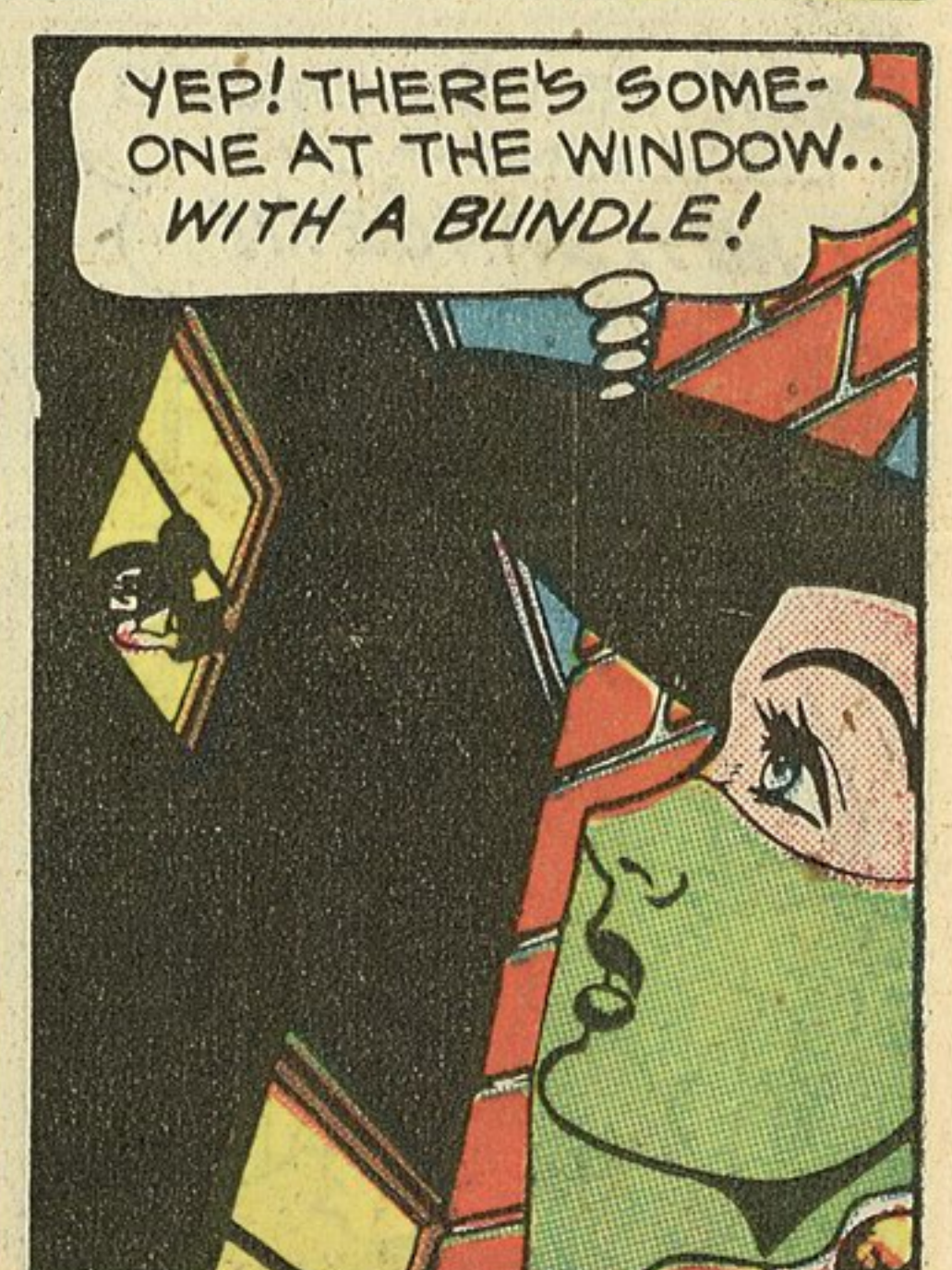
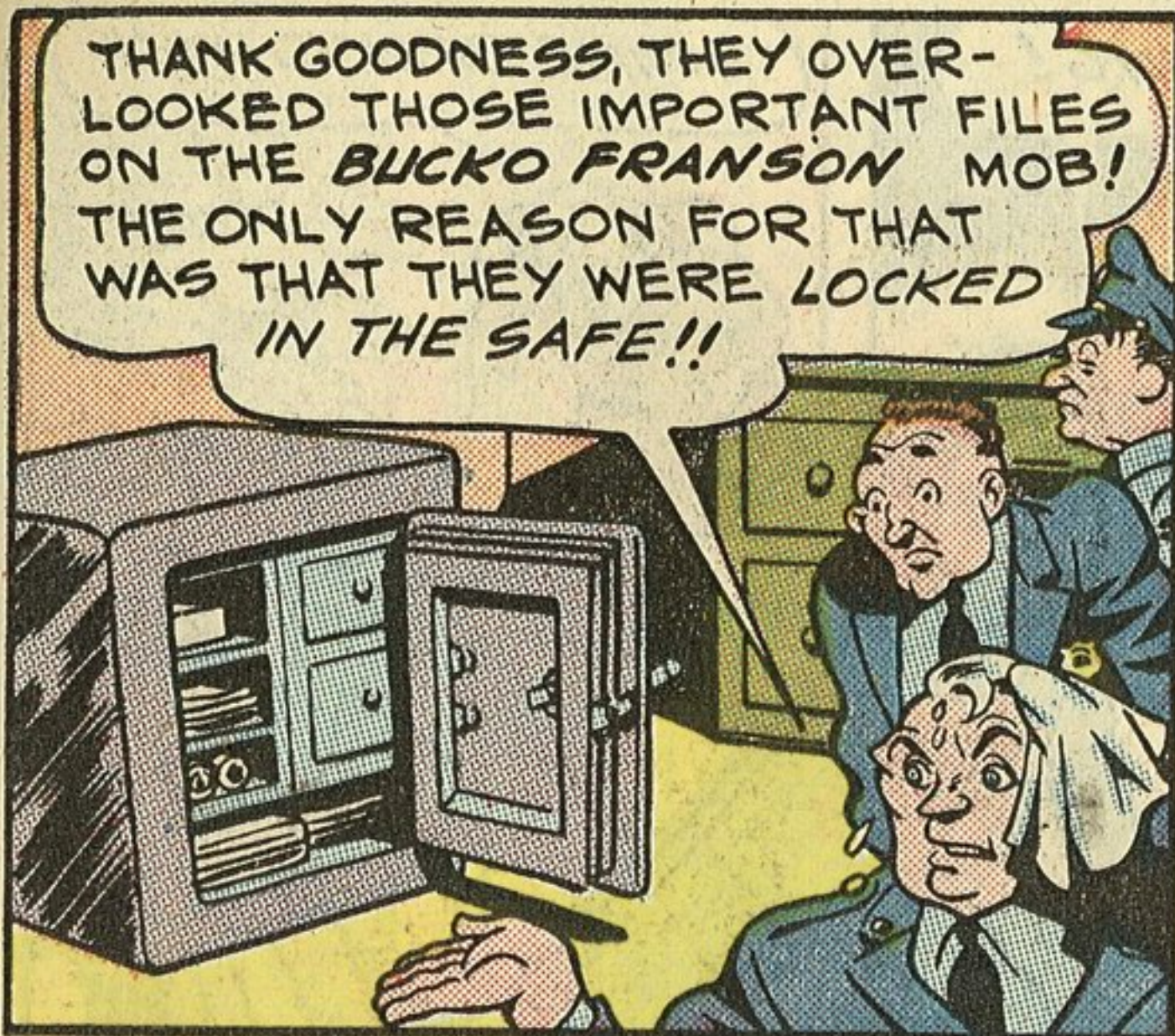
Again Gruger tells his story



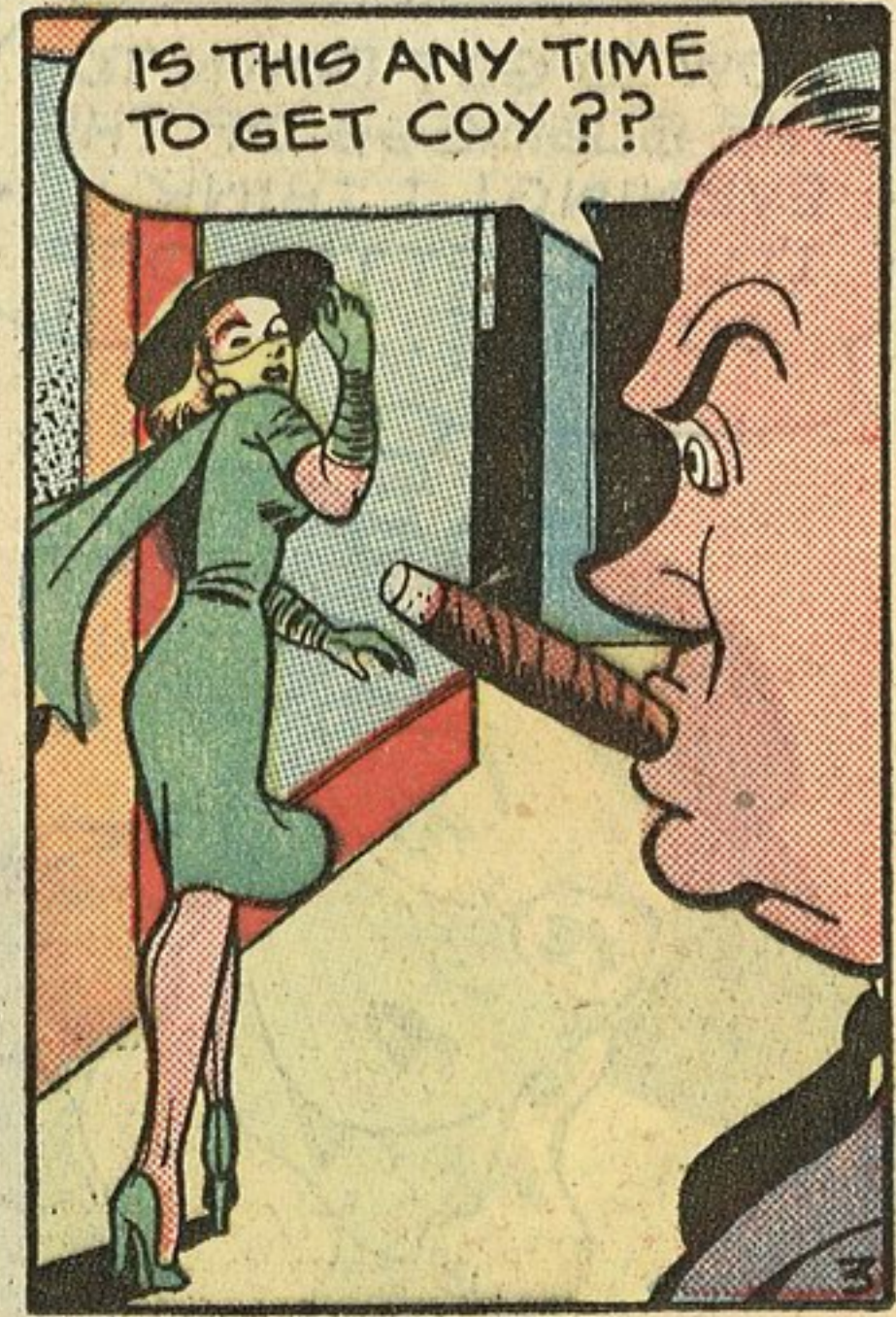
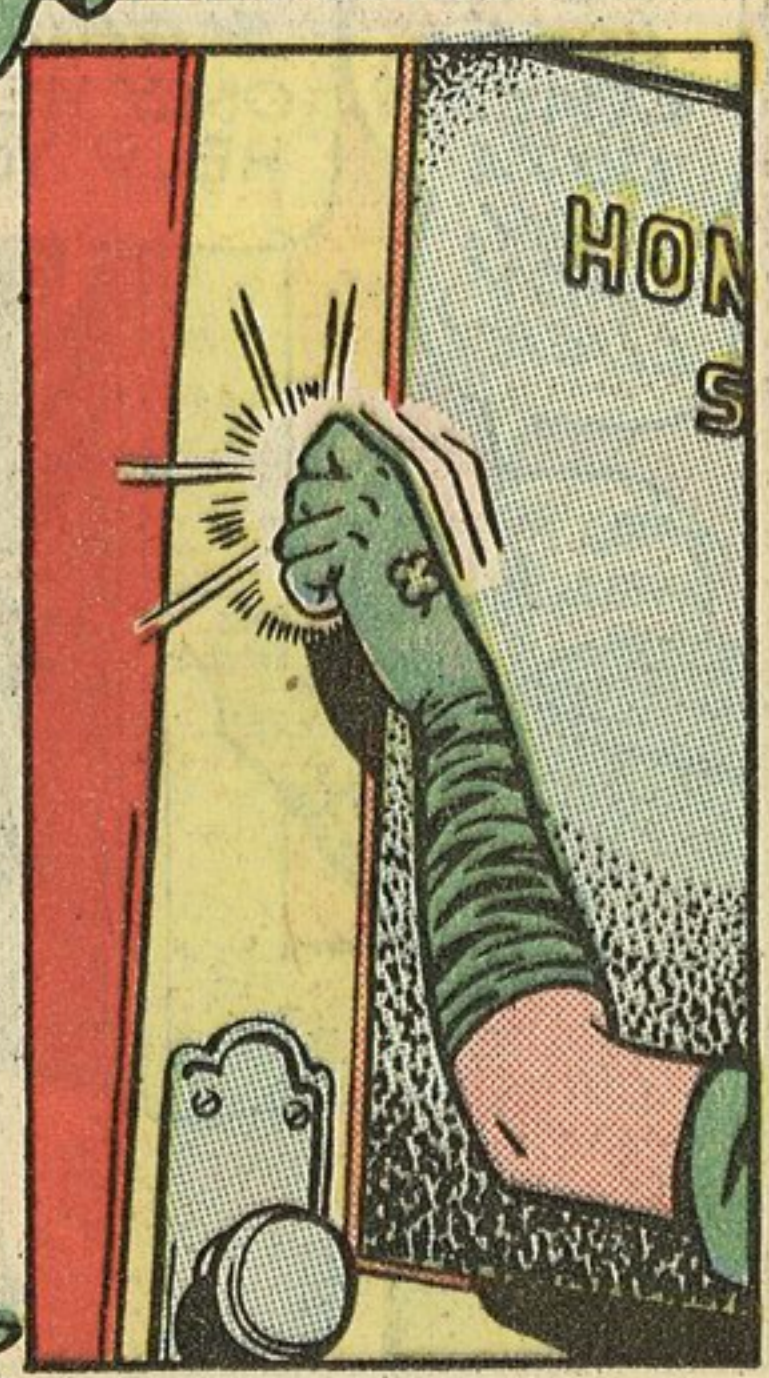
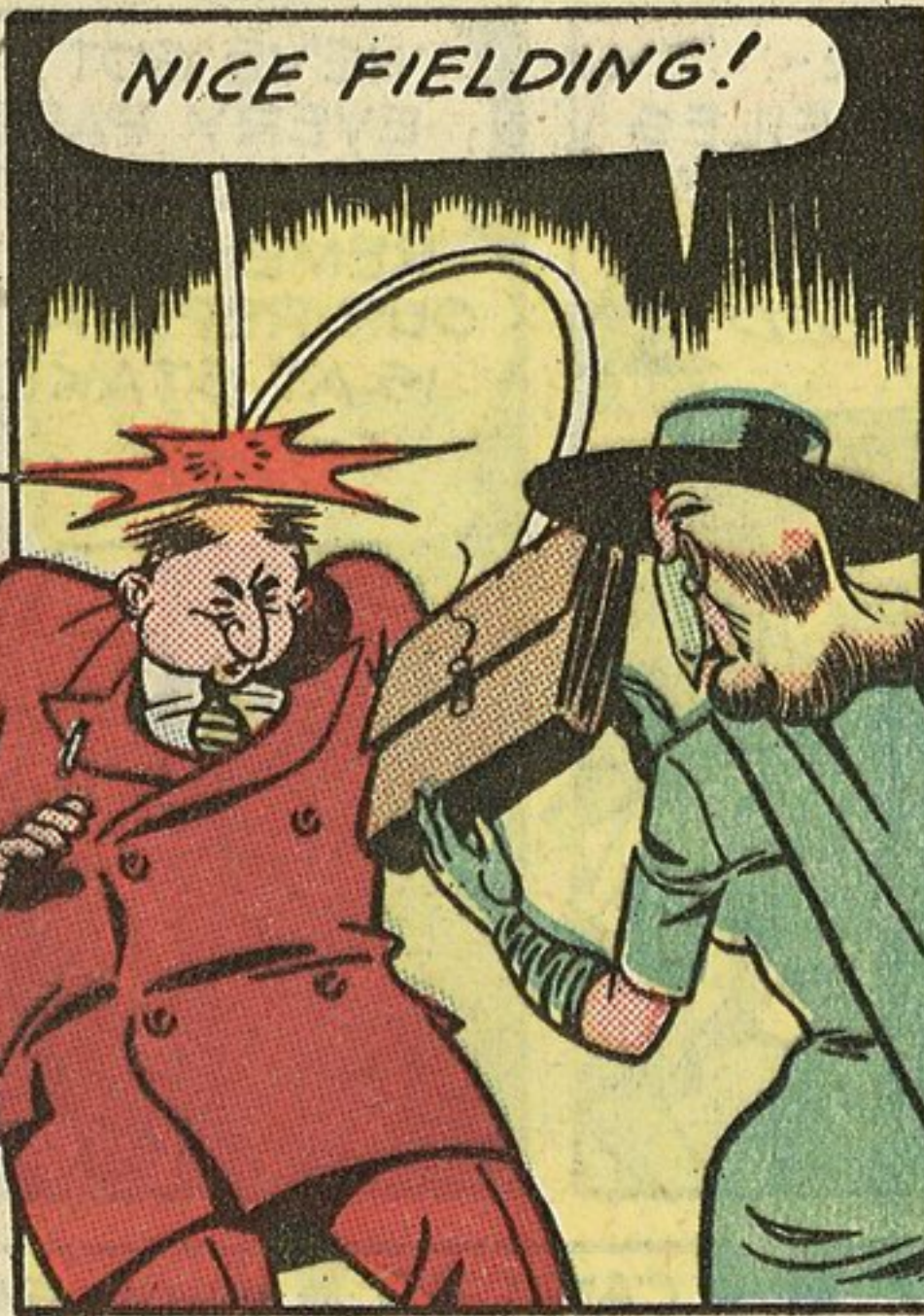


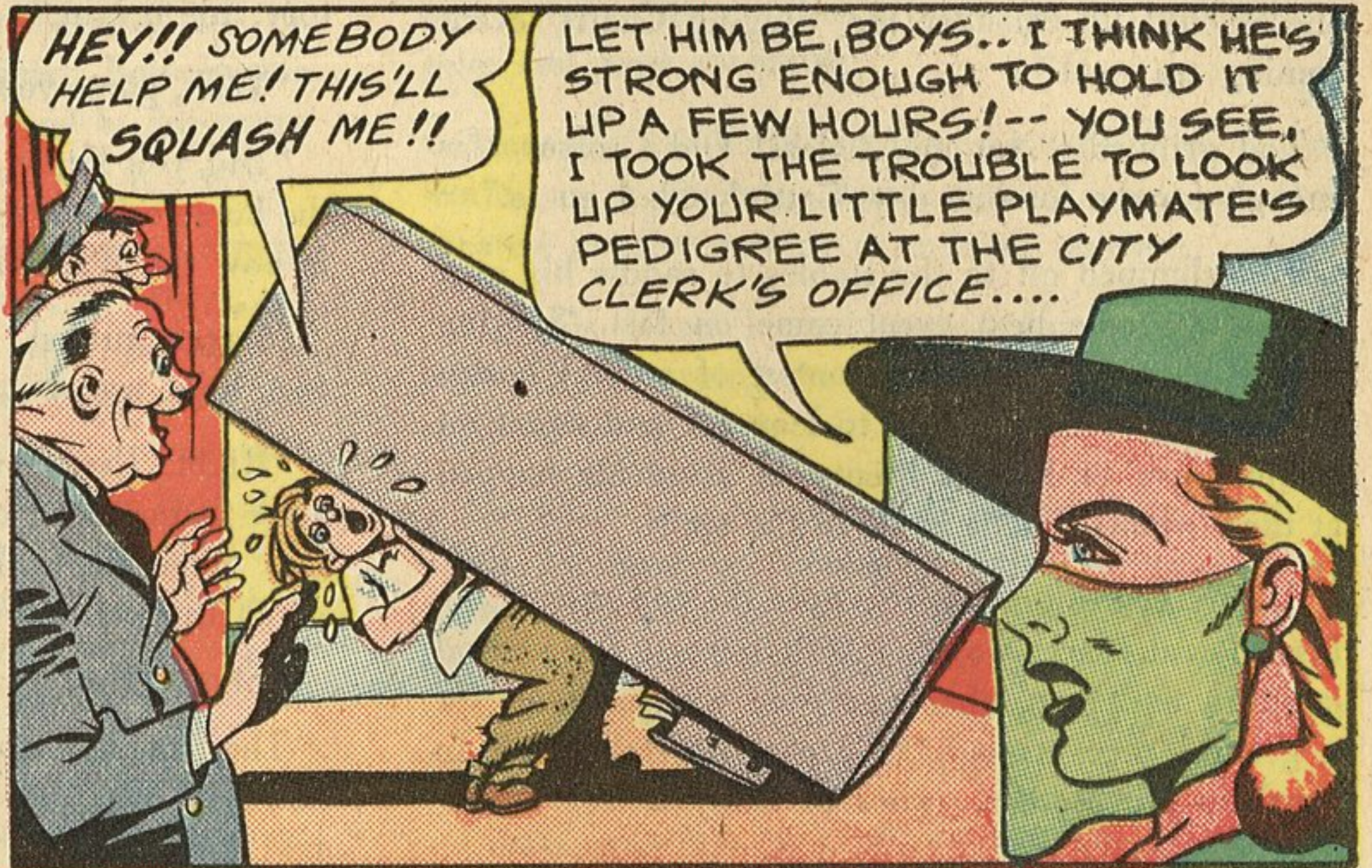






SMASH COMICS





THE MYSTERIOUS HORSE

WHEN Tod Haley came out of the chute, you could see plenty of daylight between him and the saddle. Old Crosseyes was a bad horse, the worst buckner in the county, and Tod was the best buster anywhere around.

Tod made the last few leaps hanging on to the air, not once 'hunting leather', as the saying goes—and the first prize was in his pocket.

The stands went mad for a few minutes after the event, and Tod was being congratulated by everyone. Would he consider the 'Singing Chairs' event coming up next?

Tod grinned, "Not me, fellers! Old Crosseyes is enough for me for one day. Gettin' old, I guess."

Tod clumped off to the stables to saddle his own Cayuse and the next event came on fast. 'Singing Chairs' is a fast, exciting contest of several horsemen trying to be the first to leap off and squat on a small keg or barrel. Plenty of accidents happen at these events, but it is all in the sport.

Jimmy Christian, leaning over the top rail of the high corral fence, watched with interest the several contests, and then when everyone was lined up for a general race around the arena, he stalked off to speak to old Mercer, owner of many horses.

"You know," said Jimmy, "horse events are certainly exciting. I haven't seen many of them. I often wonder what the horse thinks about it."

Mercer grinned, squinting his pale blue eyes. "They like it," he replied. "I've seen hosses kick their stalls down trying to get out when they hear people yelling; they know what's up and they want to be in it."

Jimmy nodded. "Well, that's as it should be, I suppose. Horses are strange creatures after all, don't you think?"

"Strange?" Mercer drew a horny paw across his leathery face and squirted accurately at a knot hole. "I dunno about 'em being strange. They're plenty smart, I'll say that, Jimmy."

"Were they always smart, Mr. Mercer? I mean,

how much did man teach 'em in the thousands of years the two have been associated?"

Mercer chuckled. "Now, you've got me on that one, boy. Thousands of years, you say? Didn't know hosses was that old."

Jimmy said, "That's the queer thing about horses. That's why I say they're strange. People know all about them when it comes to breeding, timing, grooming 'em up for races, blood lines and all that; but they know precious little about the horses' history, his origin."

"Yeah, guess you're right, Jim," said the old man.

"Did you know, for instance," said Jimmy, "that the horse originated right here in Wyoming—in what is now the Wasatch Range?"

Mercer gulped. "Ya don't say! You mean, the fust hoss was borned right here in Wyomin'?"

"Right. I've been making a study of the horse since being here on your ranch, Mr. Mercer, and I've come up with some mighty interesting facts about the well known horse. Want to hear 'em?"

"Shore, Jim."

They made themselves more comfortable on the bales of hay and Jimmy began his story. Here it is:

Many millions of years ago, the first horse—called the Eohippus—crawled out of the miasmic ooze of the Wasatch Range when the earth was still in a semi-plastic stage. He was then only about 12 inches high, and he had four toes on each front foot and three on each hind one.

He had a hard time living in that early day. His enemies, of which there were many, were all huge monsters. The dinosaur, our first reptile, was a mighty nightmare, just as all other flying and walking beasts were. Little Eo had to be sharp to keep out of their way. Somehow he survived that first ordeal, hiding in the tall grasses and giant tree ferns.

For about ten million years he roamed across the smoking alluvial terrain that was early America, and during that first ten million years he lost one of his

SMASH COMICS

front toes. Every ten million years after that Eohippus lost a toe.

Came the ice age and a great sheet of solid ice came crunching ponderously down across northeastern America, chasing Eohippus westward. There, the saber-tooth tiger and hairy mammoth took their toll of his ranks.

The horse of today may seem to be a rather satisfied homebody, but the fact is that he is a tourist at heart. Sometime during the ice age, several of those little horses set out for Alaska. They crossed the Bering Strait land bridge, connecting America with Asia. Liking what they found on the other side, they settled in the frigid tundra of Siberia and multiplied. Small families of them went forth across Asia and into Europe.

In the meantime, the hard, dangerous life in America, their original habitat, caused Eohippus to become extinct. But for that early land bridge crossing, there would be no horses in all the world.

Some time during the early beginnings of things, horse and man met. How they met, or where, we don't know. But they met, and were destined to become inseparable. I hold to the belief that the horse met the man. The horse had more sense than his stalky companion; he knew how to hide and keep off the regular menu of his enemies. Man was little more than a wild beast. If you don't believe it, take a look at Man of a few thousand years ago. A pretty ugly, unintelligent chap, wasn't he?

Now take a look at the horse of *millions* of years ago. He looked just the same, except for his size. He has always looked pretty much the same.

So I hold that the horse met the man (probably found him cringing in a cave!) and they ran together. Man, like the horse, likes company. So man and horse were good for each other; protection. The horse probably taught man to become civilized; taught him how to dodge his enemies and hunt in herds. The horse to this day always posts a lookout stallion whenever he runs in the wilds.

When man and horse met, Eohippus was perhaps about four feet in height and he had dropped two toes on each foot. It is doubtful if man began riding him at this early stage. But it is thought that the first riders were the Pile Dwellers of ancient Switzerland.

Before the Bering Strait land bridge sank beneath

the sea, a few stragglers wandered back across to their native land. The fossilized remains of them have been found in the La Brea tar pits near Los Angeles. These bones are said to be about 50,000 years old. By this time the horse had acquired a single hard hoof.

Thus for millions of years—or thousands—the horse and man were friends. All down through recorded history you'll find thrilling accounts of how this combination were unbeatable. But for the horse, many nations now invincible might be non-existent. Because of horses, their power and speed in early warfare, boundaries of countries have changed immensely.

Here's an odd thing about the equine. He started out as a puny midget but continued to put on size and weight. Other animals began as fearsome monsters and kept shrinking.

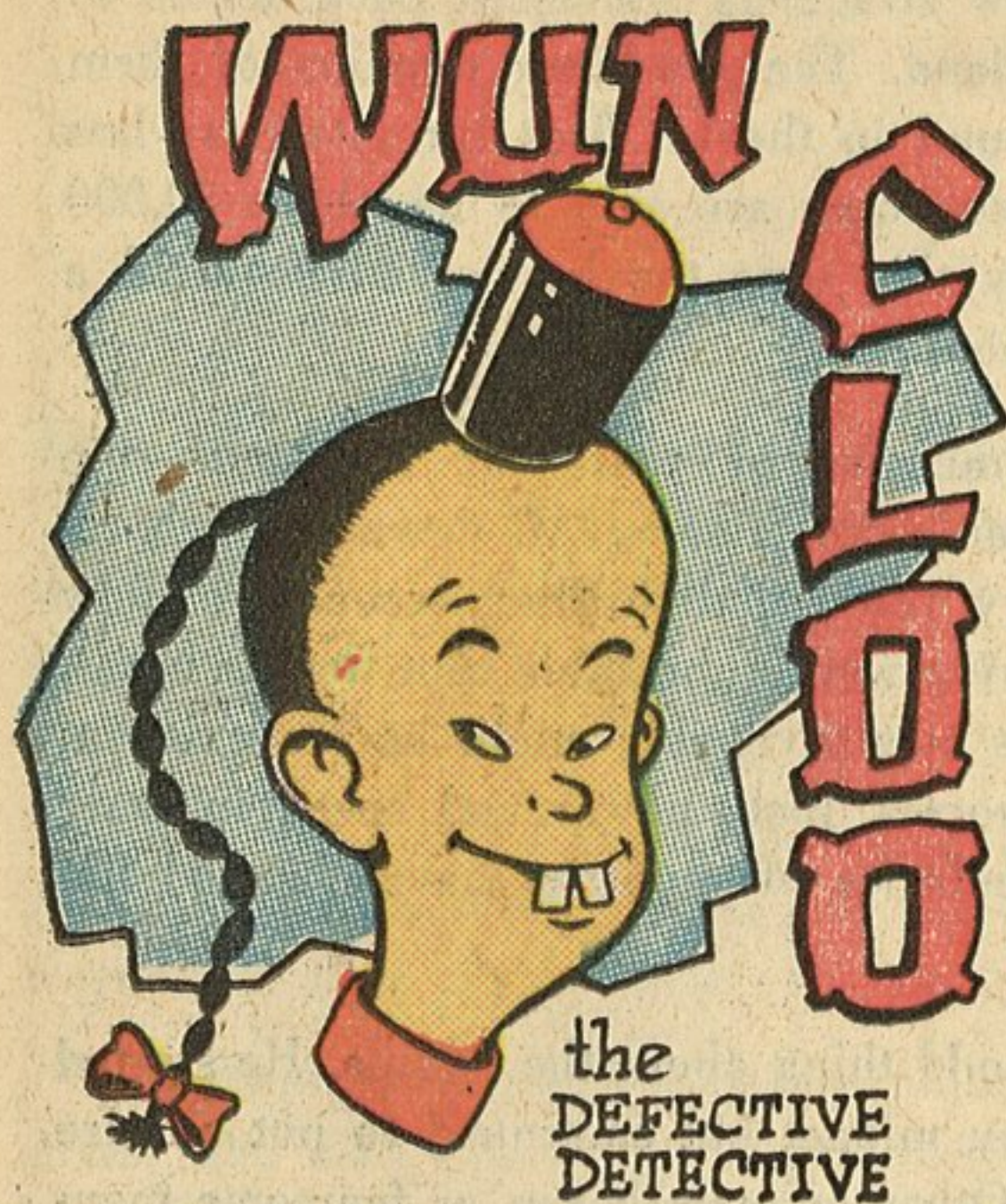
Alexander the Great conquered a great slice of the world on horseback, demonstrating some of the greatest cavalry actions in military science.

Genghis Khan horsed across Asia in the 13th century, performing the greatest feat of mass-horsemanship of all time.

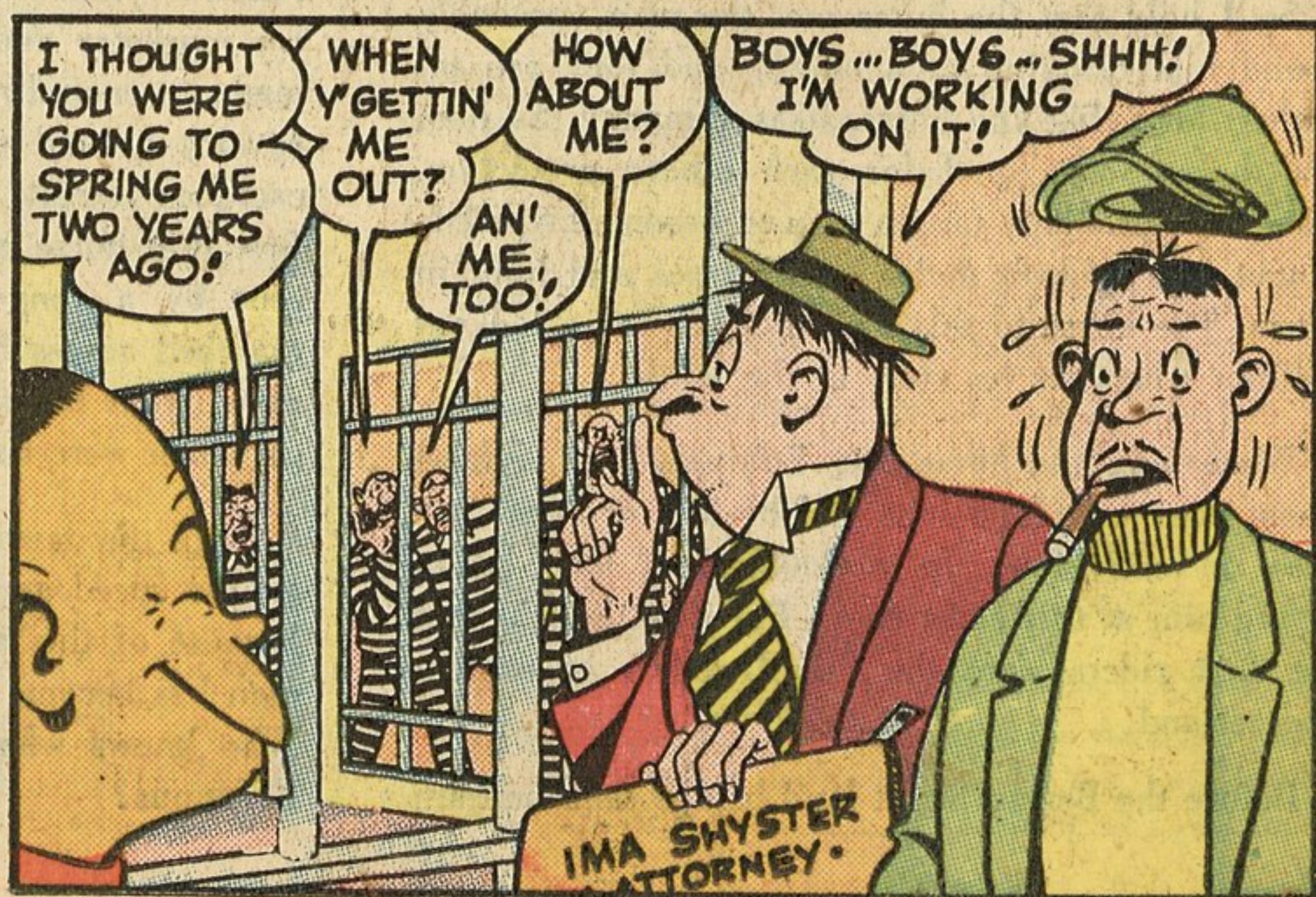
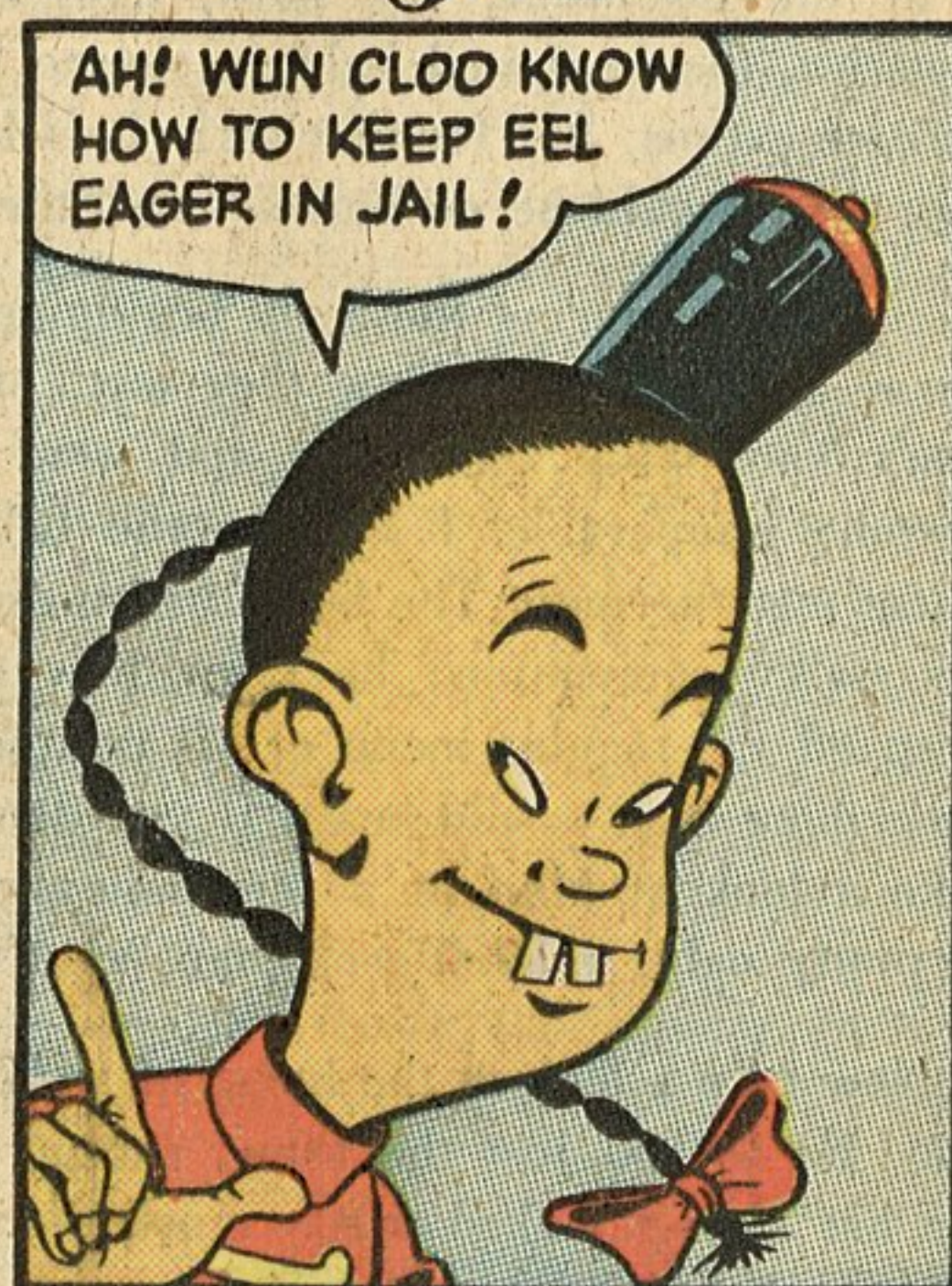
Napoleon won Europe with horses. Like Genghis Khan, he employed horses as timed instruments of death. The Duke of Wellington, using fiery horses from Spain, defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, thus wiping out forty victorious major battles and an empire—won and lost with horses.

Cortez won his New World beachhead with 16 horses. At Tabasco, 12 thousand Indian warriors failed to yield to the awesome thunderbolts of Spanish musketry and brass cannon. Only when Cortez made an encircling movement, bringing 10 of his 16 cavalry around the enemy's rear, did the terrified caciques retreat. This was because they thought at first that horse and man were one mighty monster sent by a vengeful god to destroy them. Cortez marched across Mexico with his 16 horsemen, winning, from the saddle, an entire empire the riches of which were incalculable.

Since the dawn of time, man has depended greatly on the speed and stamina of horses. It was largely because of this almost unbeatable combination that man has become the dominant creature he is today. Who knows what might have been his lot without Eohippus?



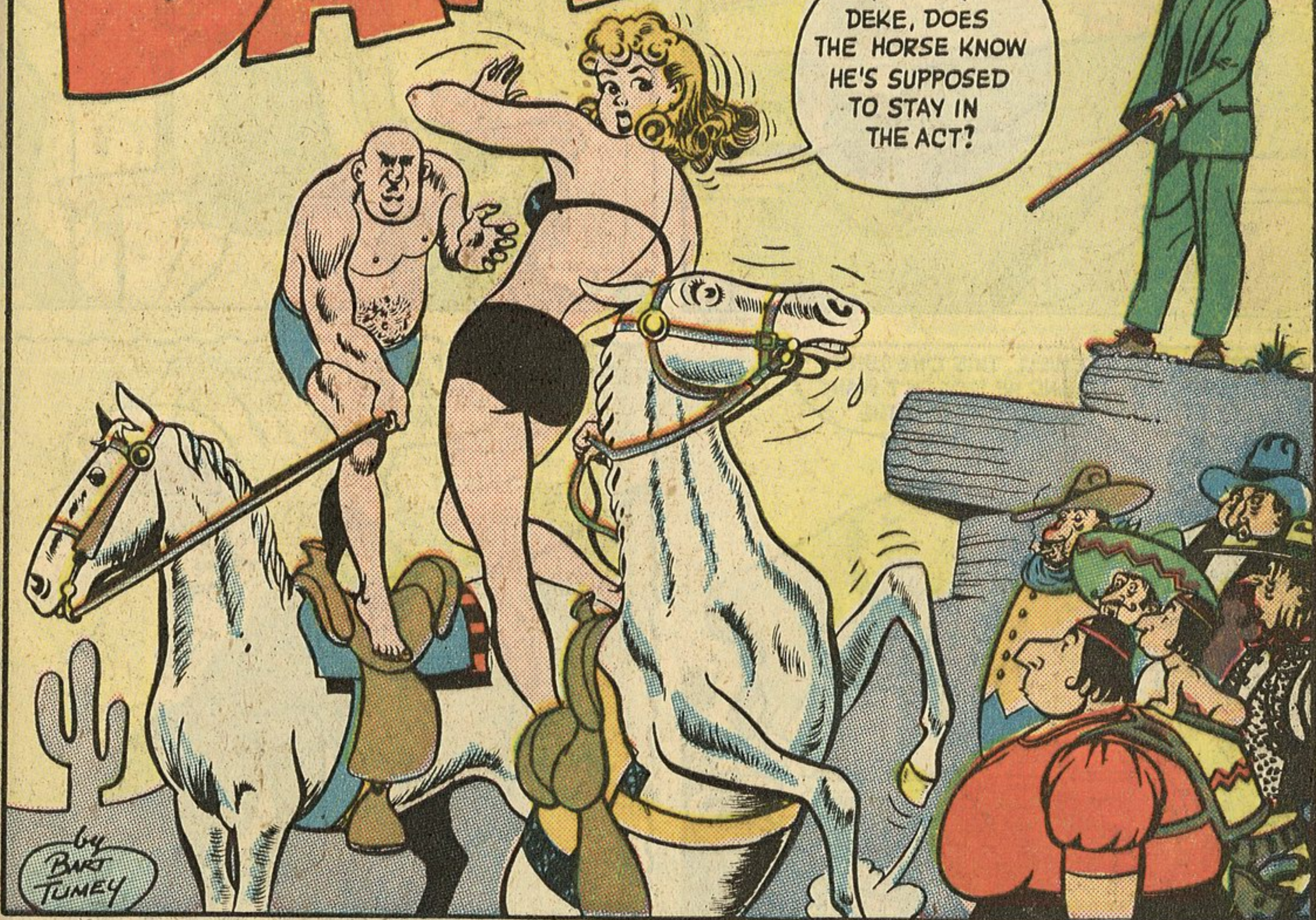
YOU AIN'T GOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE ON ME T'KEEP ME IN A MOUSE TRAP!



DAFFY

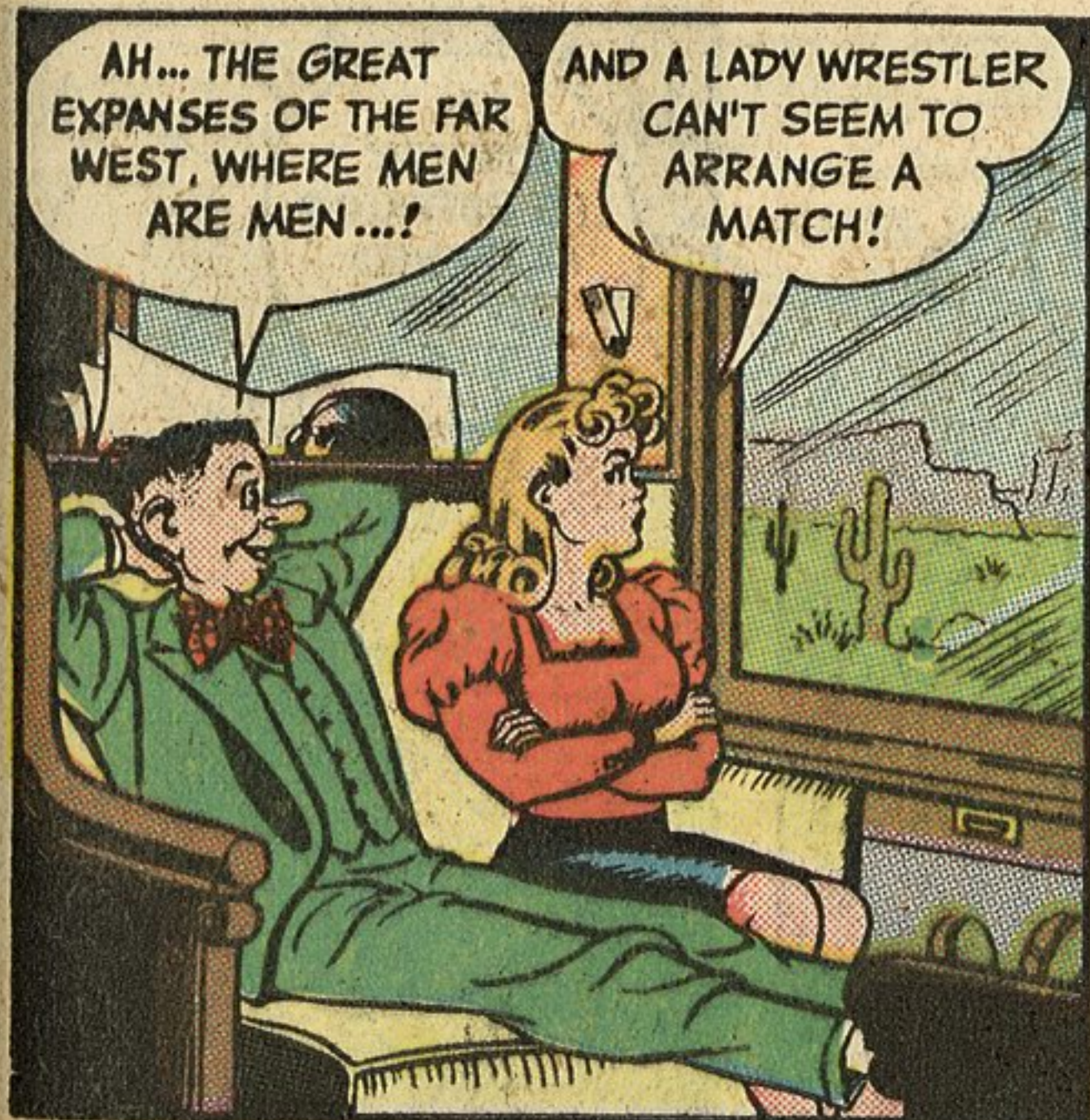
STEP UP, FOLKS, AND WATCH DAFFY AND HER OPPONENT IN A DEATH DEFYING WRESTLING MATCH ON HORSEBACK!

“GULP!”
DEKE, DOES THE HORSE KNOW HE'S SUPPOSED TO STAY IN THE ACT?

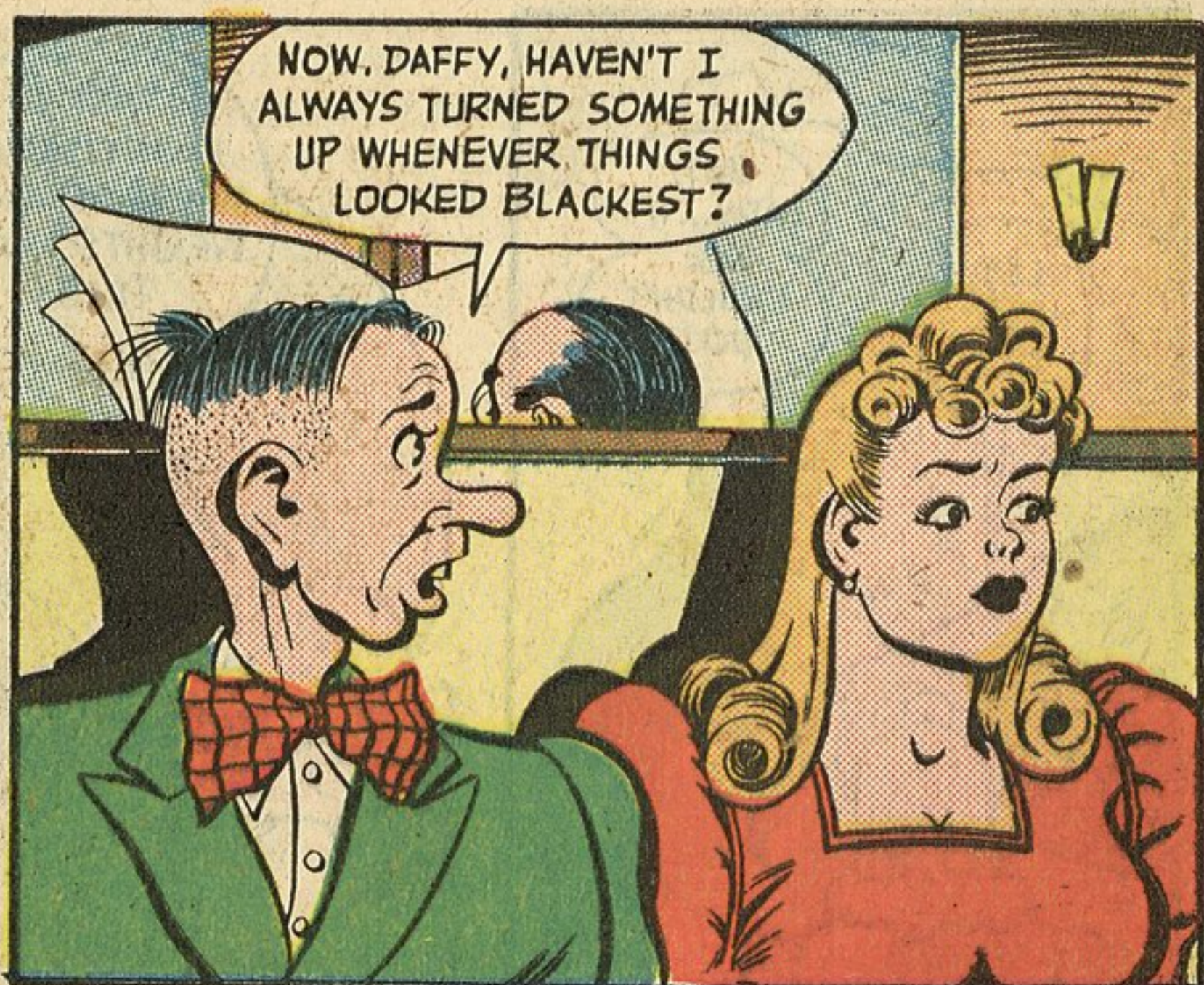


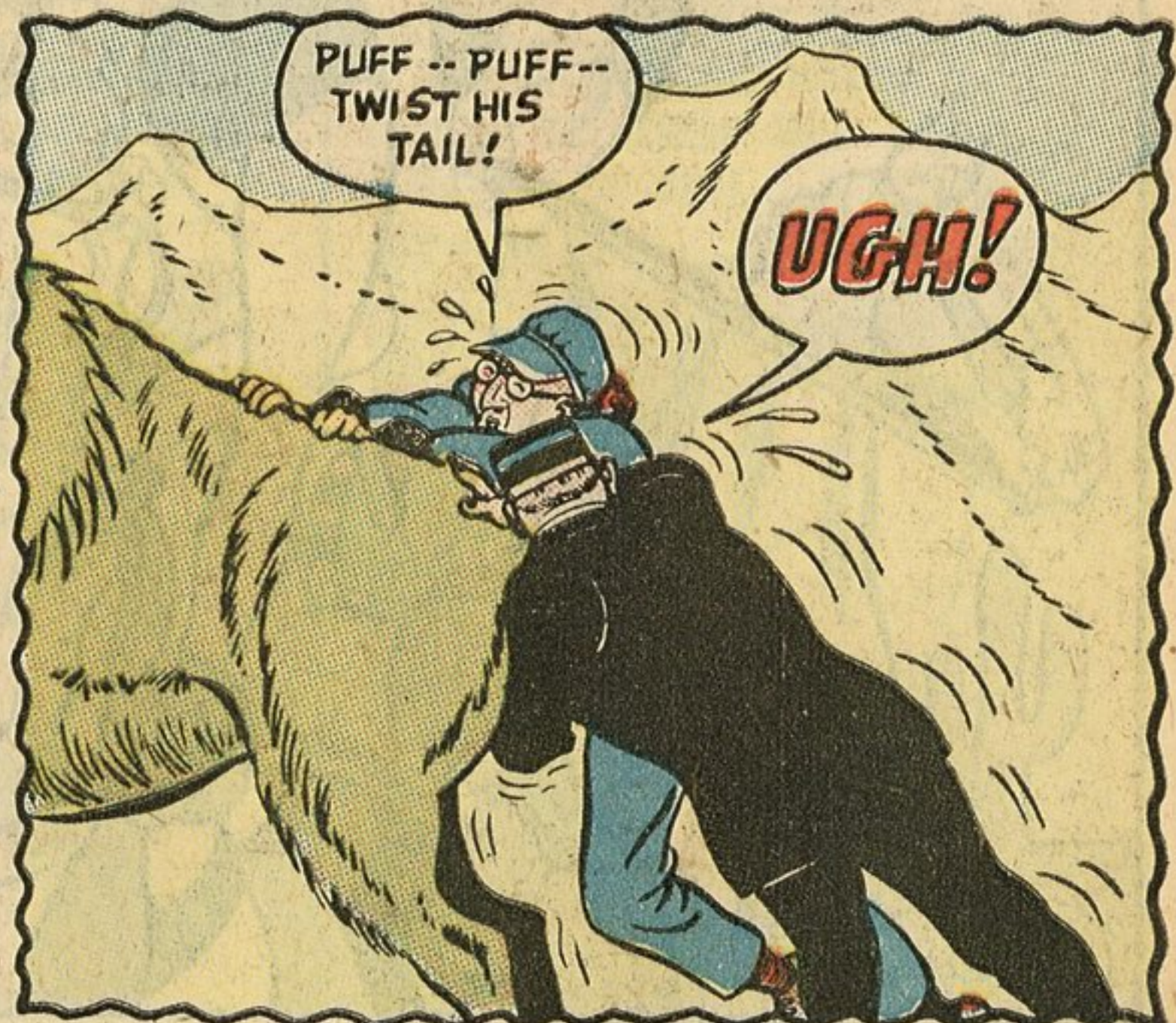
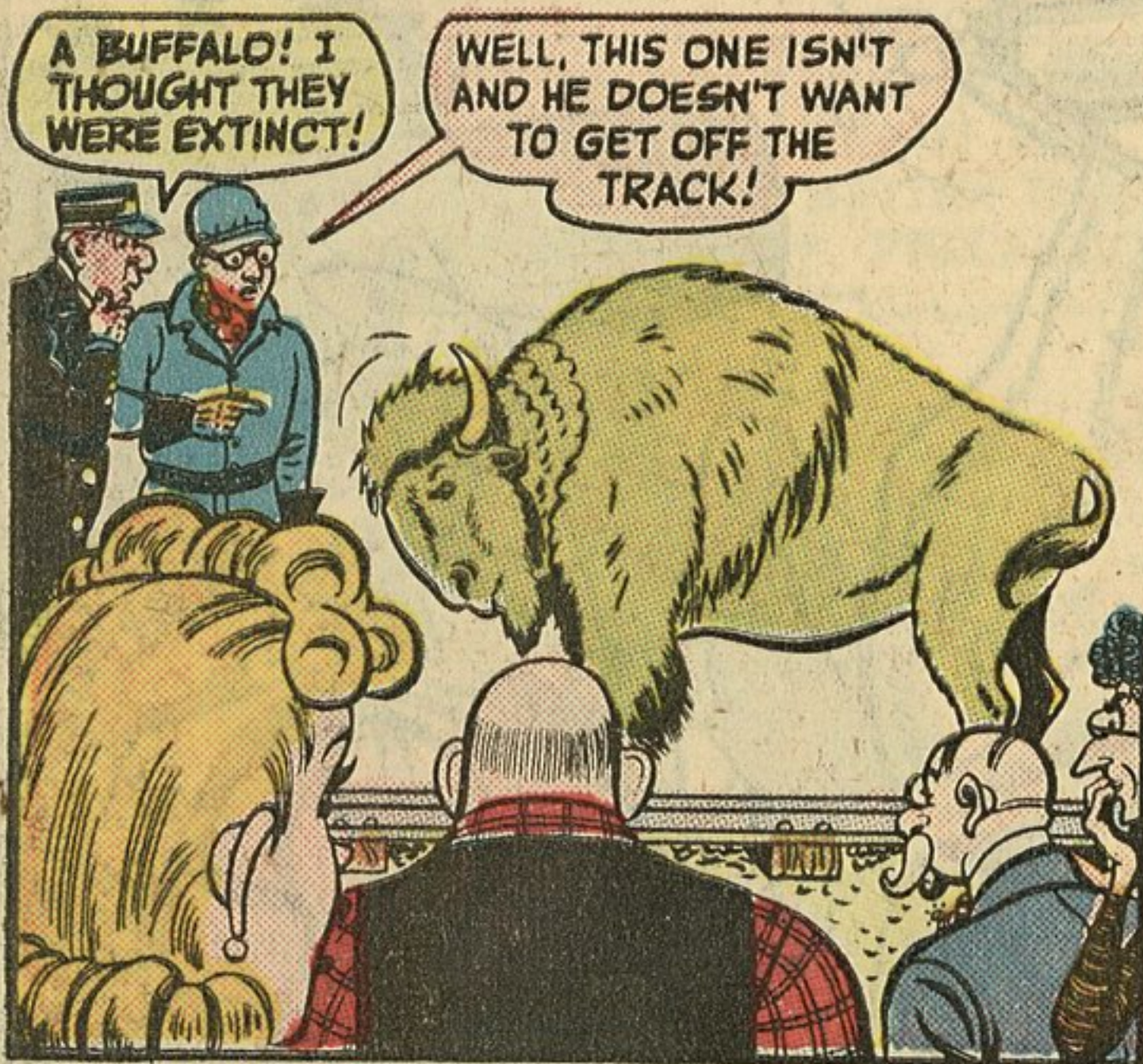
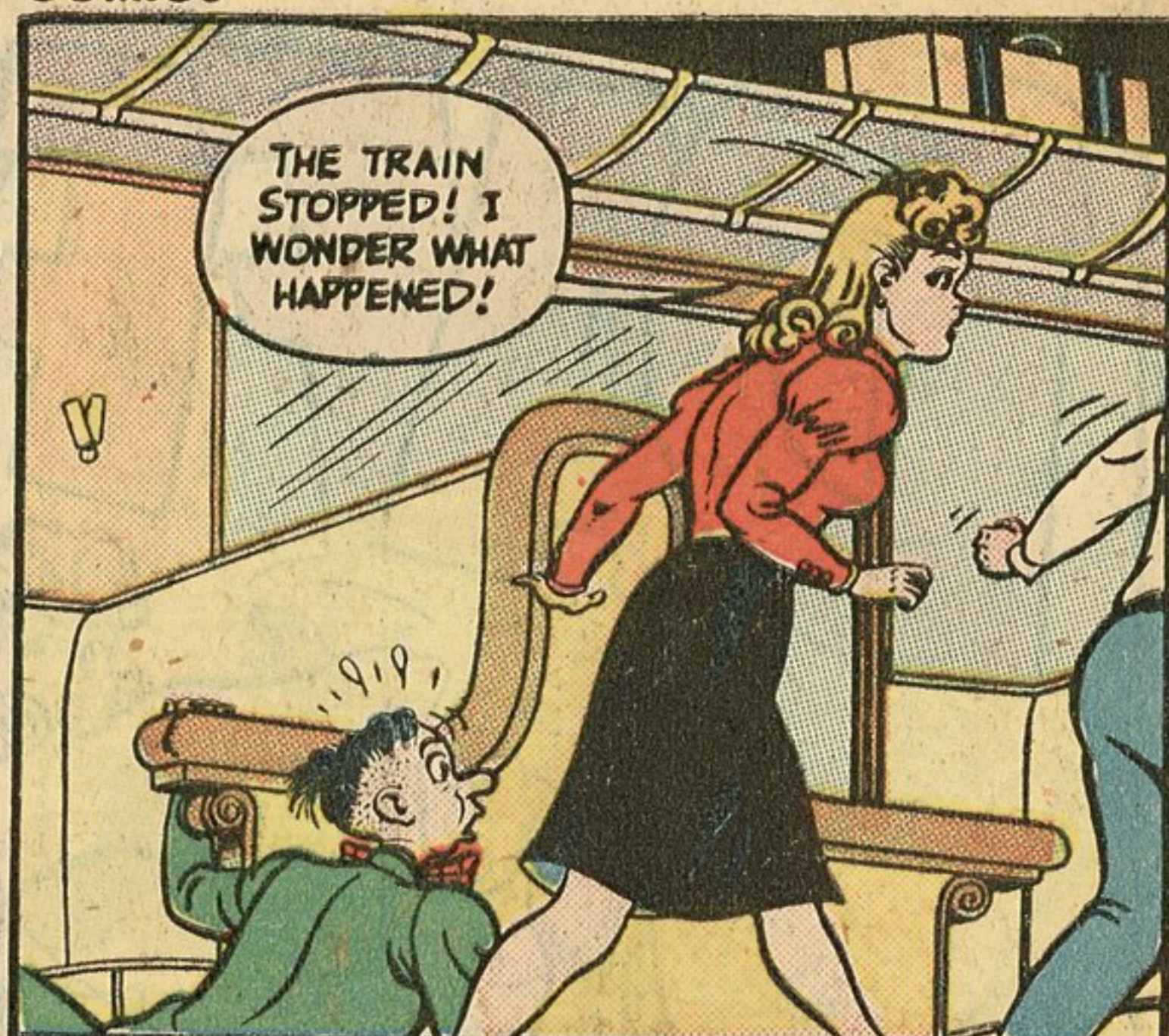
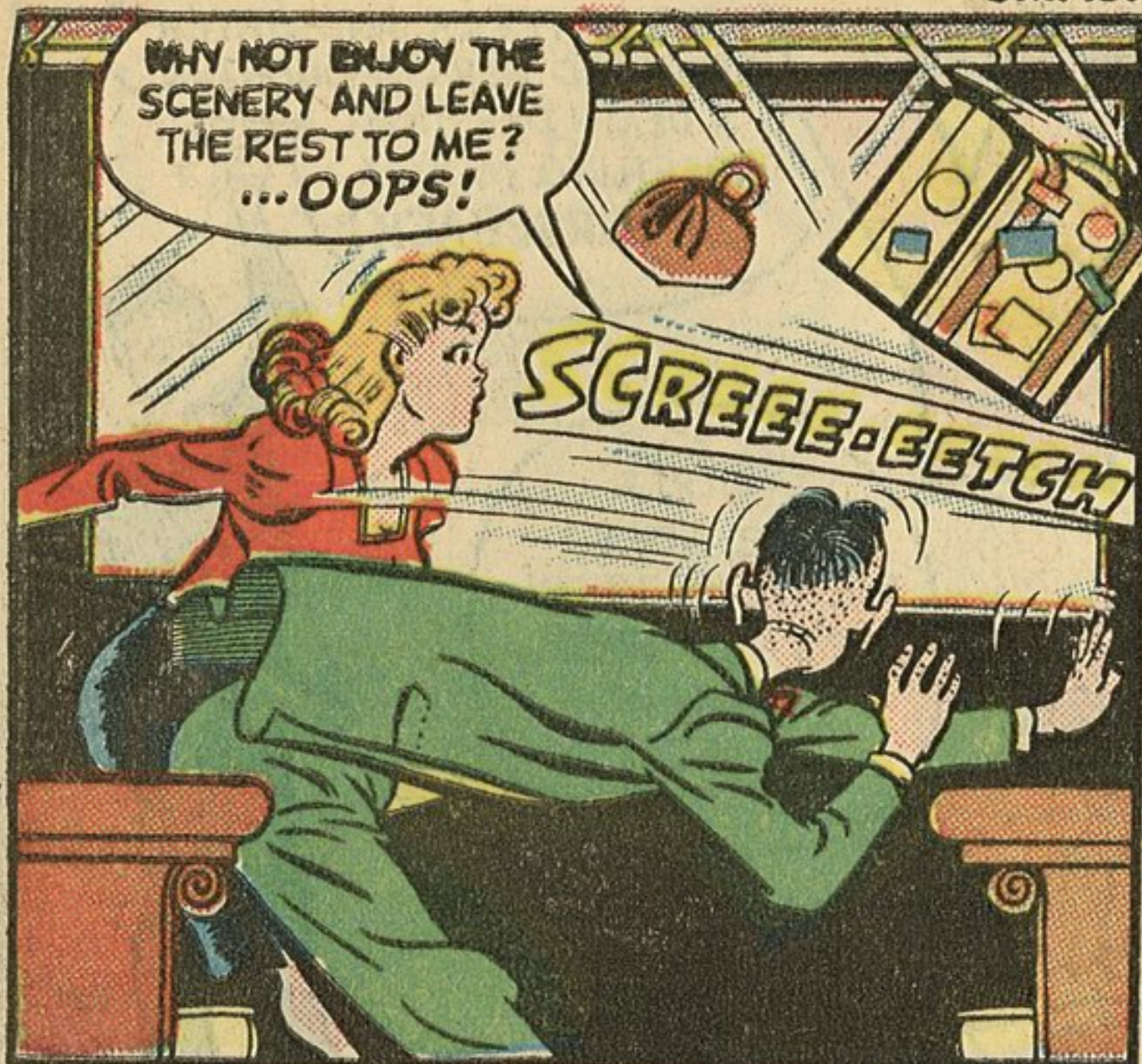
AH... THE GREAT EXPANSES OF THE FAR WEST, WHERE MEN ARE MEN...!

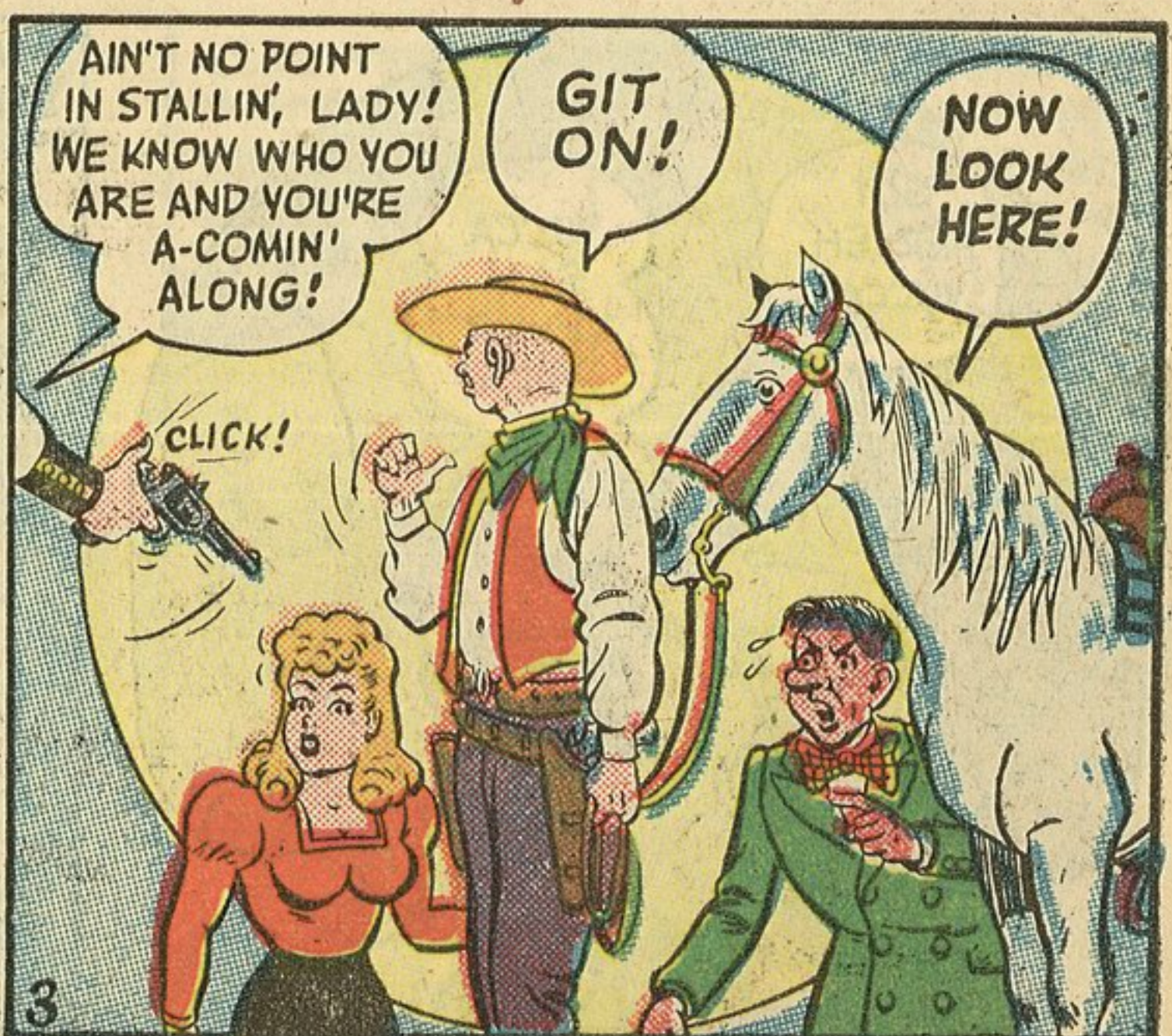
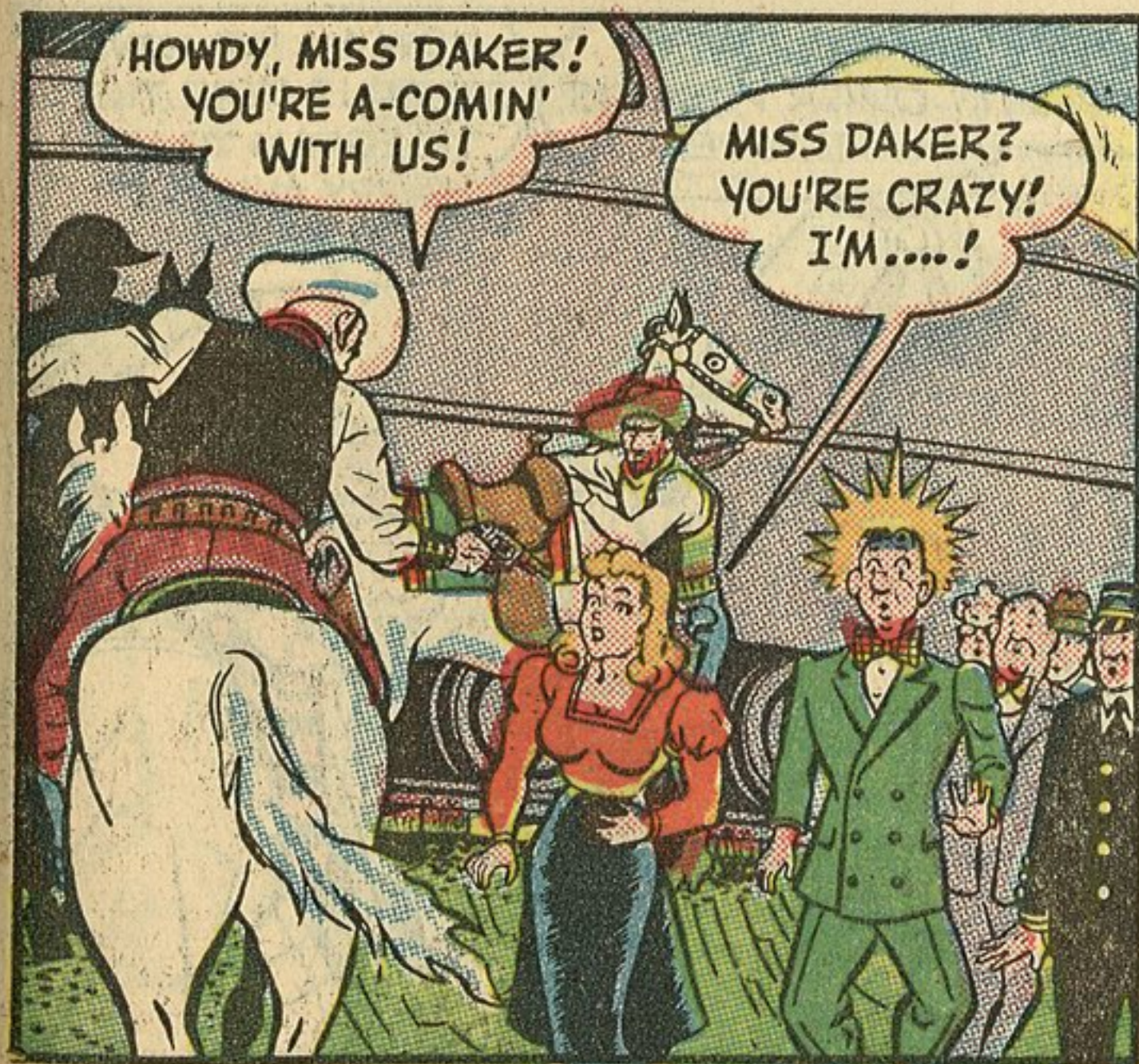
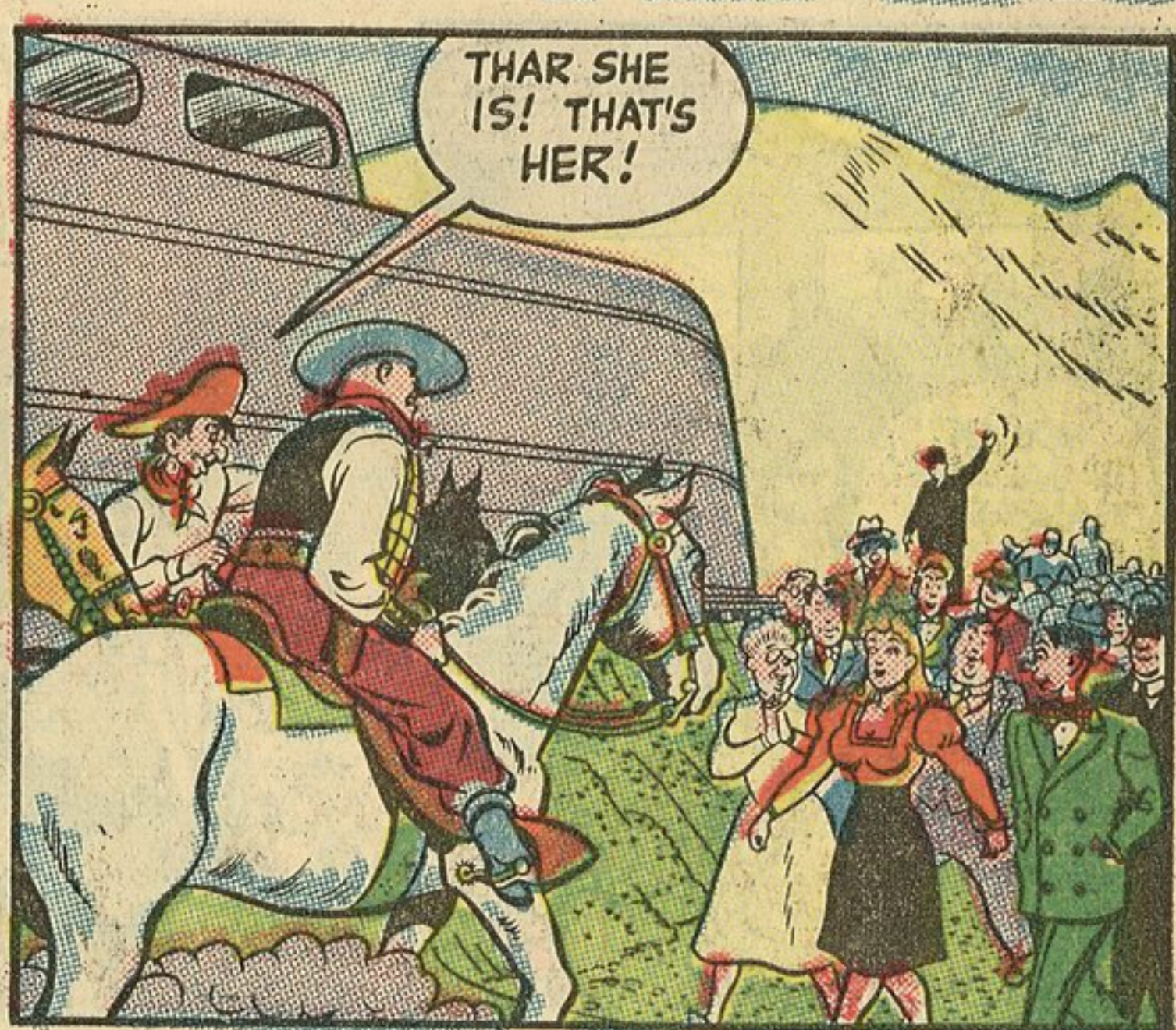
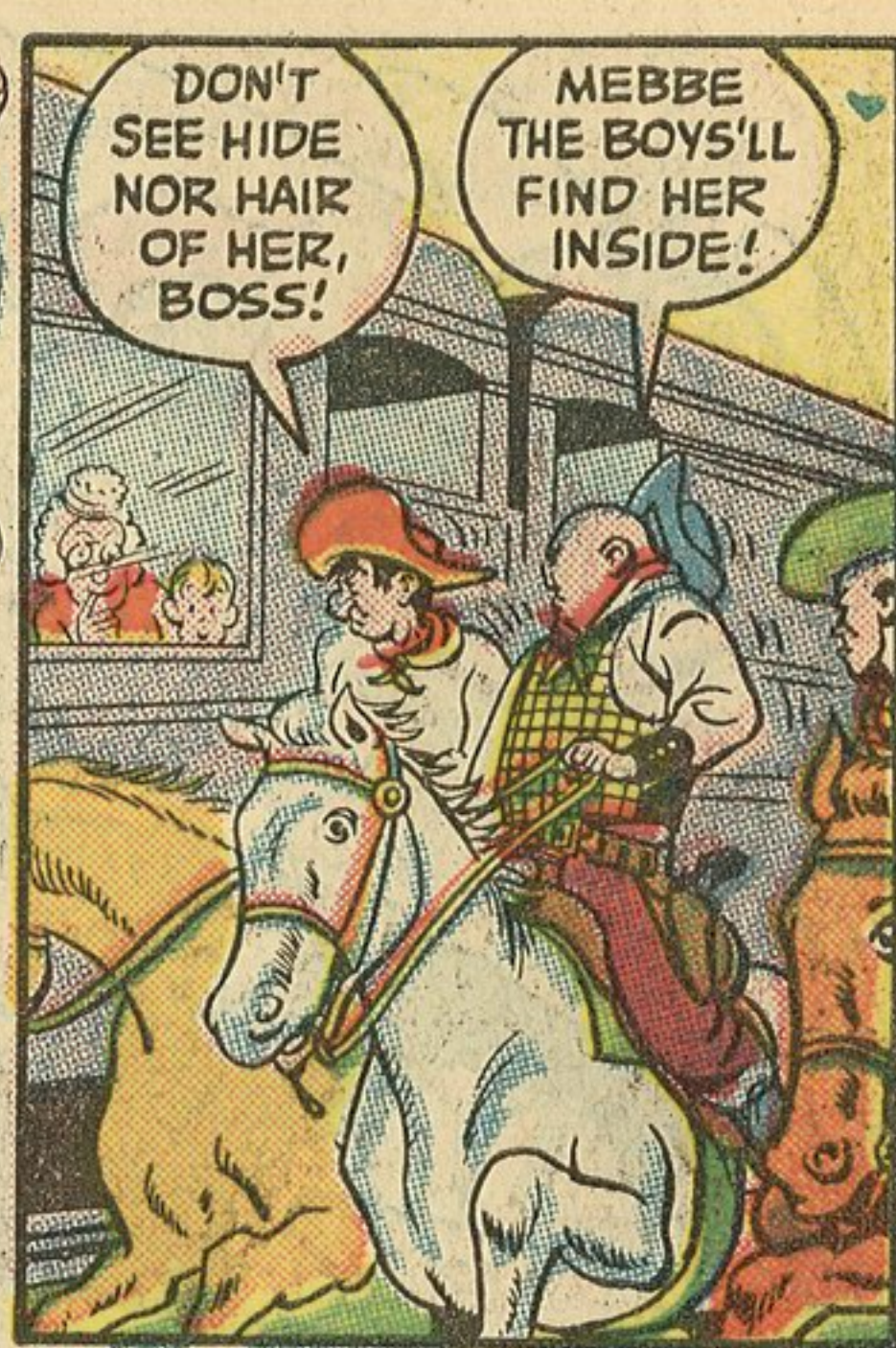
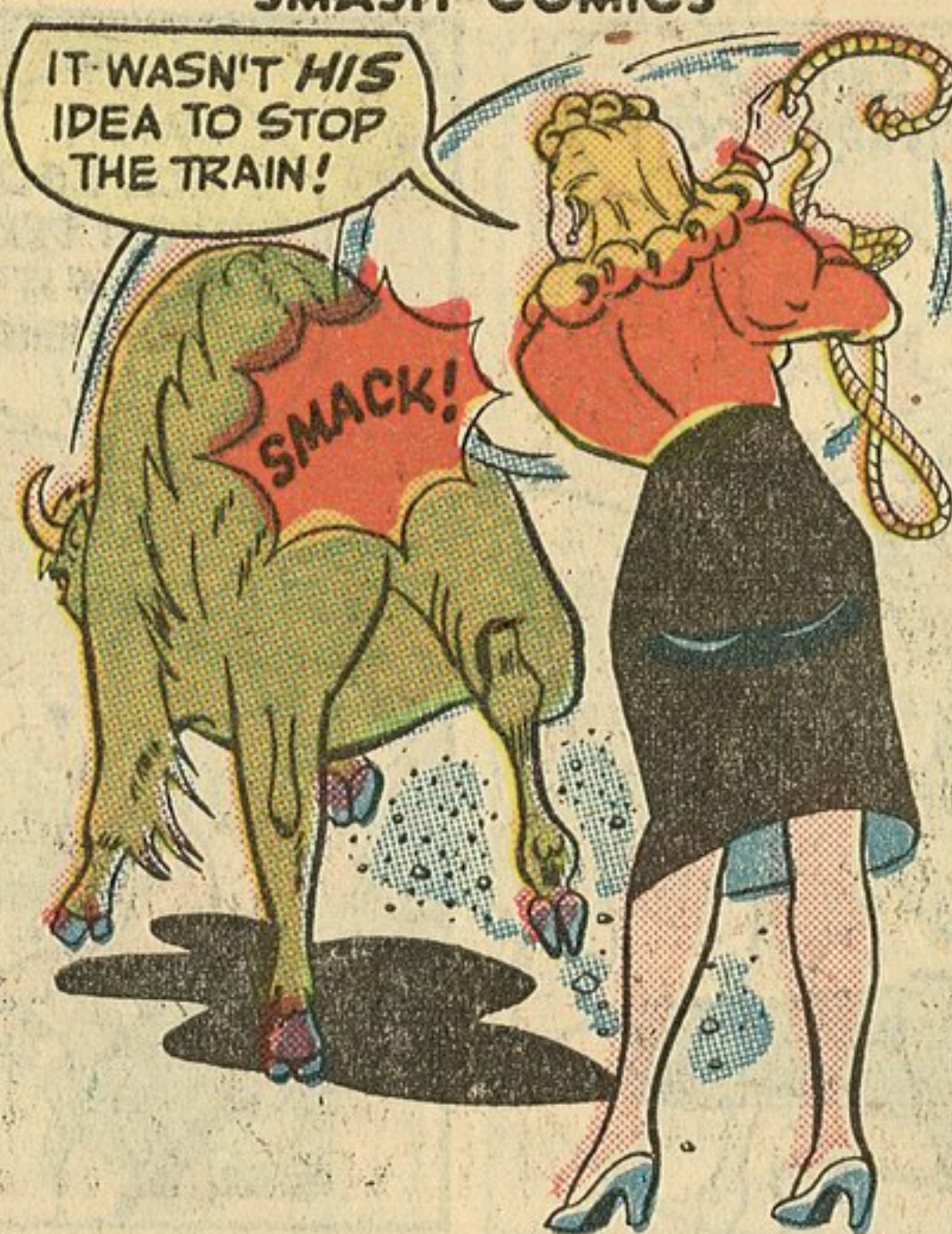
AND A LADY WRESTLER CAN'T SEEM TO ARRANGE A MATCH!

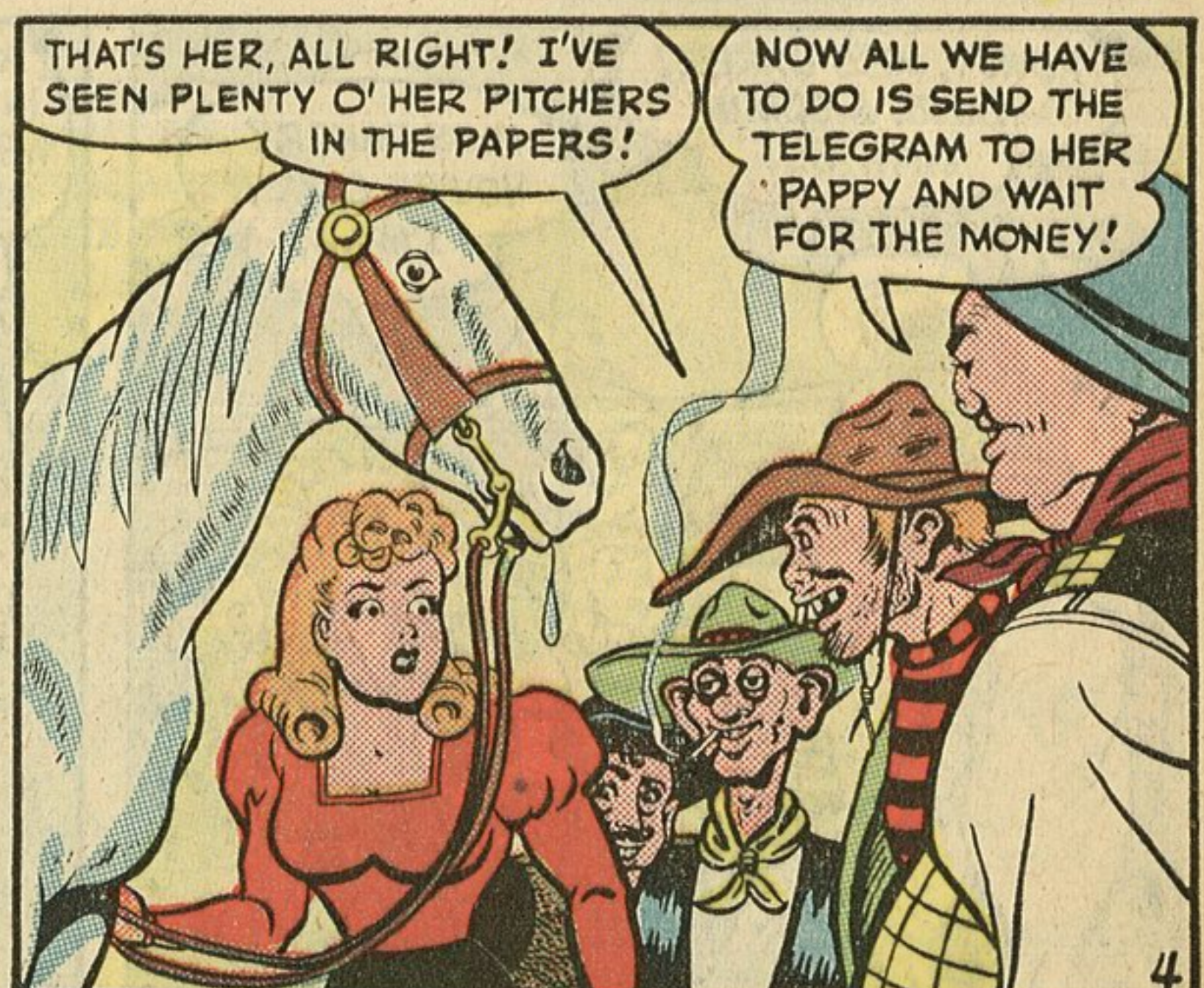
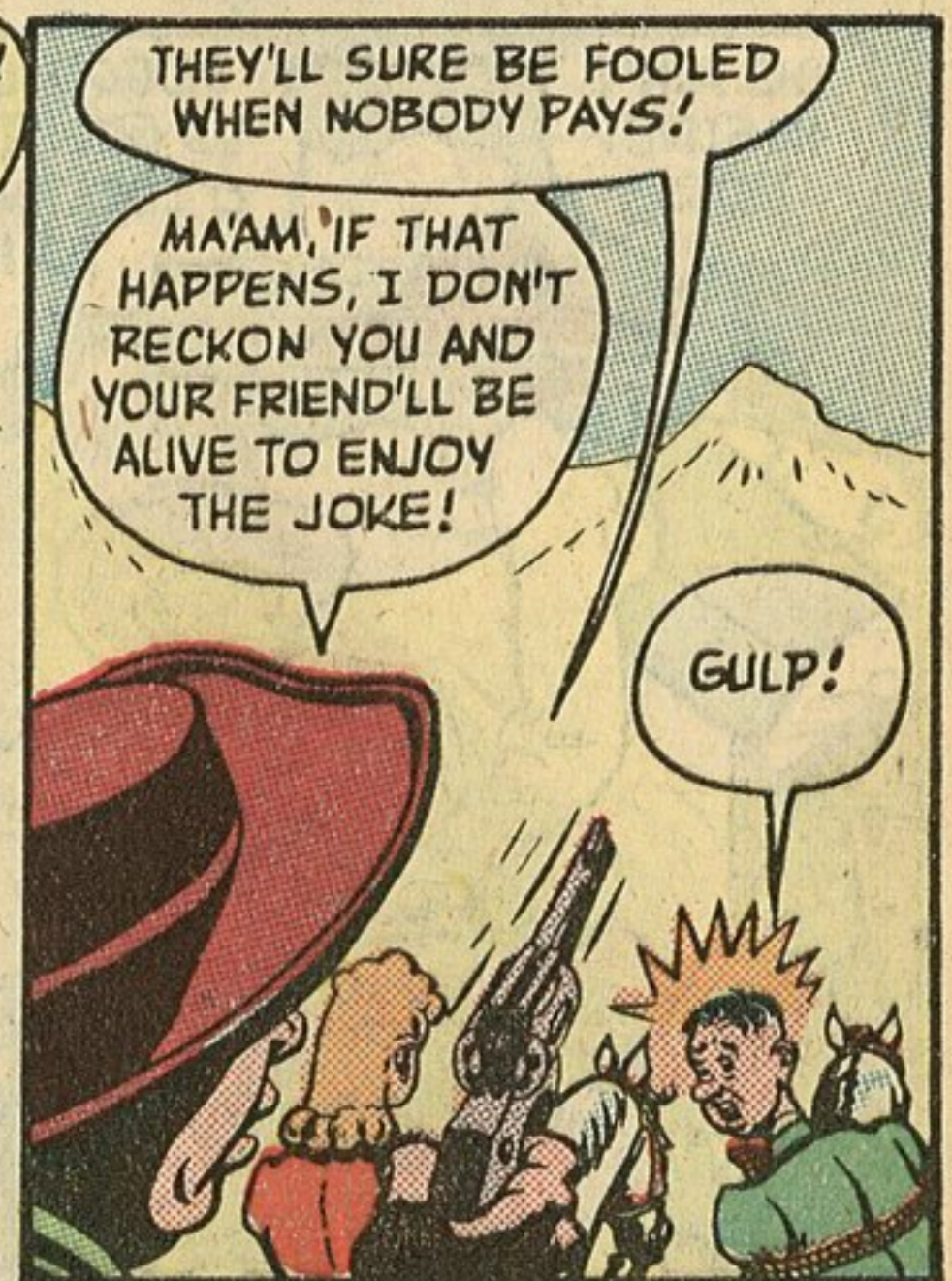
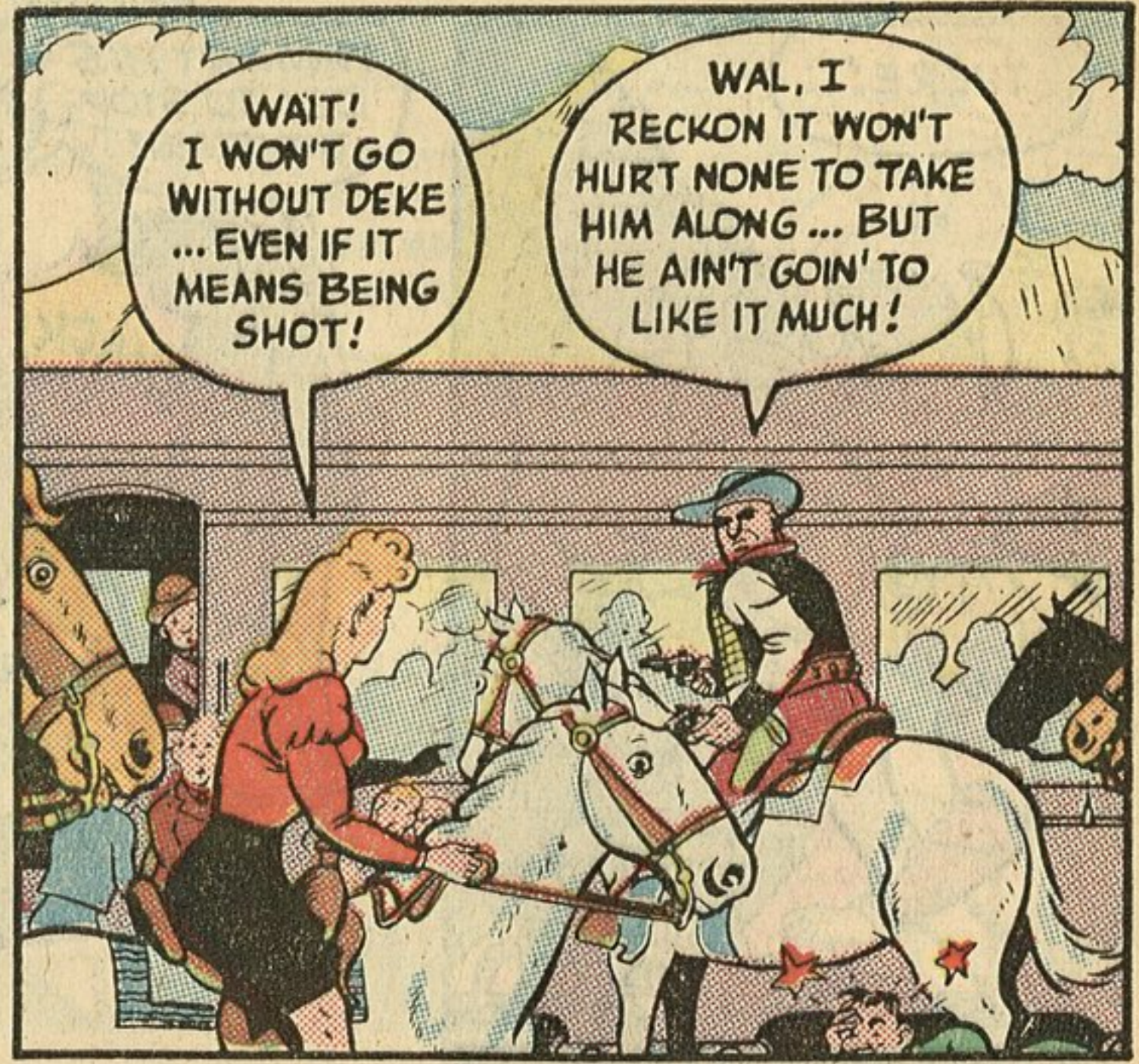
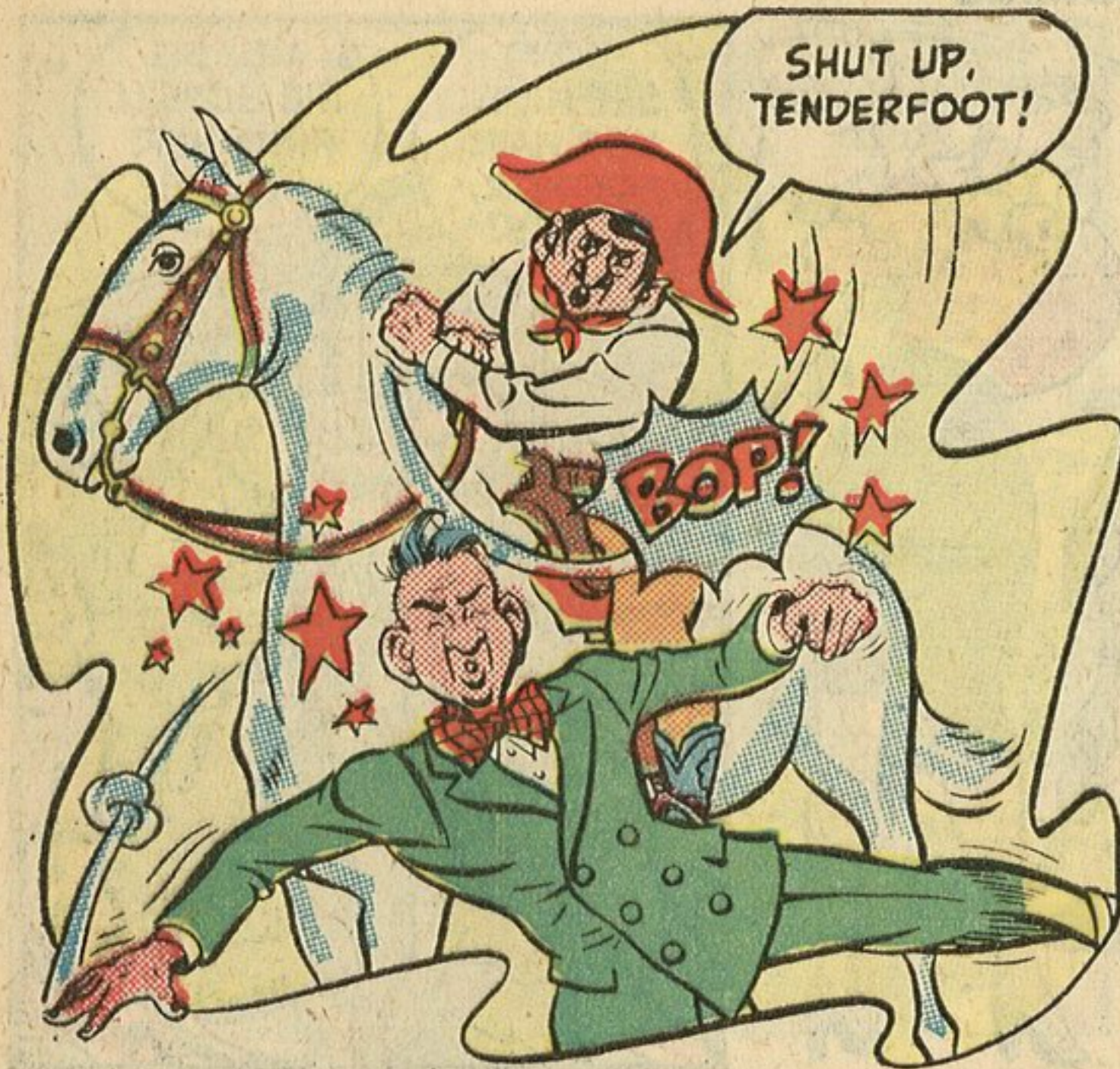


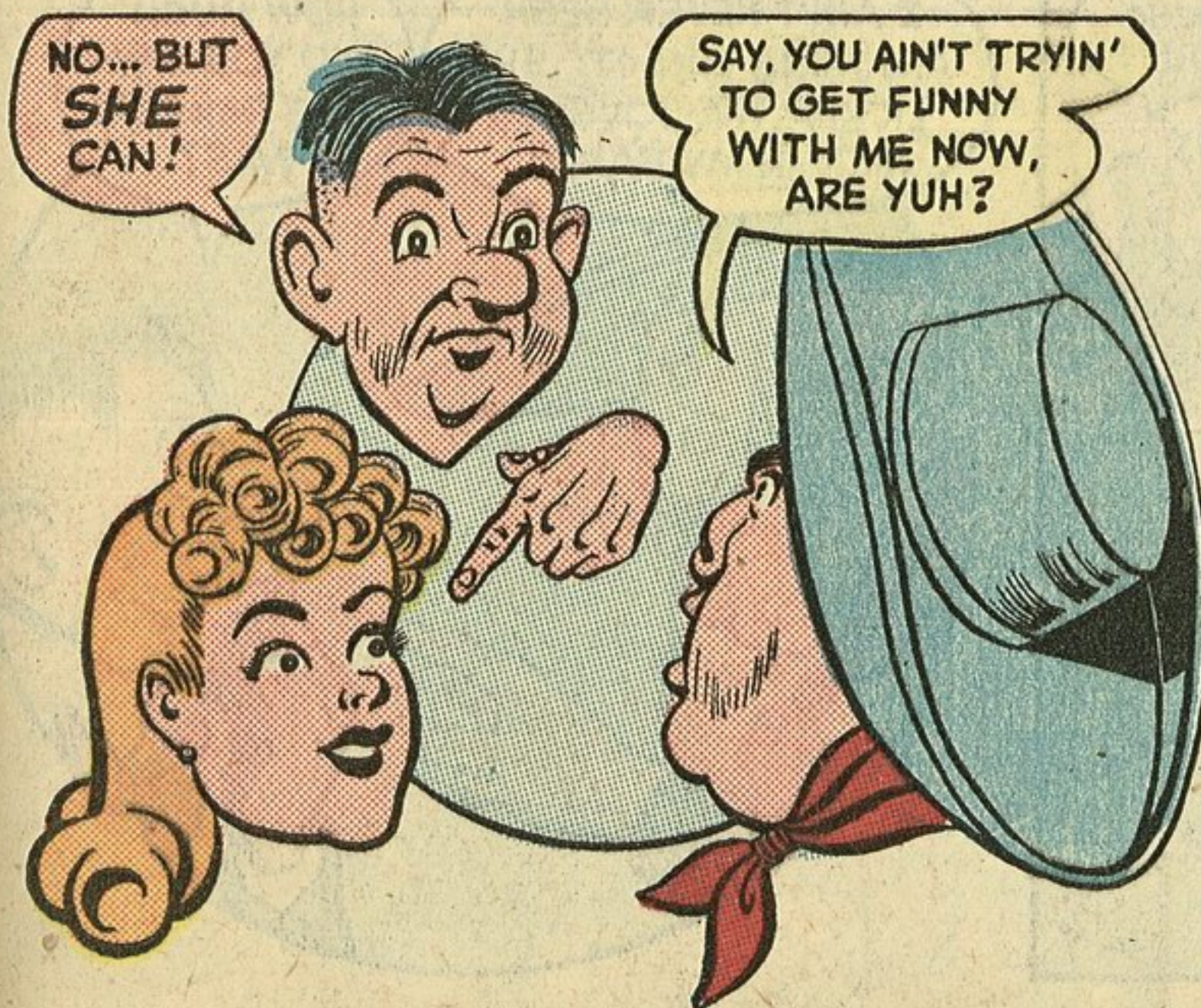
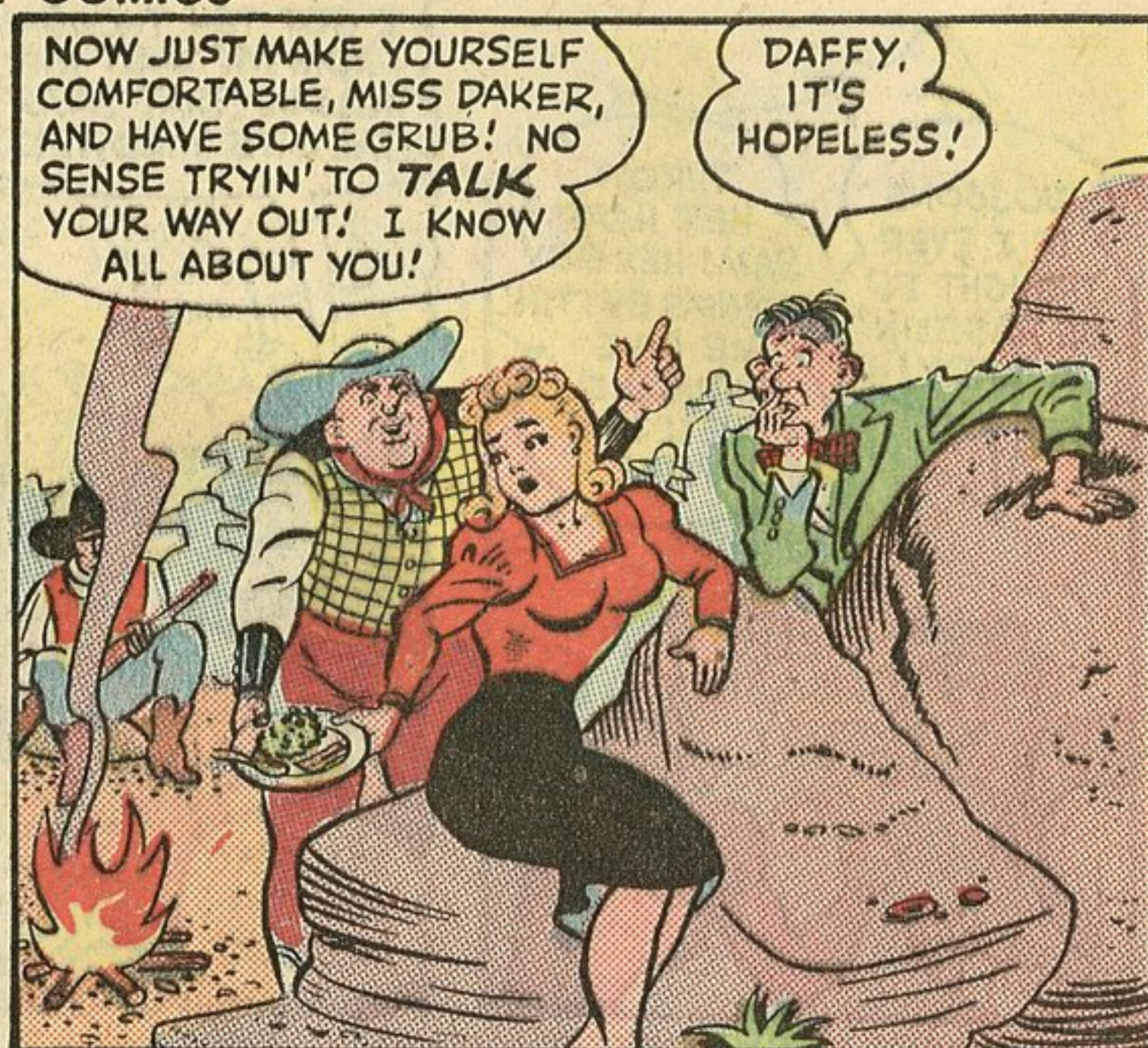
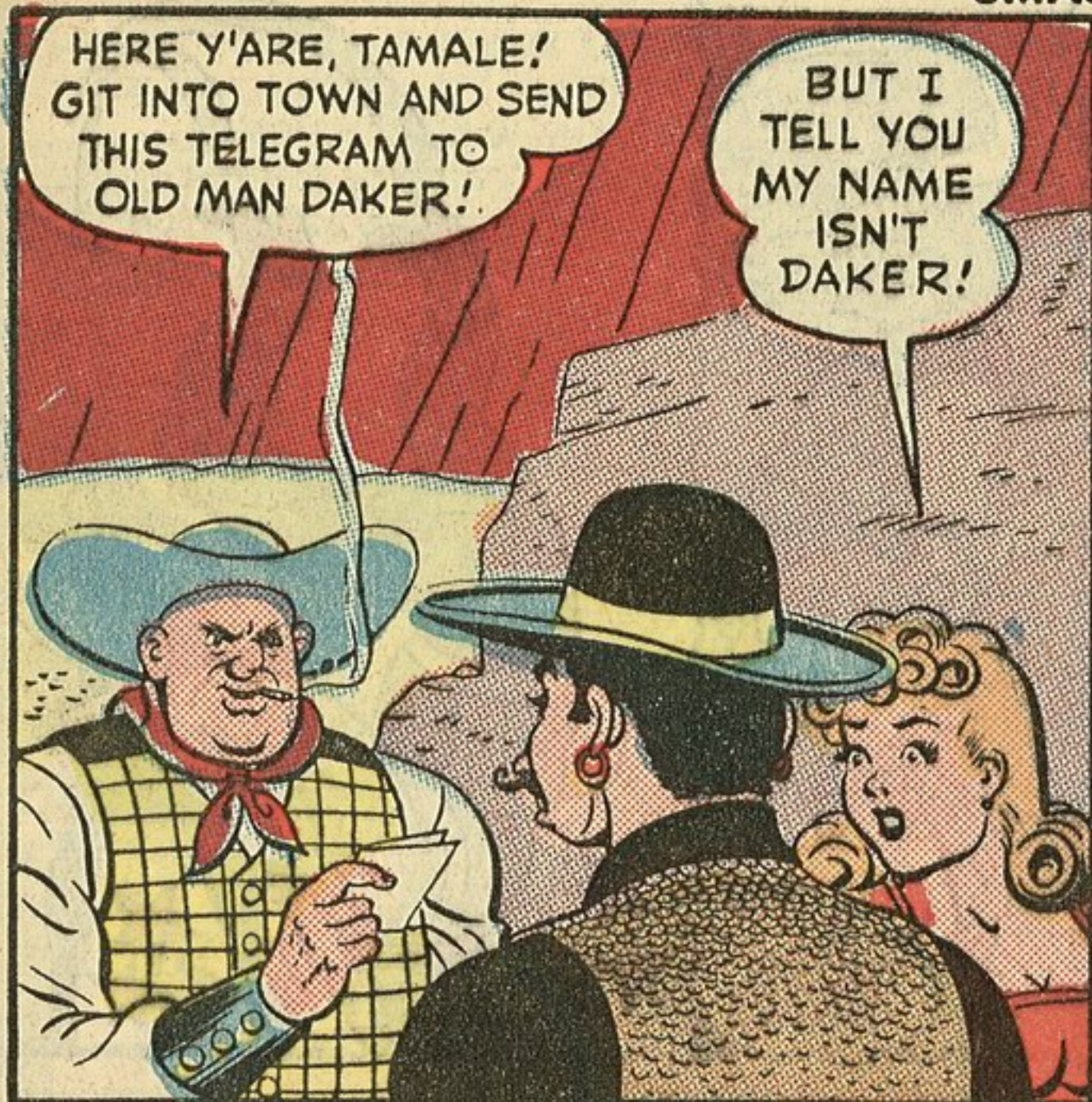
NOW, DAFFY, HAVEN'T I ALWAYS TURNED SOMETHING UP WHENEVER THINGS LOOKED BLACKEST?

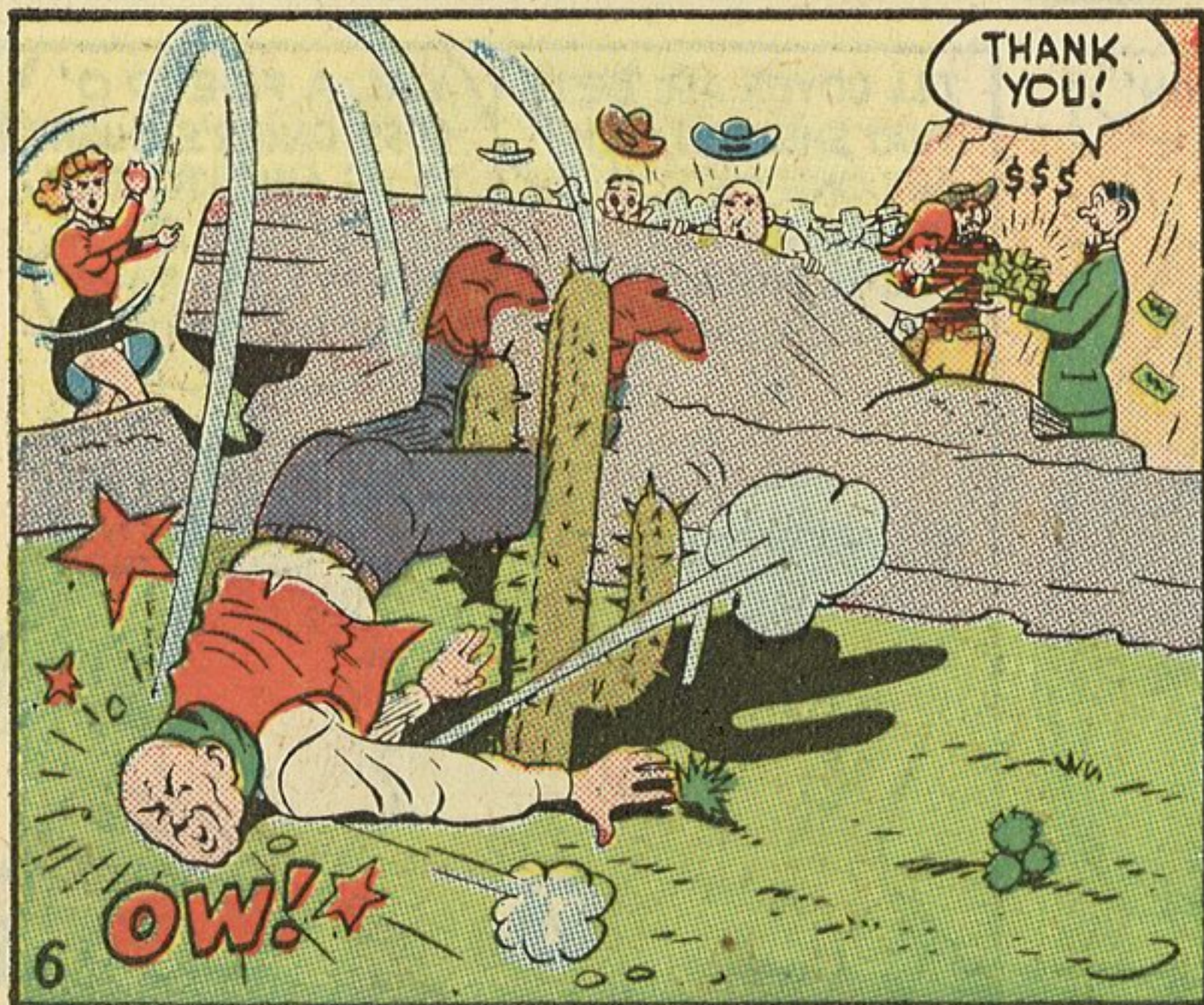
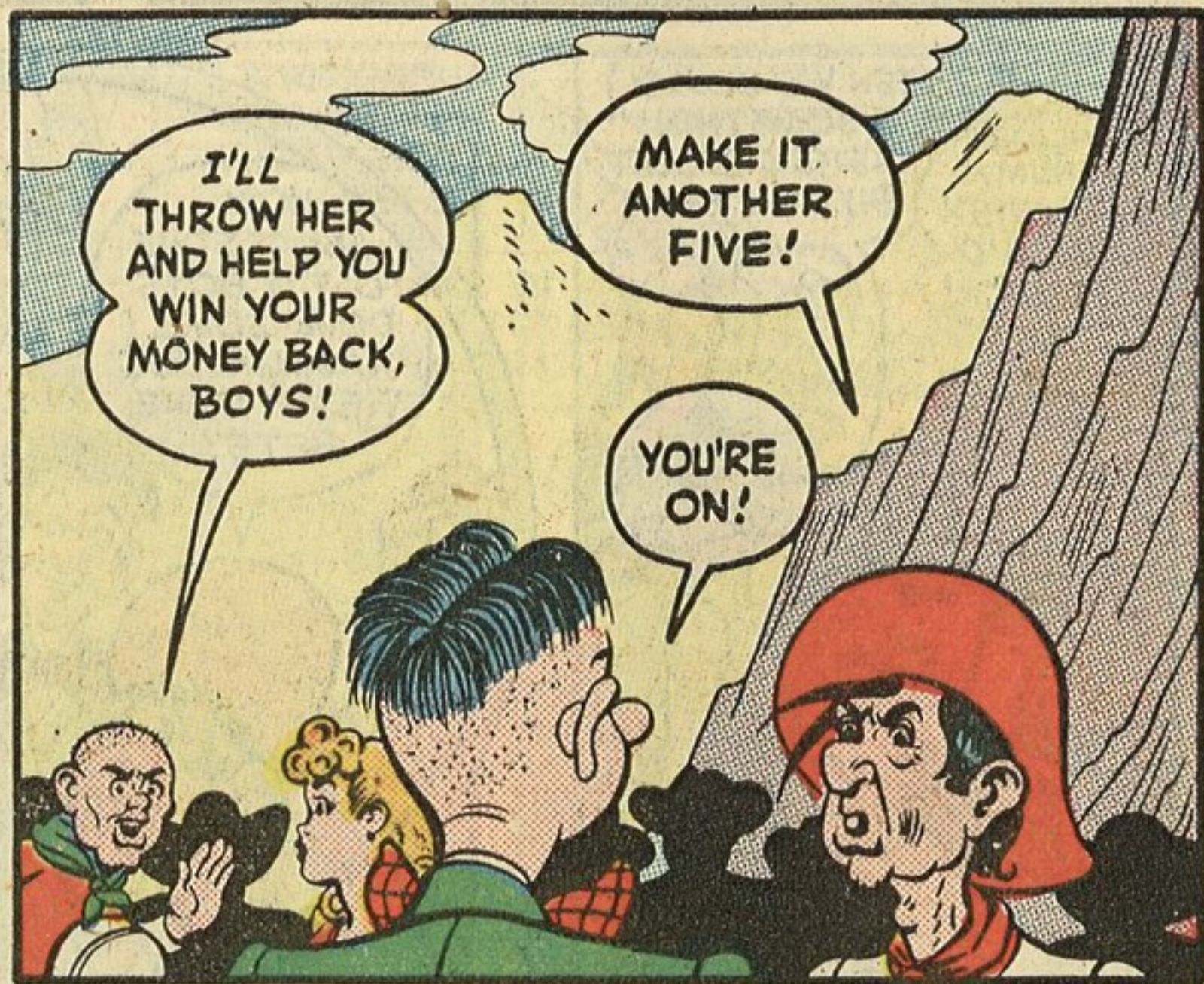
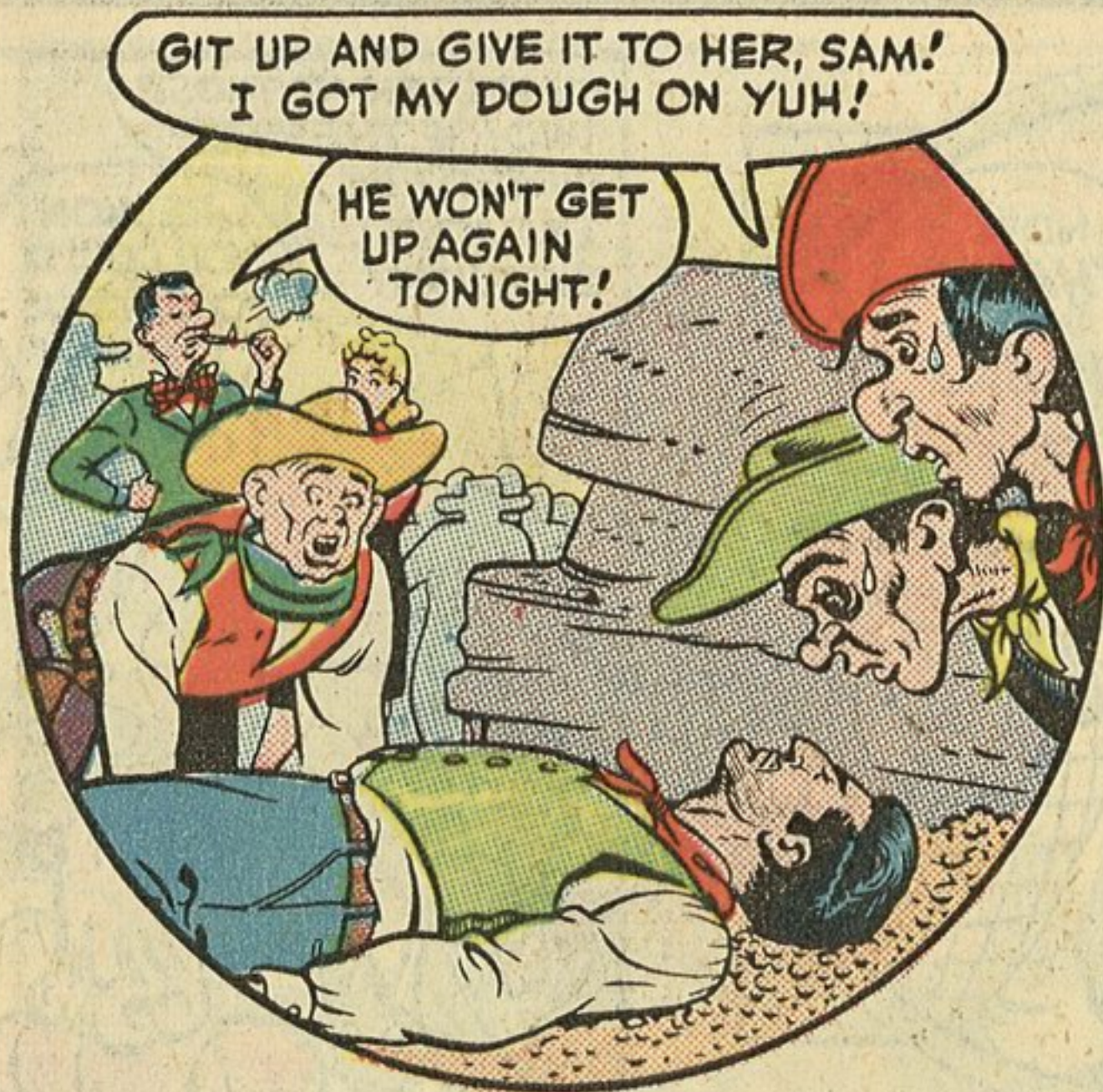










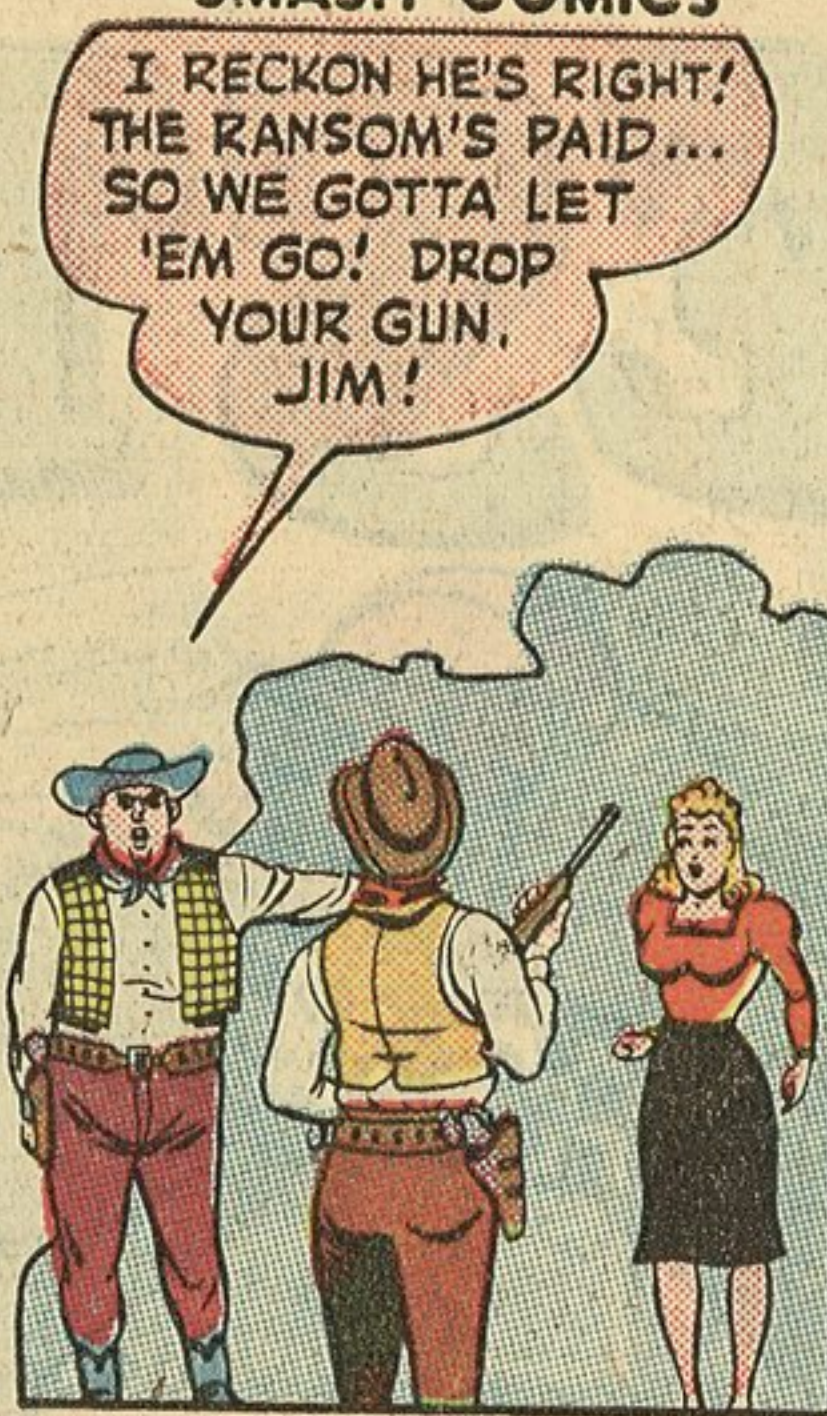


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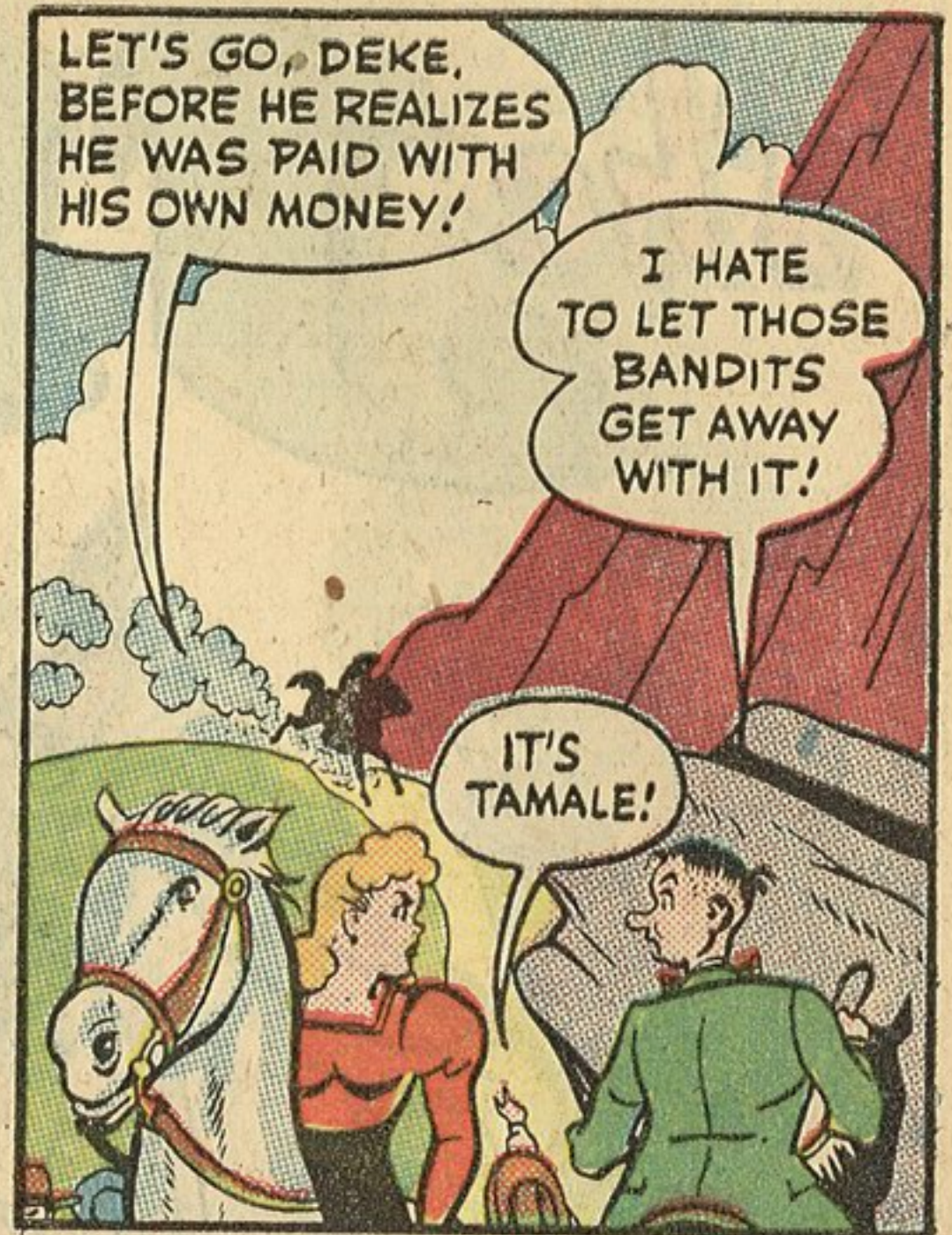


FIFTY THOUSAND!

WELL, I THINK I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE IT WITH THESE WINNINGS! HERE YOU ARE ... AND DAFFY AND I CAN LEAVE NOW!



I RECKON HE'S RIGHT! THE RANSOM'S PAID... SO WE GOTTA LET 'EM GO! DROP YOUR GUN, JIM!



LET'S GO, DEKE, BEFORE HE REALIZES HE WAS PAID WITH HIS OWN MONEY!

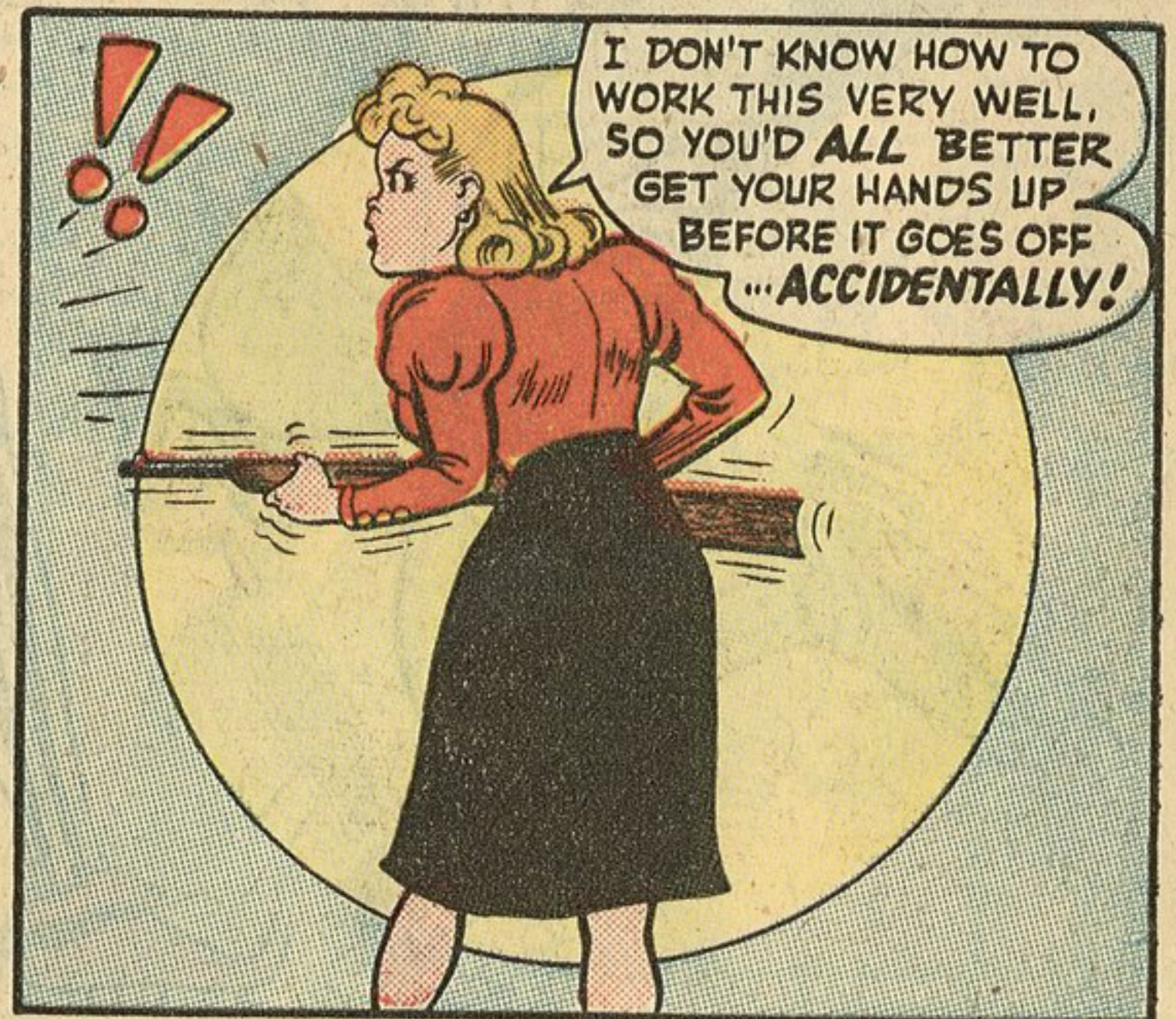
I HATE TO LET THOSE BANDITS GET AWAY WITH IT!

IT'S TAMALES!



A TELEGRAM CAME BACK WHILE I WAS WAITEENG! SEÑOR DAKER WIRED THAT HEES DAUGHTER WAS SAFE 'N' SOUND EEN HER BED! WE HAVE KEED-NAPPED ZE WRONG GIRL!

WAL, WE GOT THE RANSOM MONEY, EVEN IF IT WAS OUR DOUGH TO START WITH!

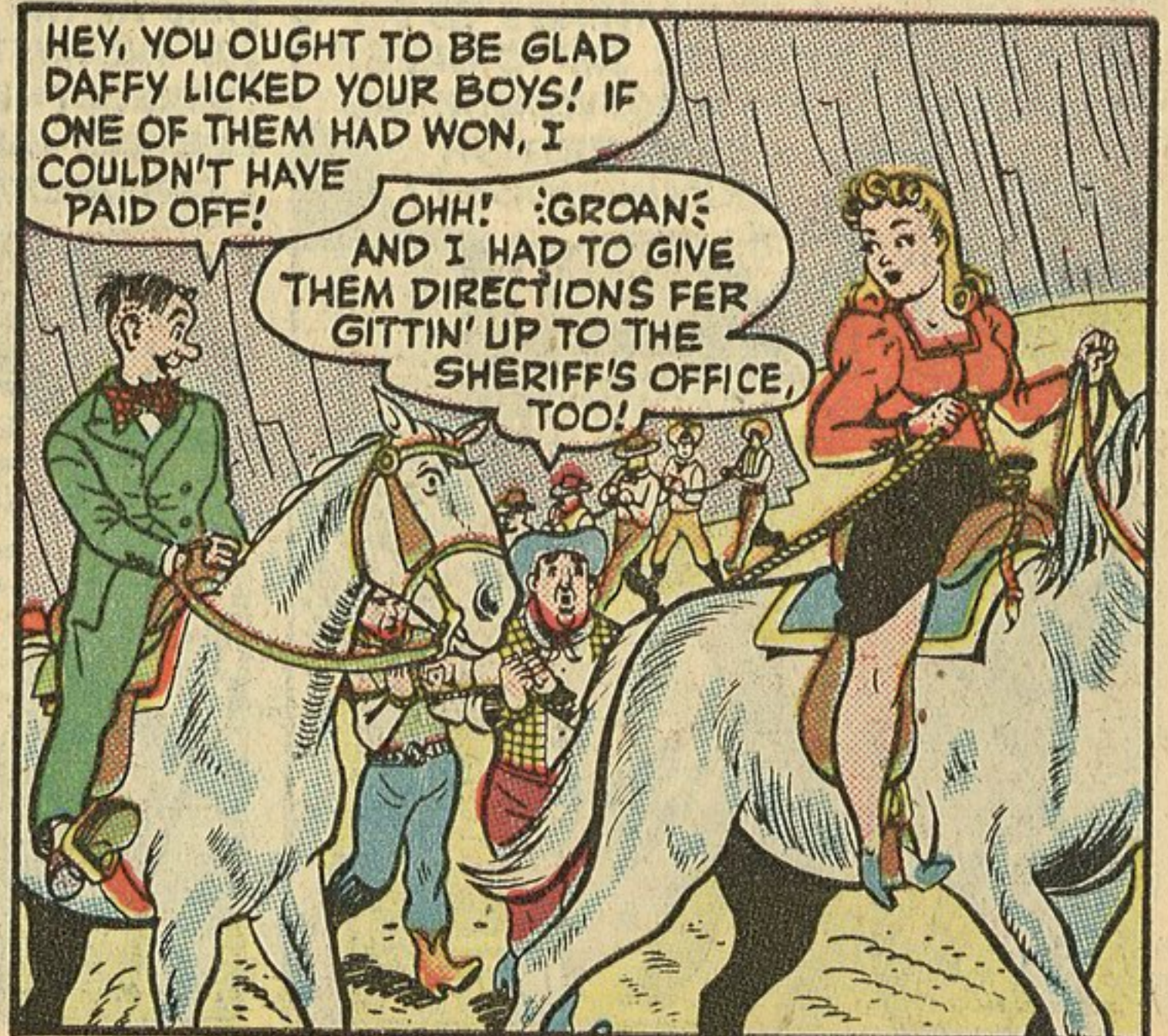


I DON'T KNOW HOW TO WORK THIS VERY WELL, SO YOU'D ALL BETTER GET YOUR HANDS UP BEFORE IT GOES OFF ... ACCIDENTALLY!



DEKE, HOLD ONTO THIS MONEY! WE WON IT... AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE THAT IT'S RETURNED TO THE RIGHTFUL OWNERS!

GOSH! MAYBE WE'LL GET A REWARD!



HEY, YOU OUGHT TO BE GLAD DAFFY LICKED YOUR BOYS! IF ONE OF THEM HAD WON, I COULDN'T HAVE PAID OFF!

OHH! GROAN! AND I HAD TO GIVE THEM DIRECTIONS FER GITIN' UP TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, TOO!

The JESTER



Anything for a good hearty laugh --
RIGHT IN THE FACE OF EVIL!
Serious Chuck Lane, crack cop, sheds his uniform of blue to become the motley manhandler who jeers and jolts the underworld --
The JESTER!



WHY SO WORRIED, MCGINTY?

TOO MANY THINGS TO DO AT ONCE! I'M TO GREET LORD MOGSWORTH, THE GREAT BRITISH CRIMINOLOGIST!



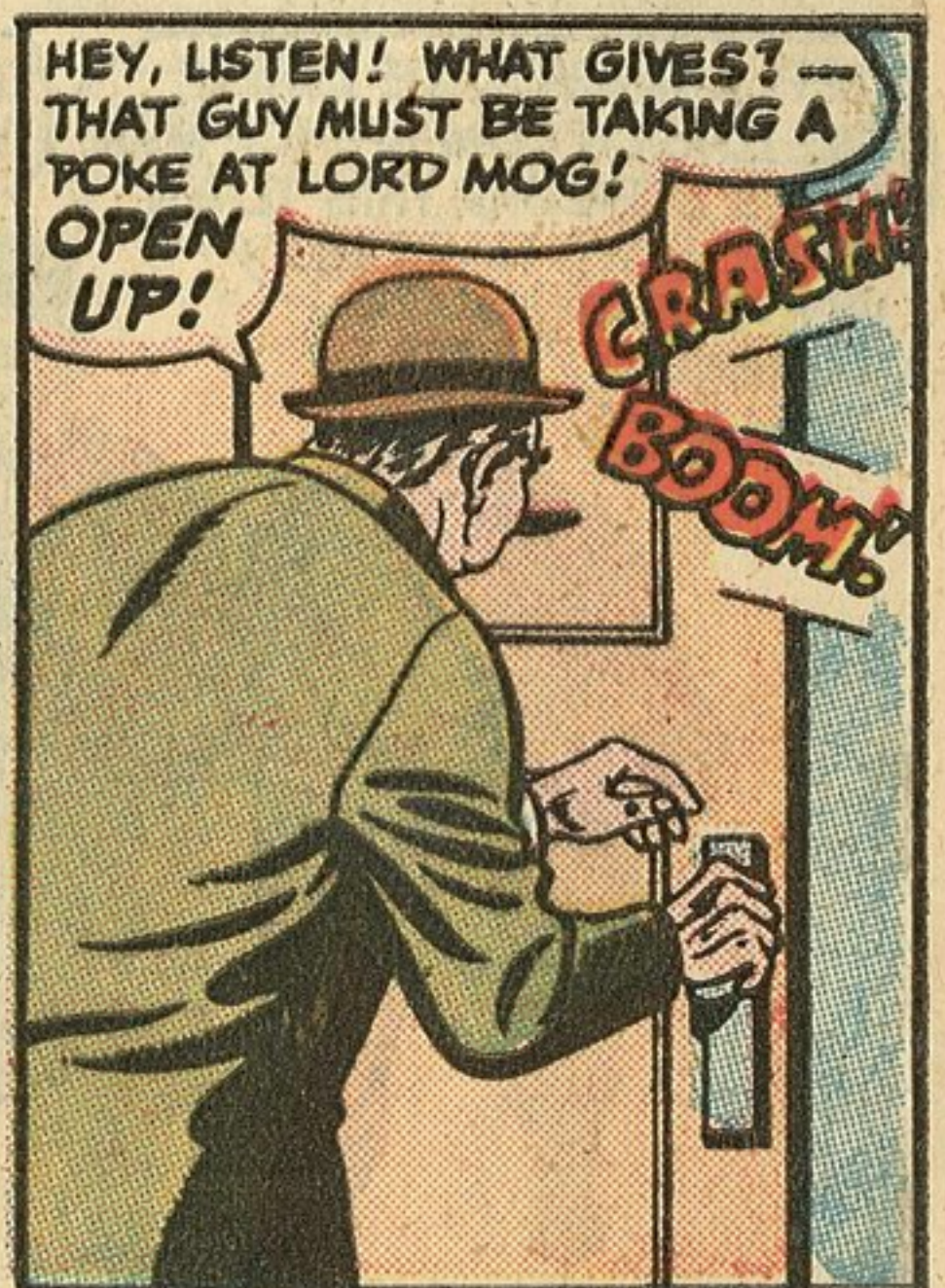
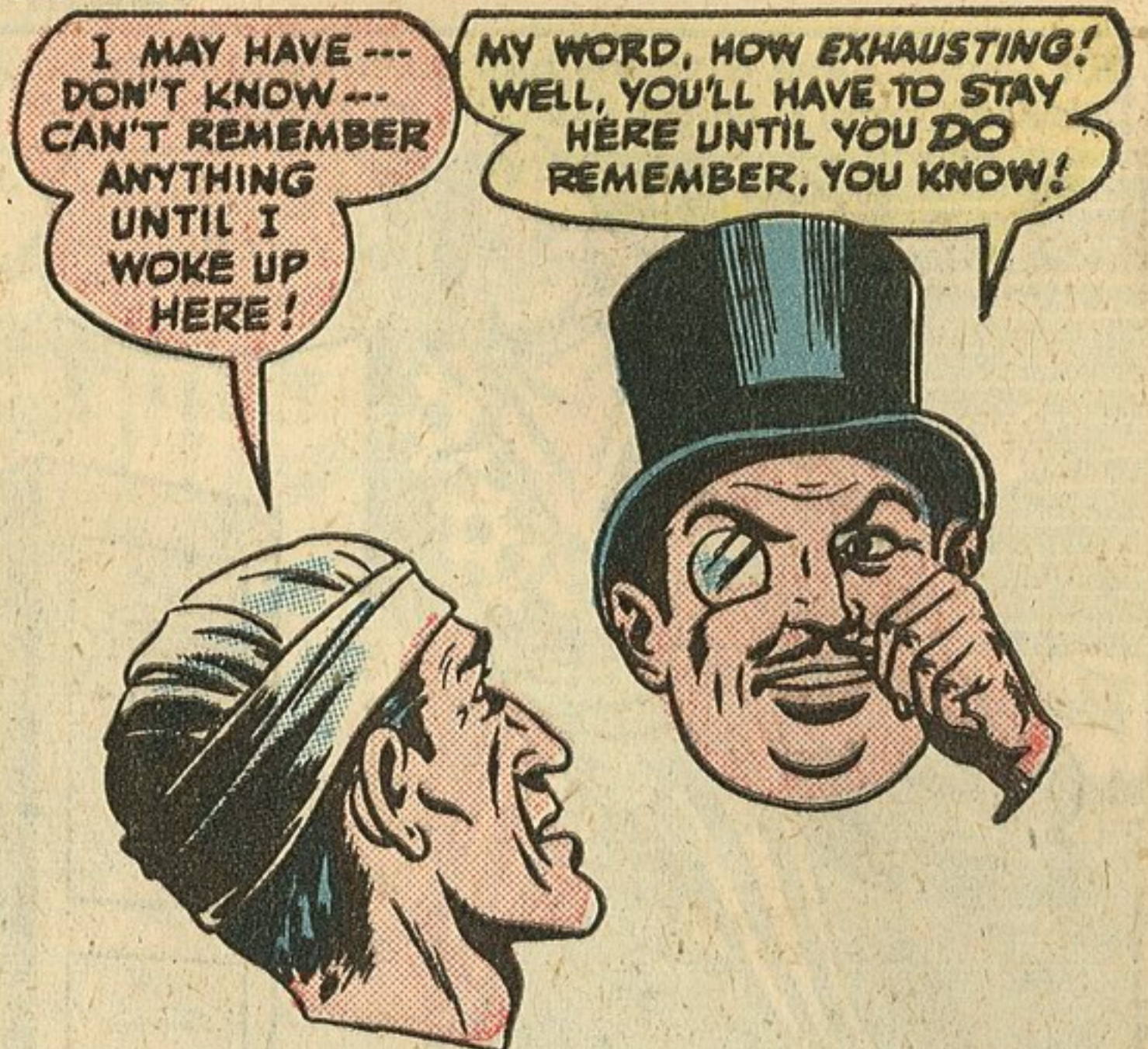
AND AT THE SAME TIME TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF THIS POOR DERELICT--HEAD INJURY--LOST MEMORY--AND NO IDENTIFICATION!

AH, MR. MCGINTY, BUT I BRING PLENTY OF IDENTIFICATION FOR MYSELF!



YEP--INTRODUCTION FROM SCOTLAND YARD! WELCOME TO AMERICA, YOUR LORDSHIP!

JUST CALL ME LORD MOG! I'M HERE TO OBSERVE YOUR POLICE METHODS!



But Chuck Lane already has gone into action! Ducking into a quiet corner, he changes to---



DON'T WORRY, LORD MOG! THE BOYS WILL BRING THE FELLOW BACK, DEAD OR ALIVE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



YEP, LIMEHOUSE LUKE, THE LONDON CONFIDENCE MAN WHO'S STEALING THIS TOWN BLIND! WE HAVE NO IDENTIFYING MATERIAL!

I KNOW HIM WELL! IF HE'S HERE, WE'LL GATHER HIM IN!



Meanwhile, on another trail...

THANKS, PAL!

YEAH, I SAW A GUY WEARIN' A BANDAGE--- STAGGERED INTO THE ALLEY YONDER!



WHY BELT HIM WHEN I WAS GOING TO SHOOT?

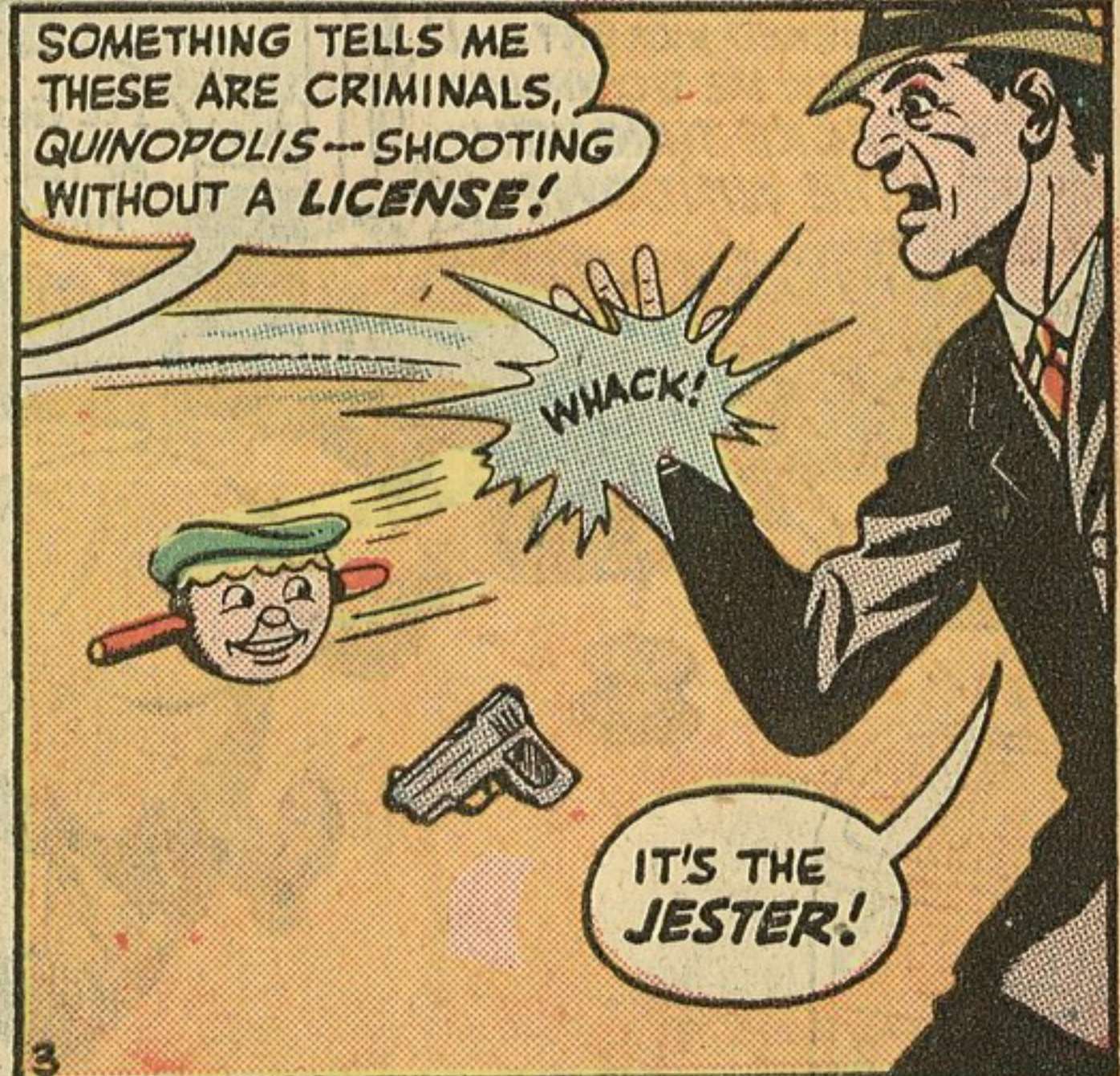
SO HE'D LIE STILL! YOU'RE NOT A VERY GOOD SHOT!

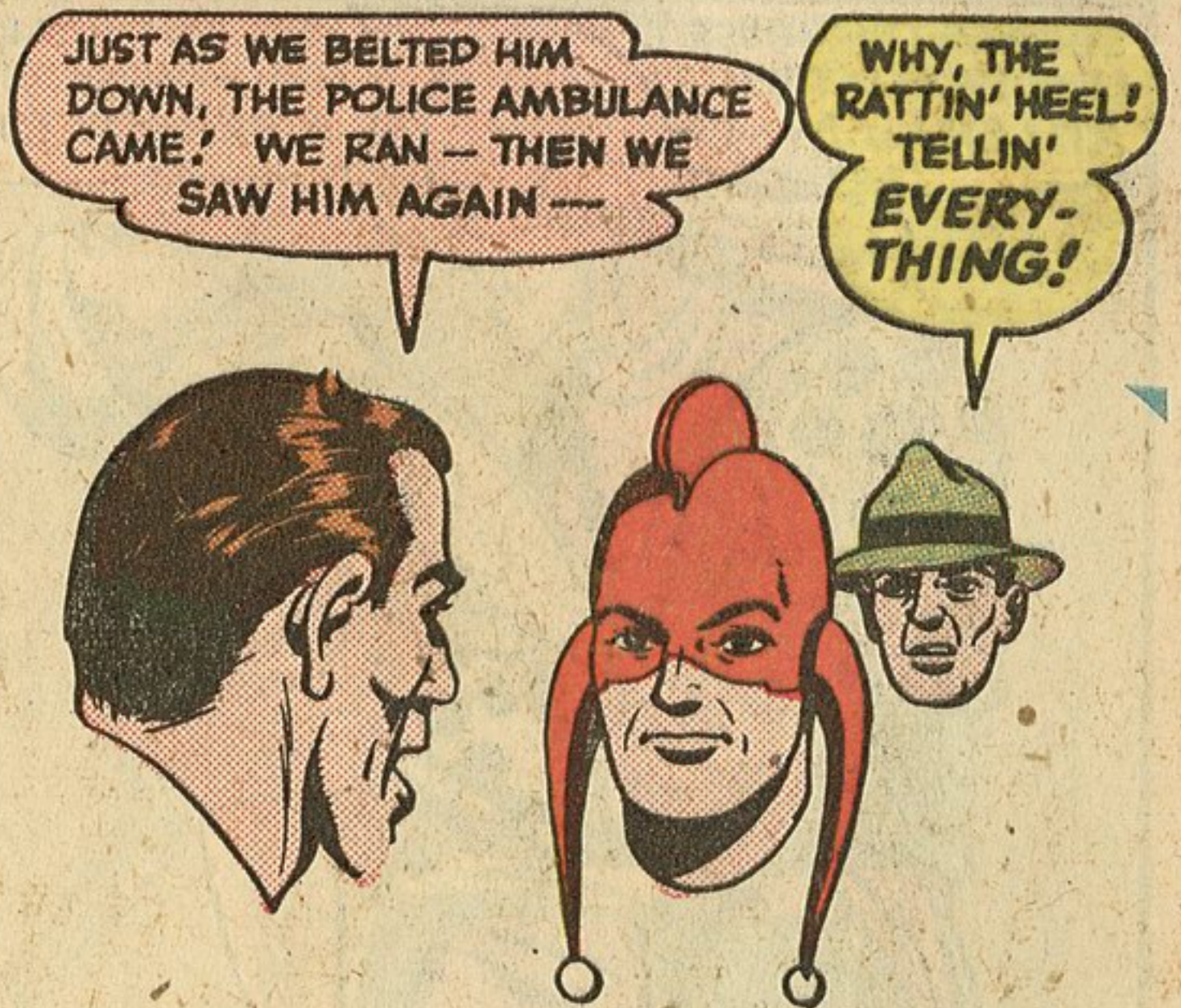


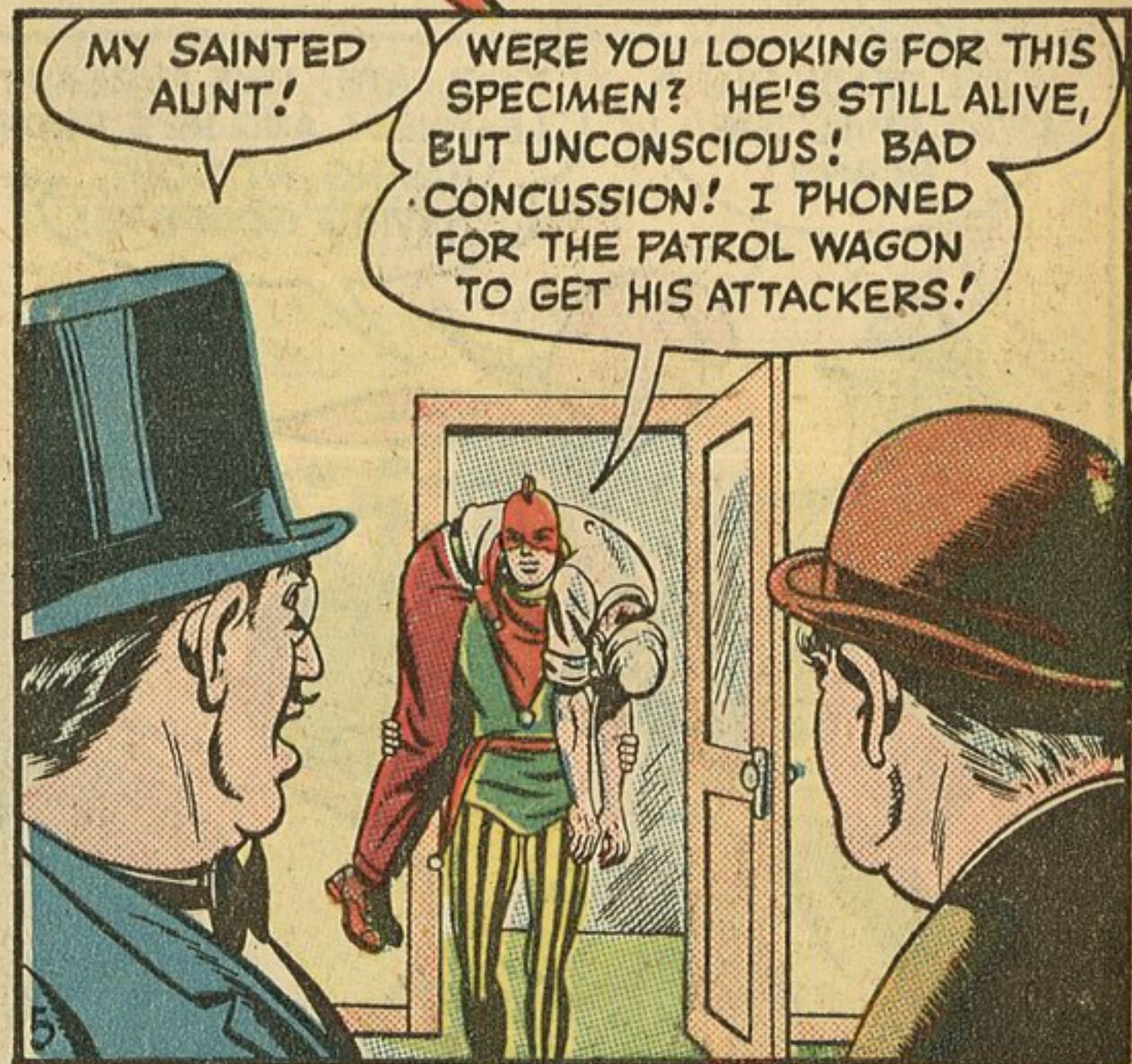
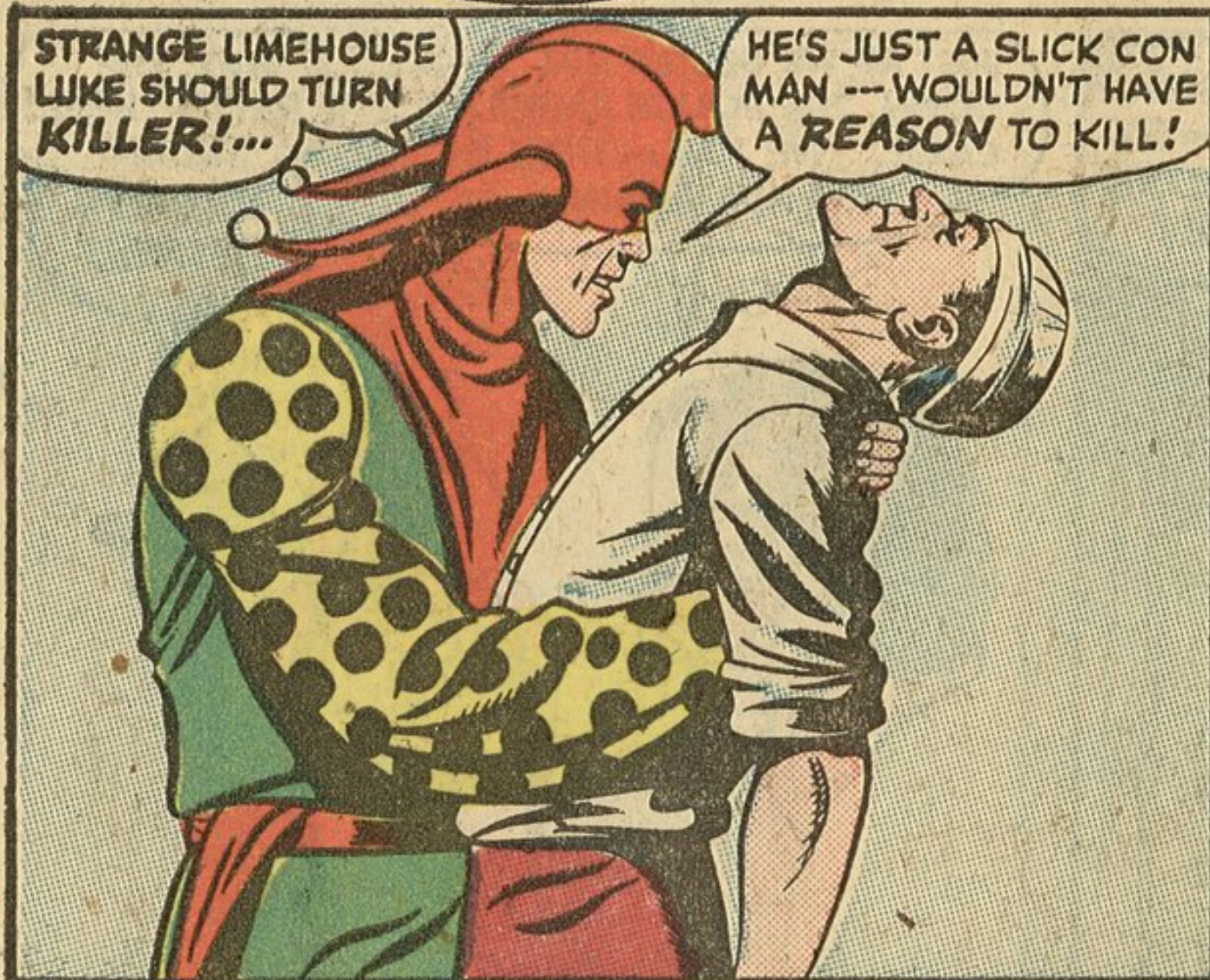
SOMETHING TELLS ME THESE ARE CRIMINALS, QUINOPOLIS--- SHOOTING WITHOUT A LICENSE!

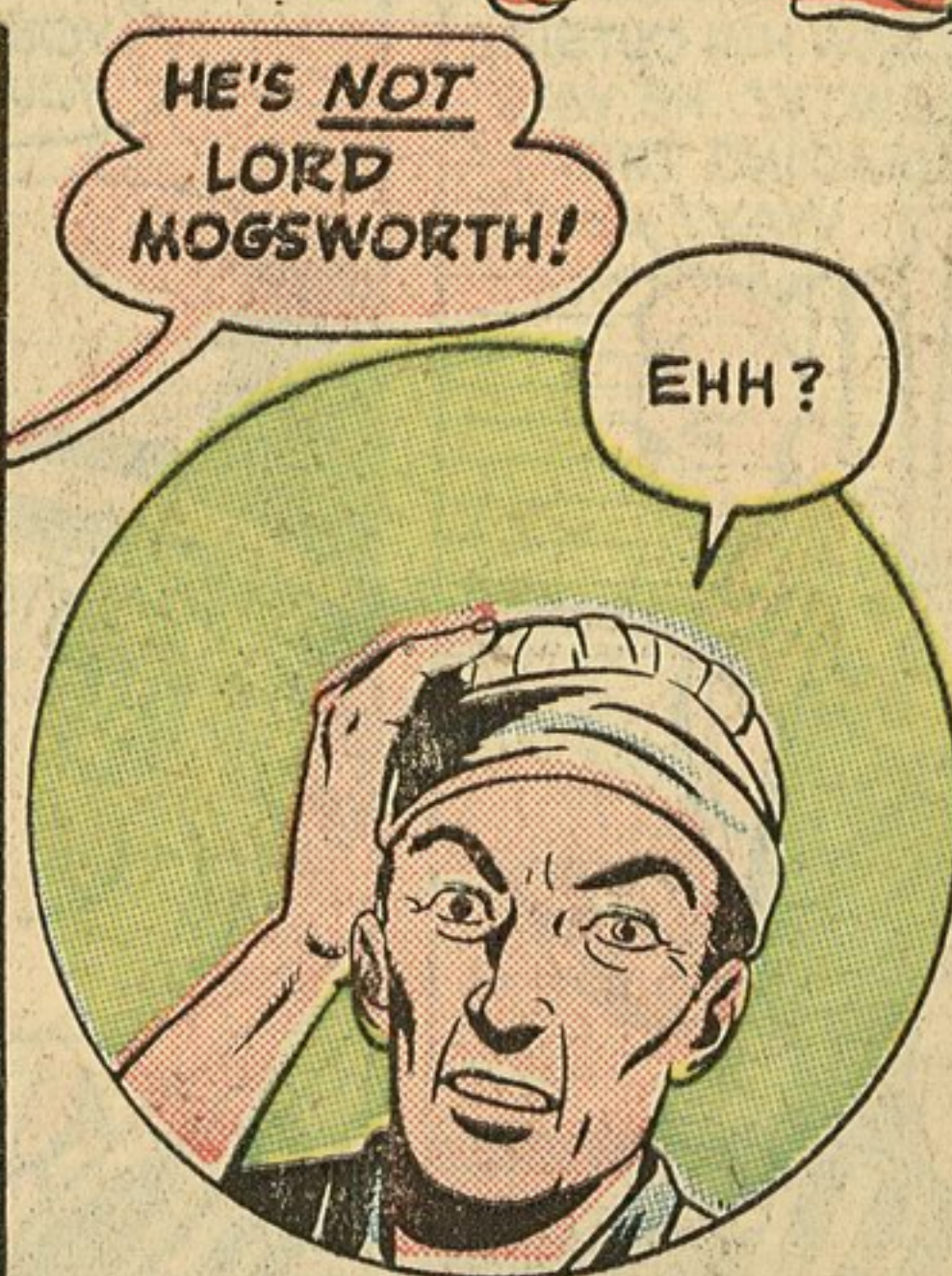
WHACK!

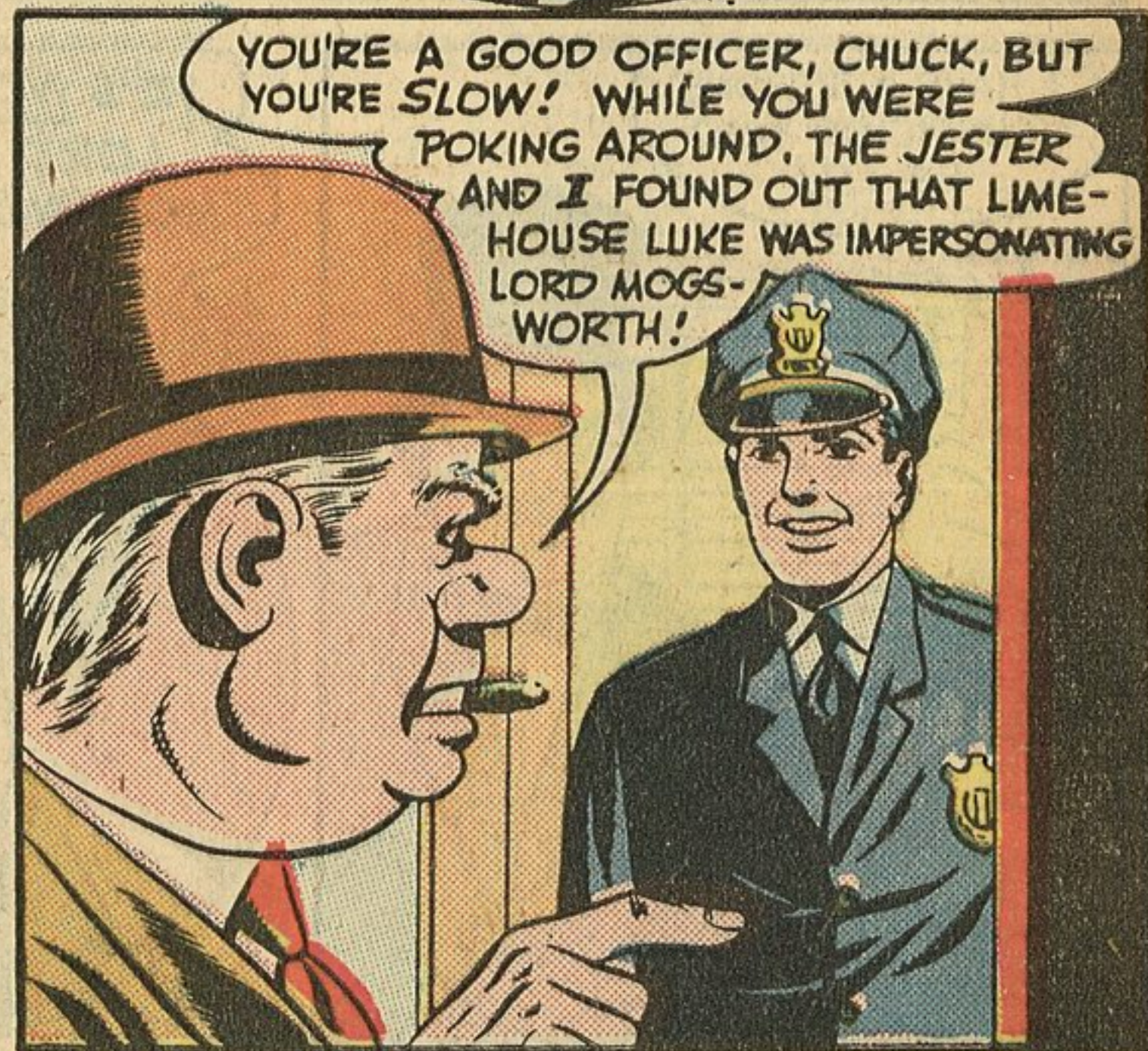
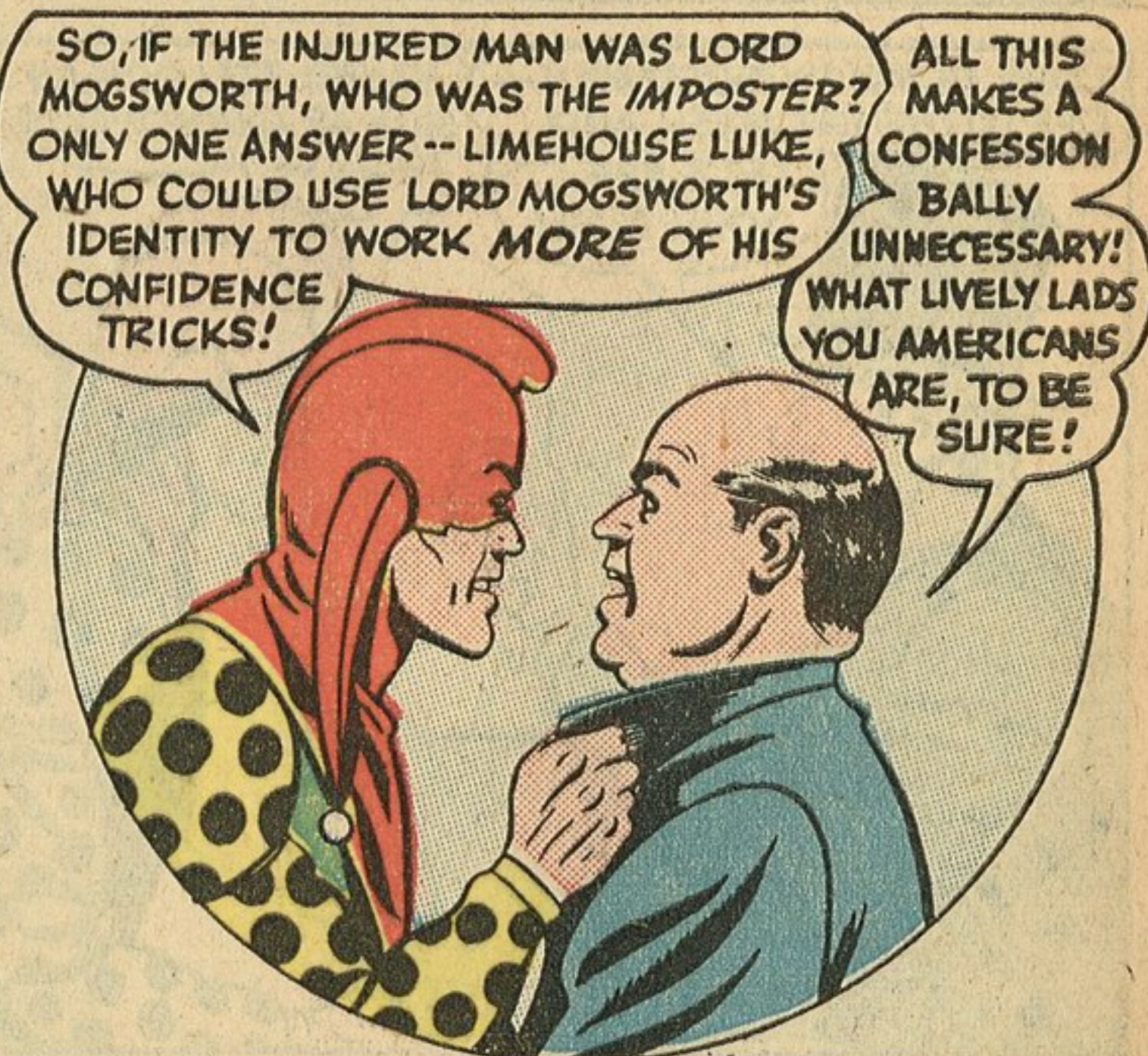
IT'S THE JESTER!



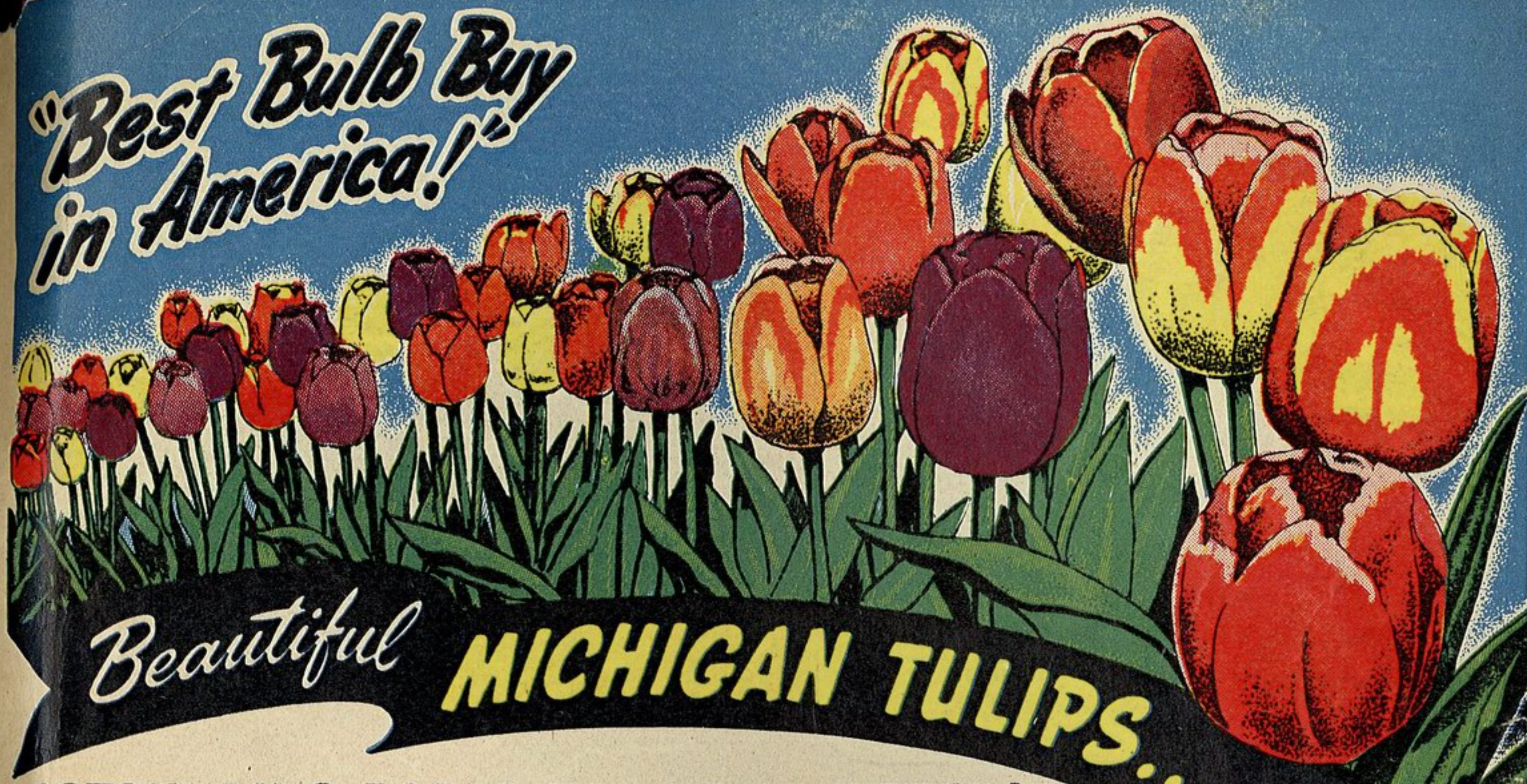








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Daffodils—Hardy, long-living, King Alfred strain, 12 bulbs . . . **\$1.49**

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Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of bulbs, plus postage, on guarantee that I may return bulbs if not satisfied and get full refund. (Send money with order, Michigan Bulb will pay postage.)

- ☐ 100 1st Year Size Tulip Bulbs with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs Free . . . \$1.69
- ☐ 100 "Garden Club" Tulip Assortment with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs Free . . . \$2.98
- ☐ 50 Exhibition Tulip Assortment with 3 Ranunculus Free . . . \$3.49
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- ☐ 10 Lily Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Free . . . \$.99
- ☐ 12 Holland Crocus Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Free . . . \$.99
- ☐ Send C.O.D. (I pay postage)
- ☐ Remittance enclosed (Michigan Bulb pays postage).

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How to Outbluff a **VICIOUS DOG**

at night!

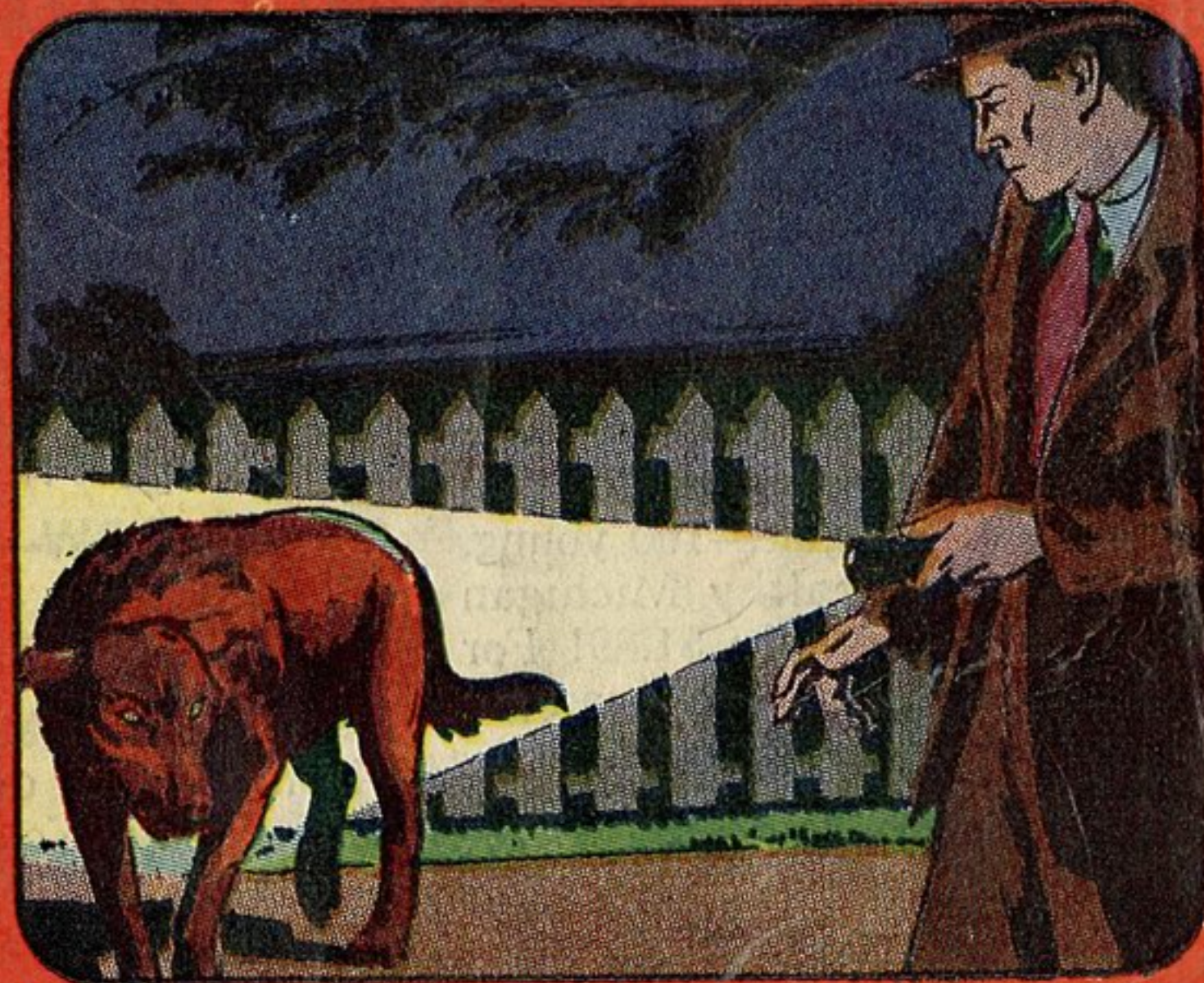
... as recommended by
Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker,
Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog
trainer and judge at dog
shows...and wartime head
of U. S. Coast Guard War
Dog Training.



1 The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog may turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at night! If cornered —



2 Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however; so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important...



3 Keep still. Don't move. Don't run — it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won — he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

4 For bright light, white light, effective light — insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals — that's why they're the world's largest-selling flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you *nothing* extra!

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